

MAY
No. 42

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Captain

TRIUMPH

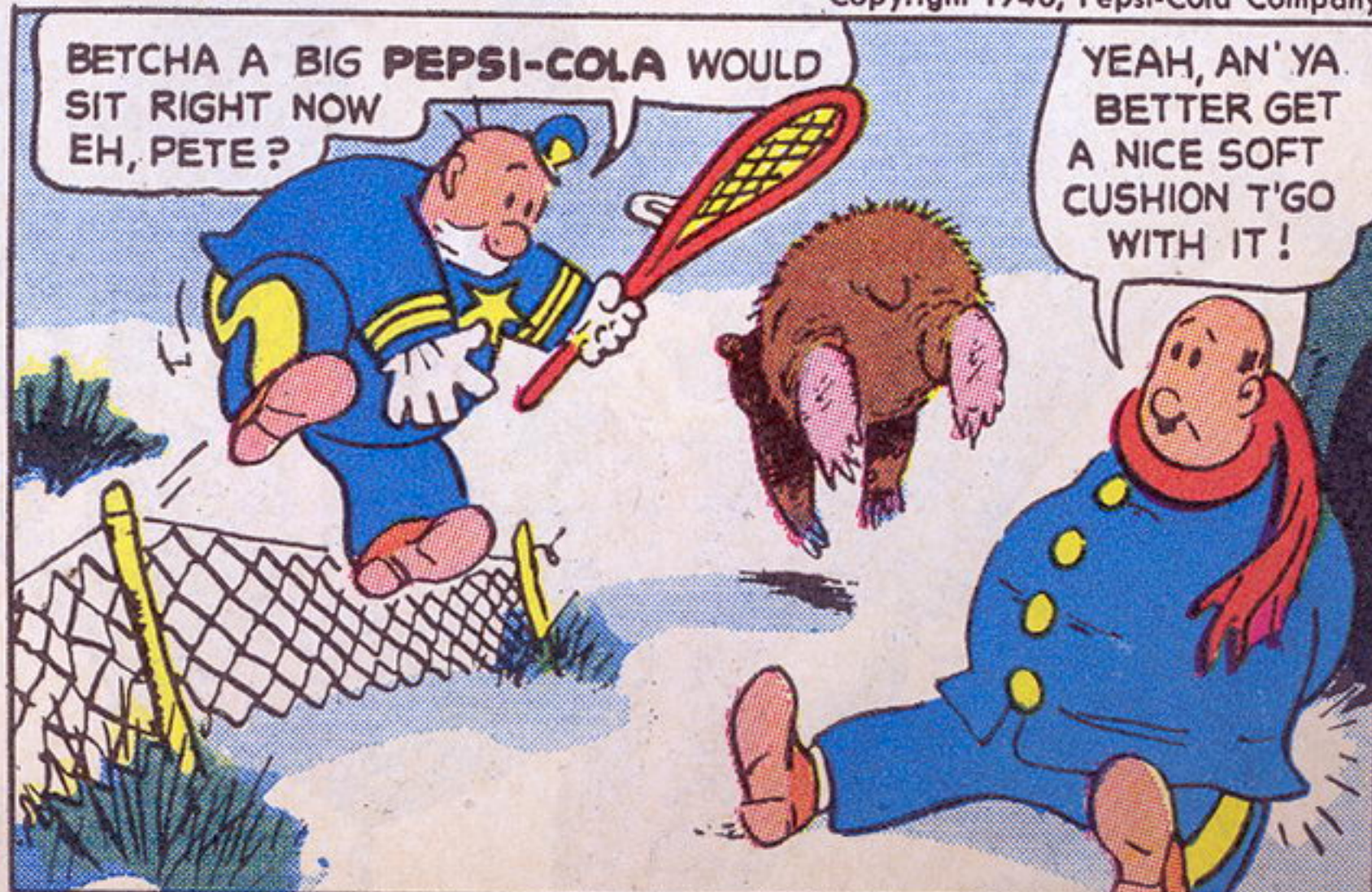
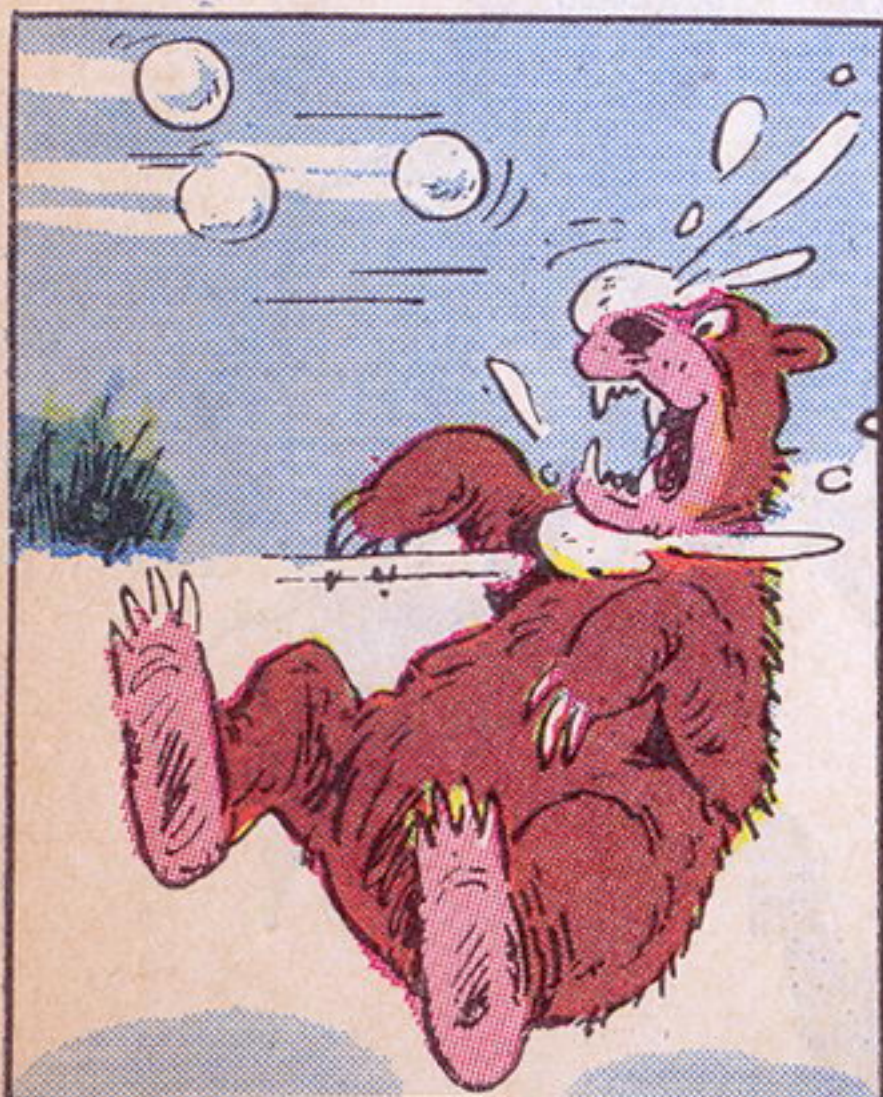
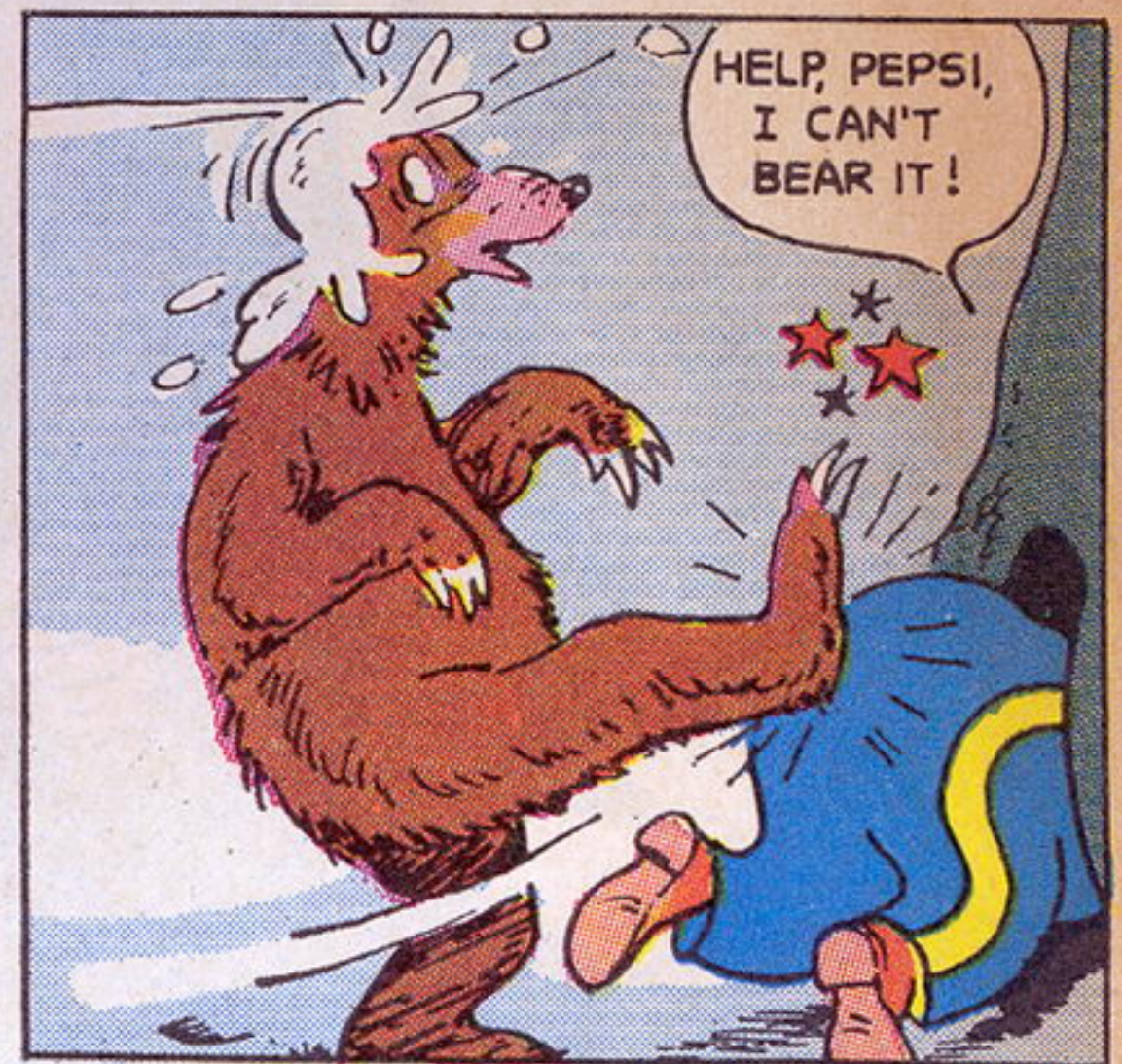
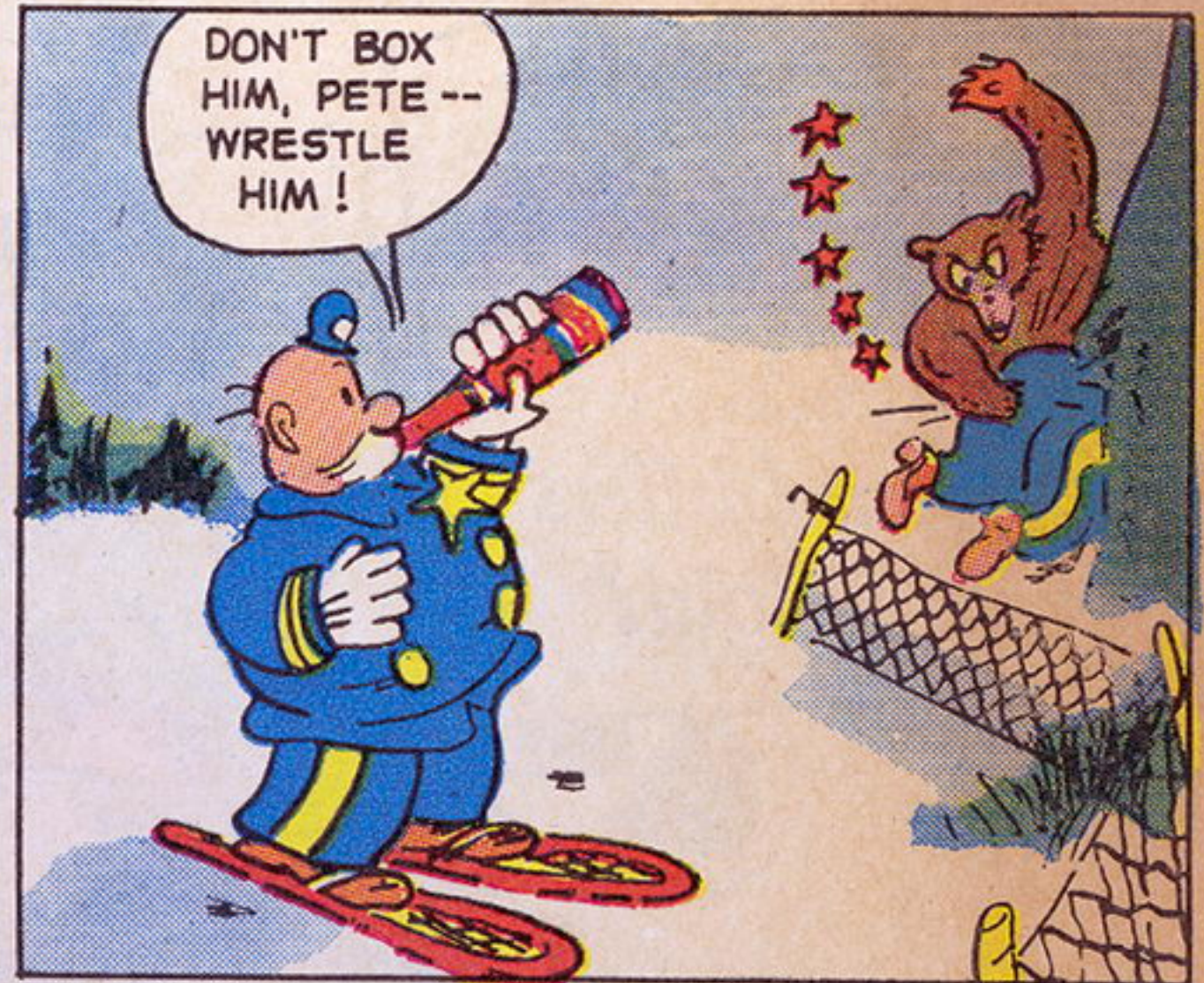
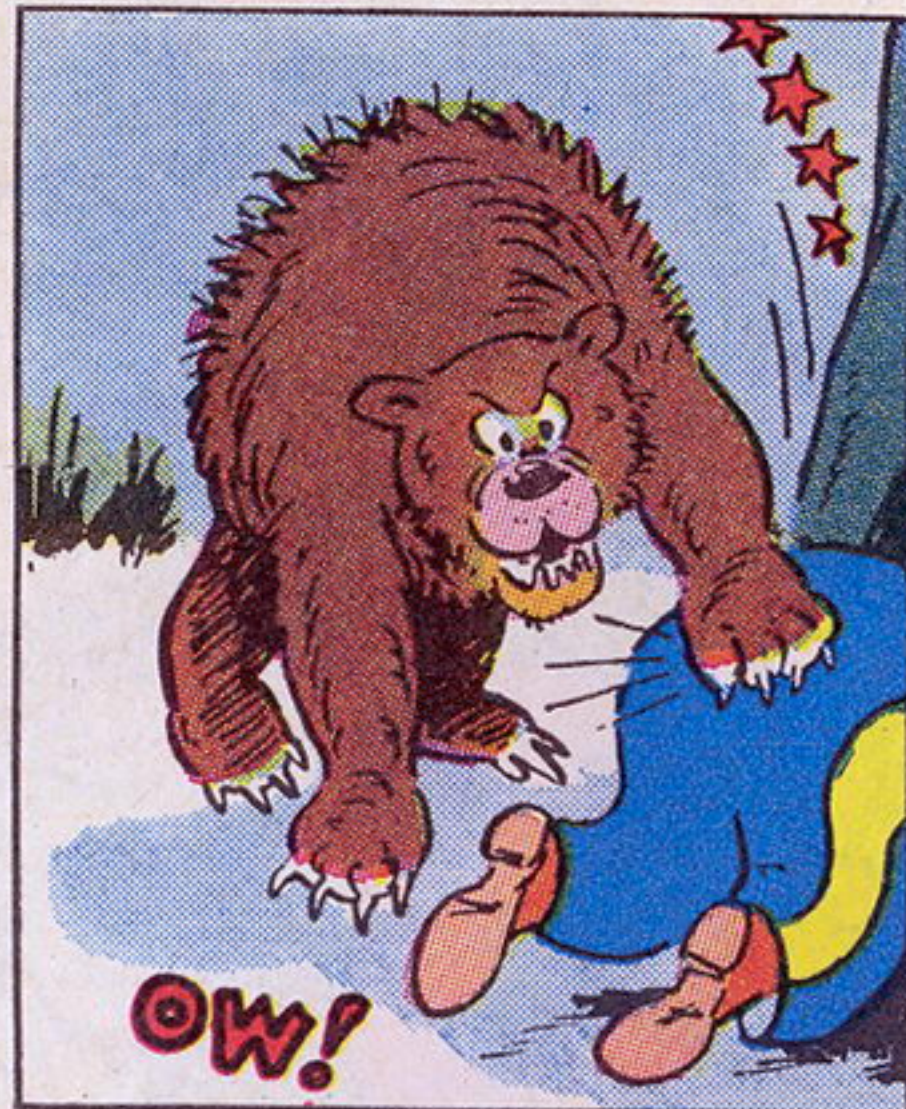
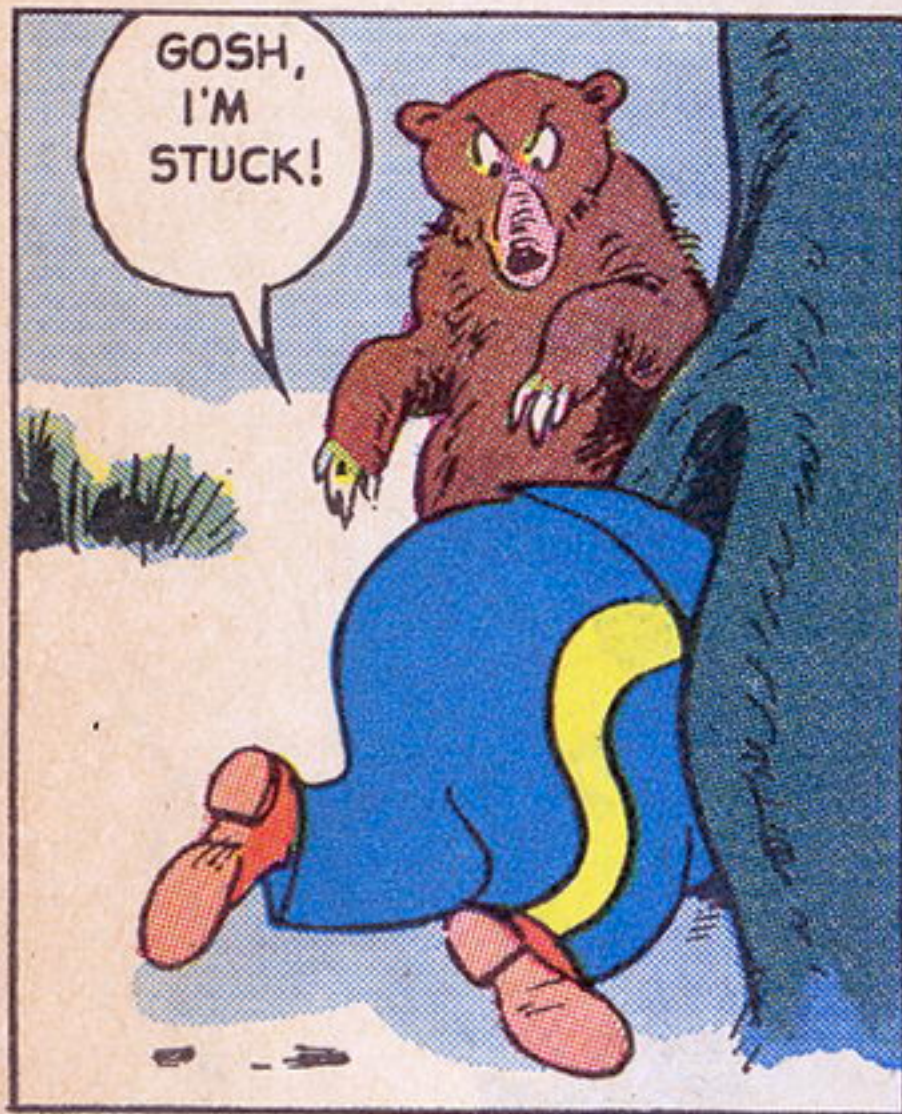
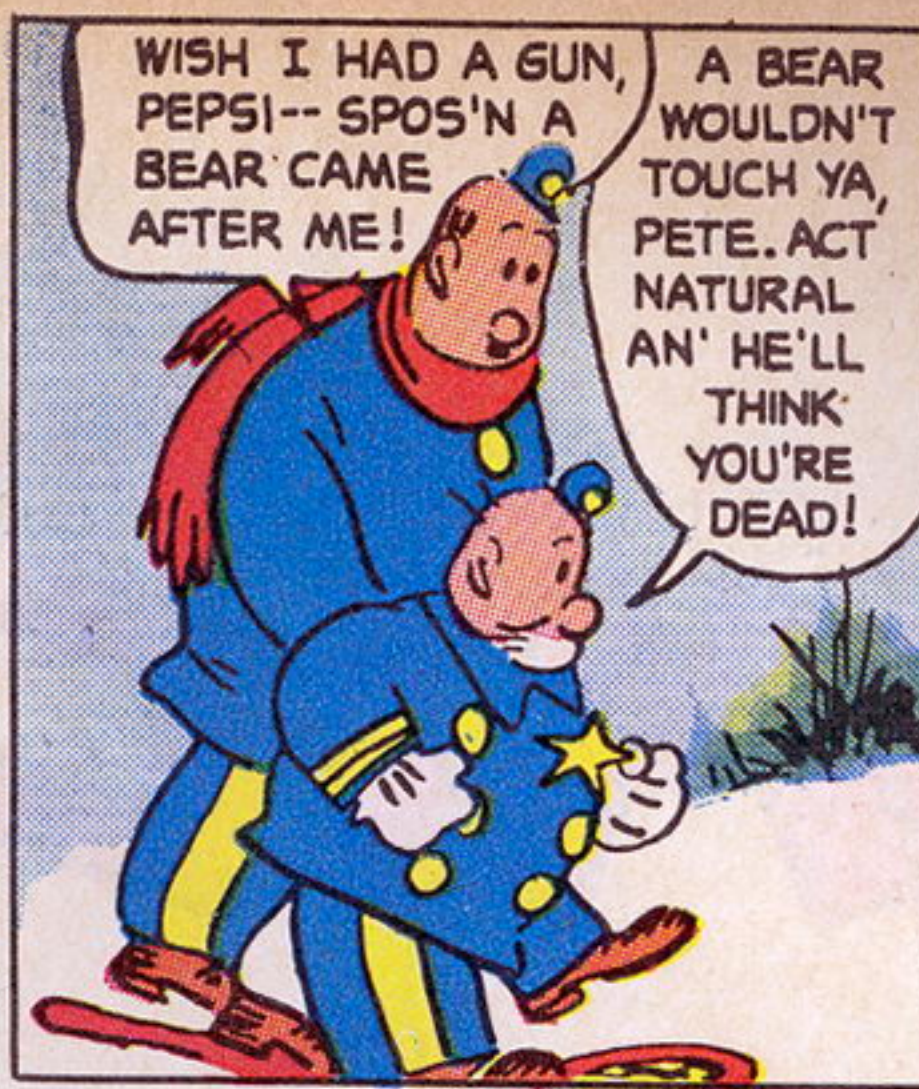
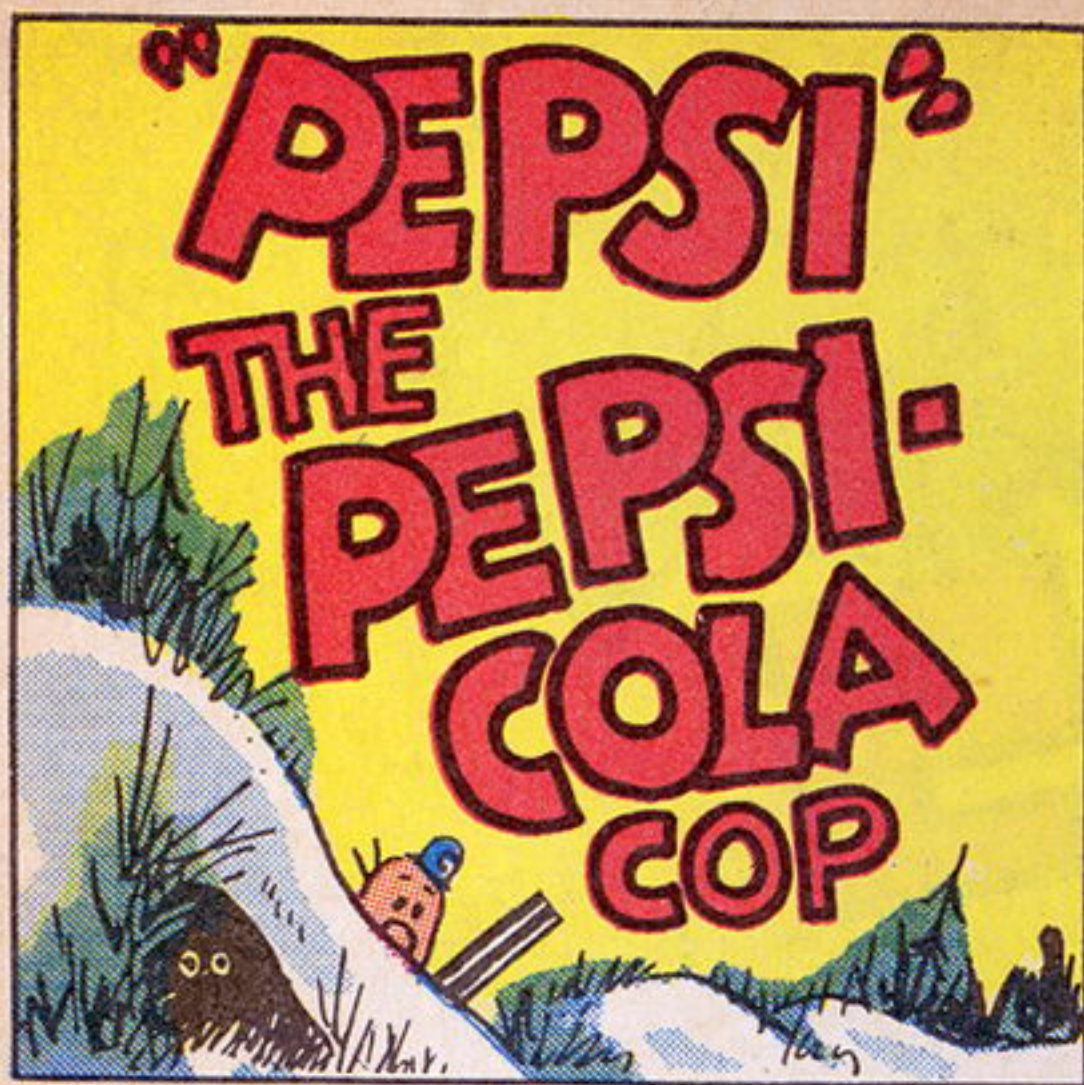
*finds
All That Glitters
Is Not Gold!*



- AL BRYANT -



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Captain TRIUMPH

GOLD!

Men have taken lives...
and given lives... for
that glittering bait!
Will even *Captain
Triumph* succumb
to its lure?

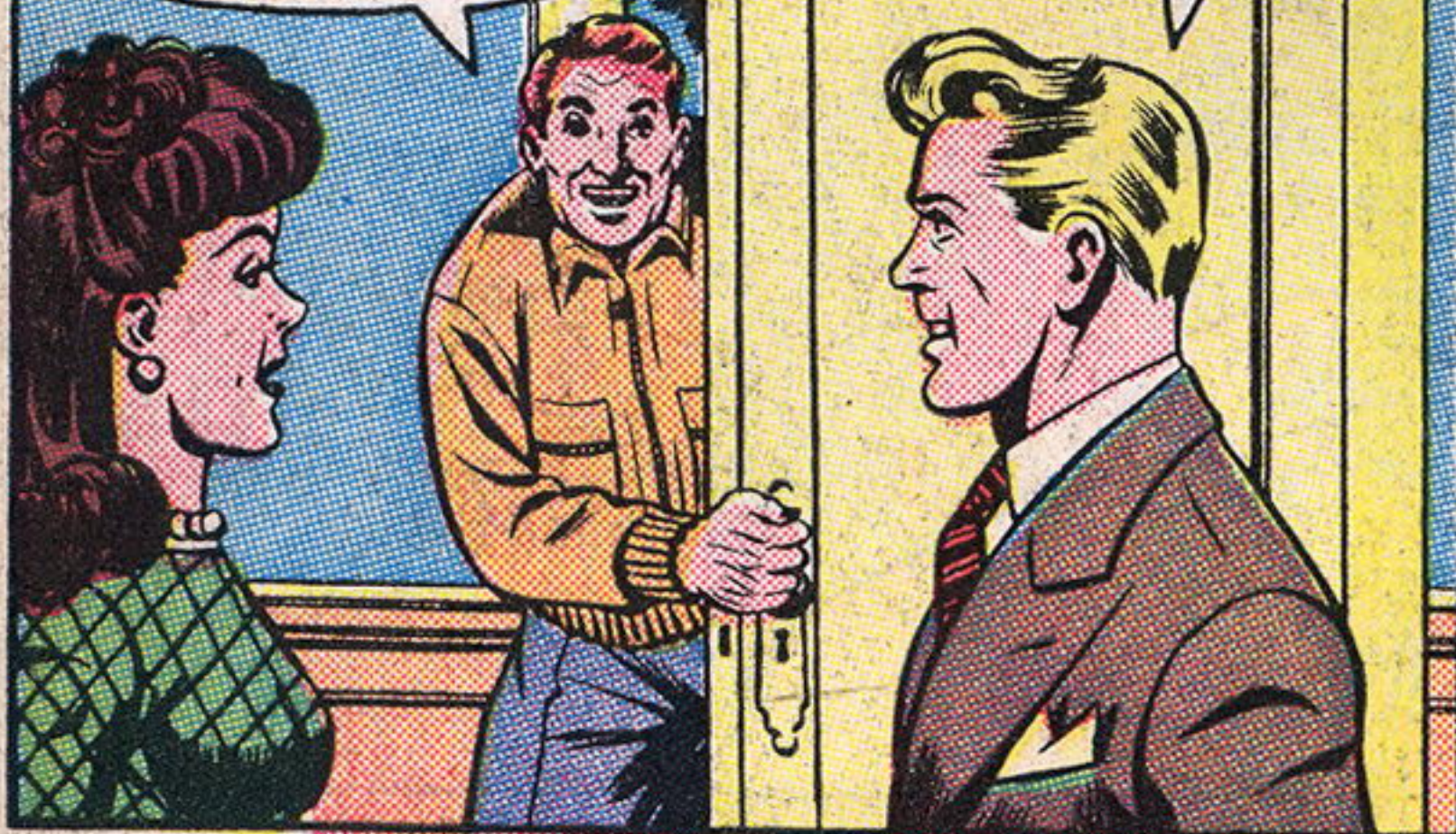


When Lance Gallant touches the magic
mark on his wrist, he combines with
the ghost of his twin brother Michael
to become the invincible Captain Triumph!

Here's a threesome which is *never* a crowd except when launched against injustice--- Lance, Kim and Biff!

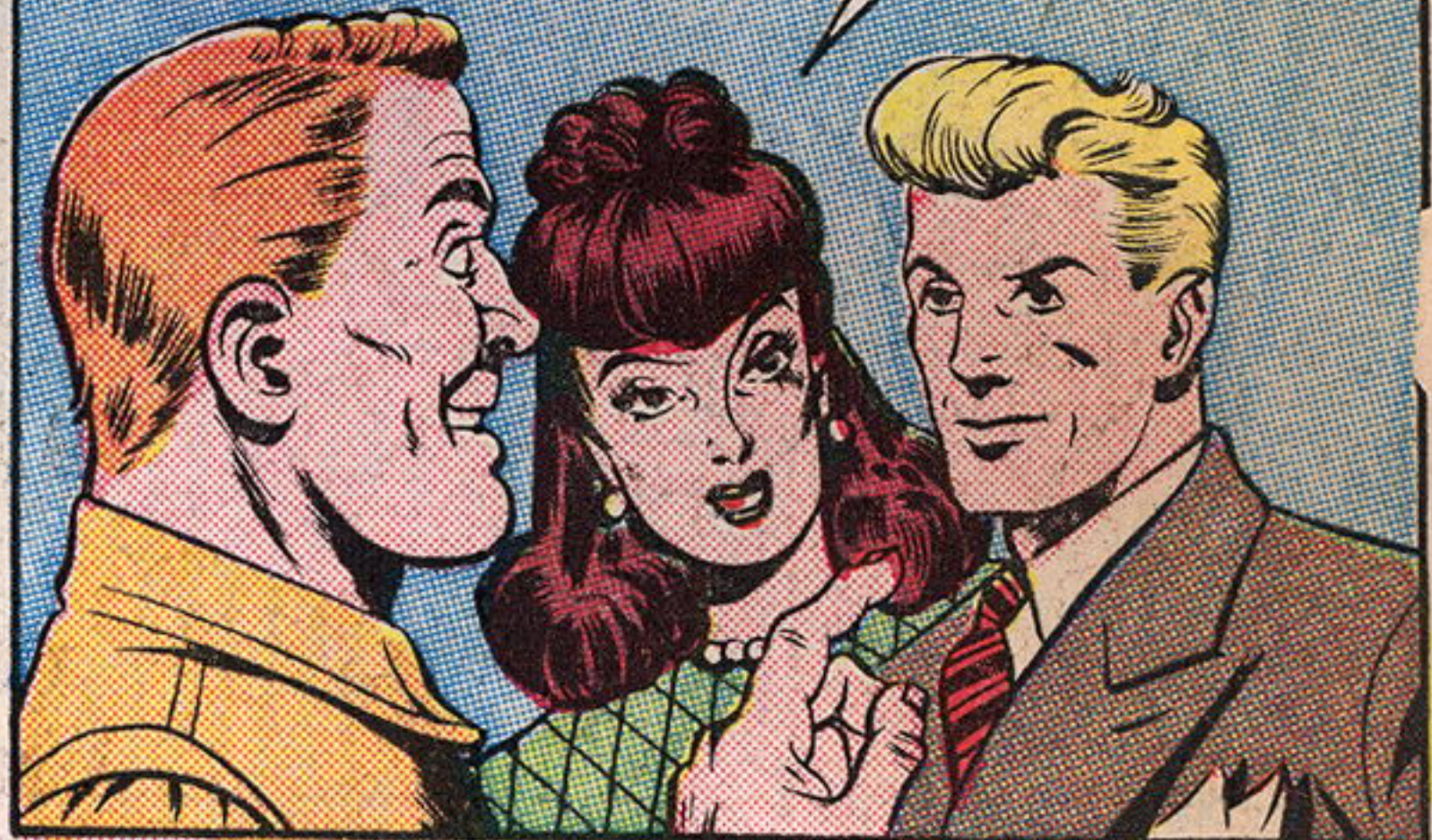
PREPARE FOR A LIFE OF EASE, KIDS! I'VE MADE US AN INVESTMENT---A **GOLD MINE!**

BIFF! AFTER ALL THE CROOKS AND SWINDLERS WE'VE EXPOSED!



BUT THIS GOLD MINE IS **GOOD!** REDFUE, WHO SOLD IT TO ME, HELPED ME TAKE **SAMPLES!**

AFTER ALL, LANCE, NOT **EVERY** GOLD MINE HAS TO BE A FAKE -- OR WHERE WOULD **GOLD** COME FROM?

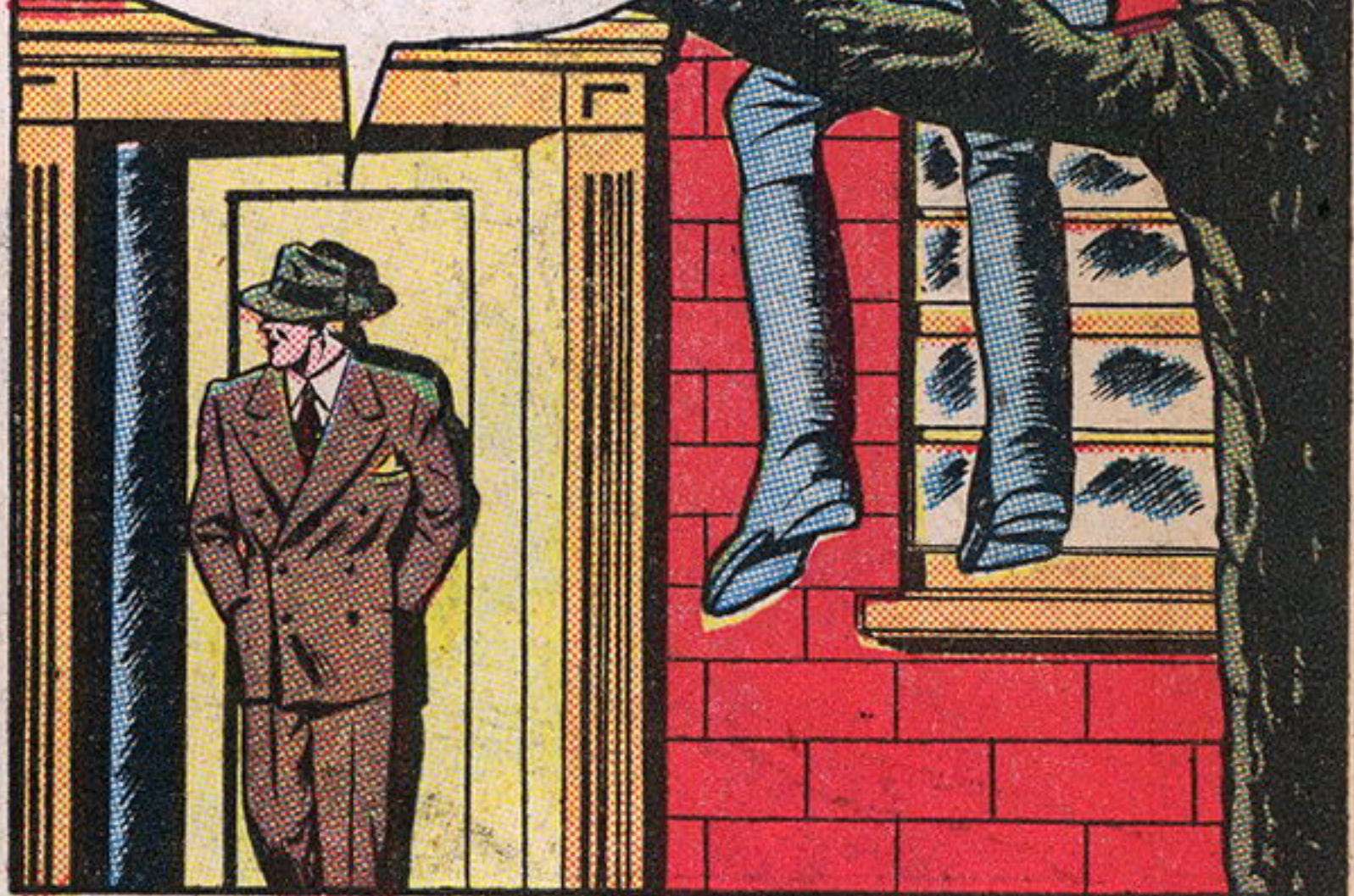


YOU MAY BE RIGHT --- KIM, TOO --- BUT IT'S UP TO ME TO MAKE **SURE!**

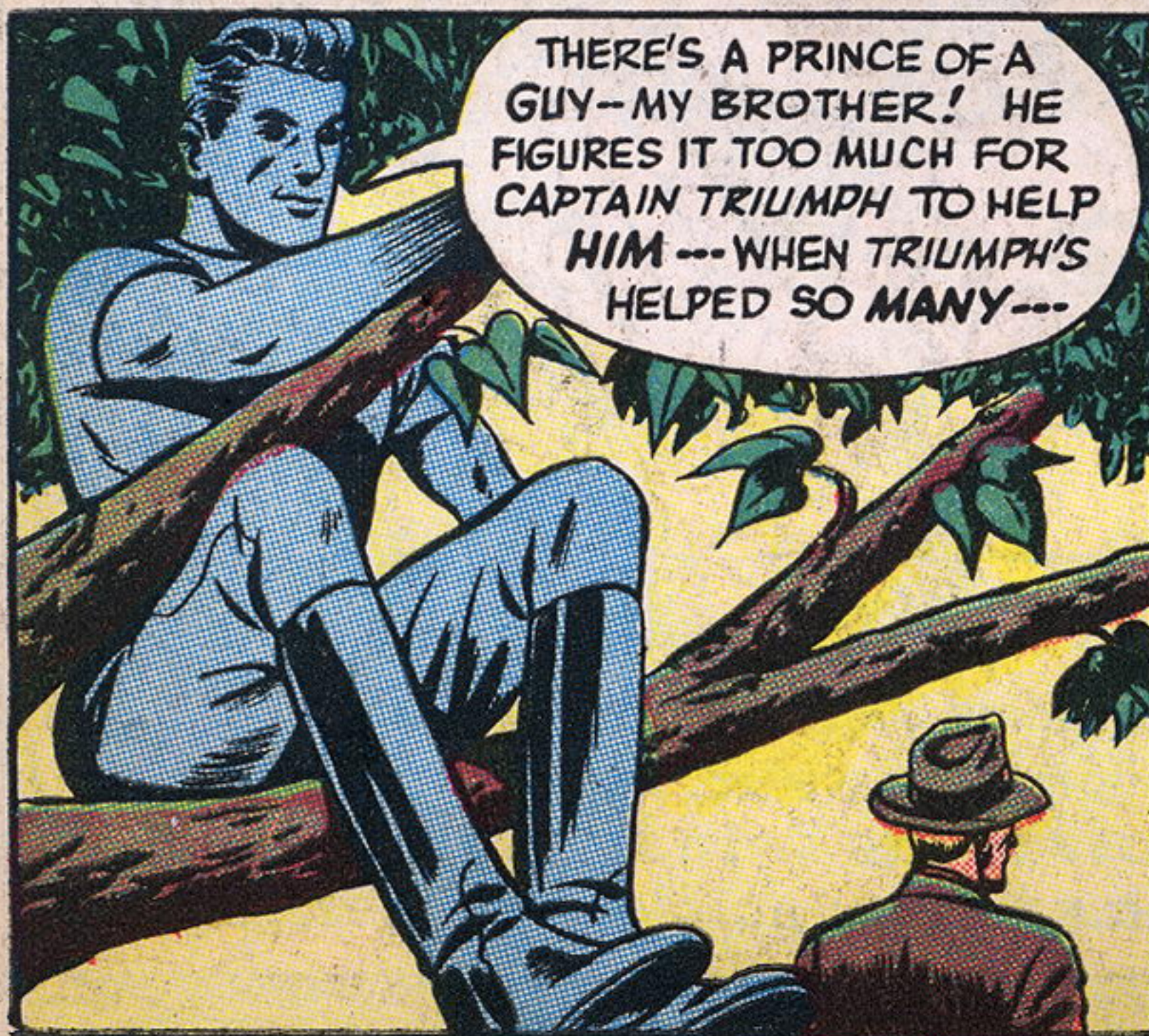
ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** INVESTIGATE?



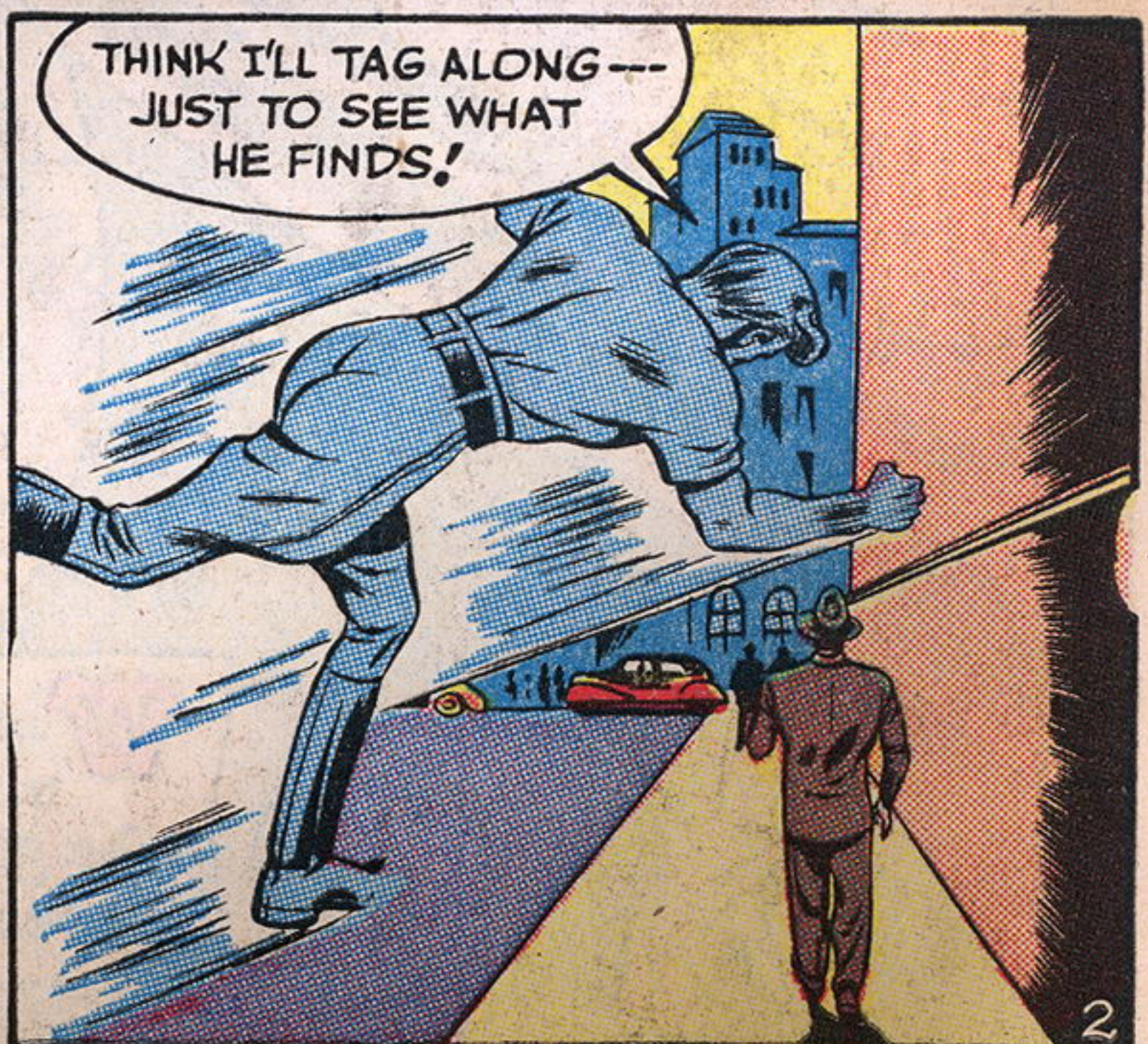
NO! **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** IS FOR HELPING THE **PUBLIC** --- NOT FOR **PERSONAL CHORES!** I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE!

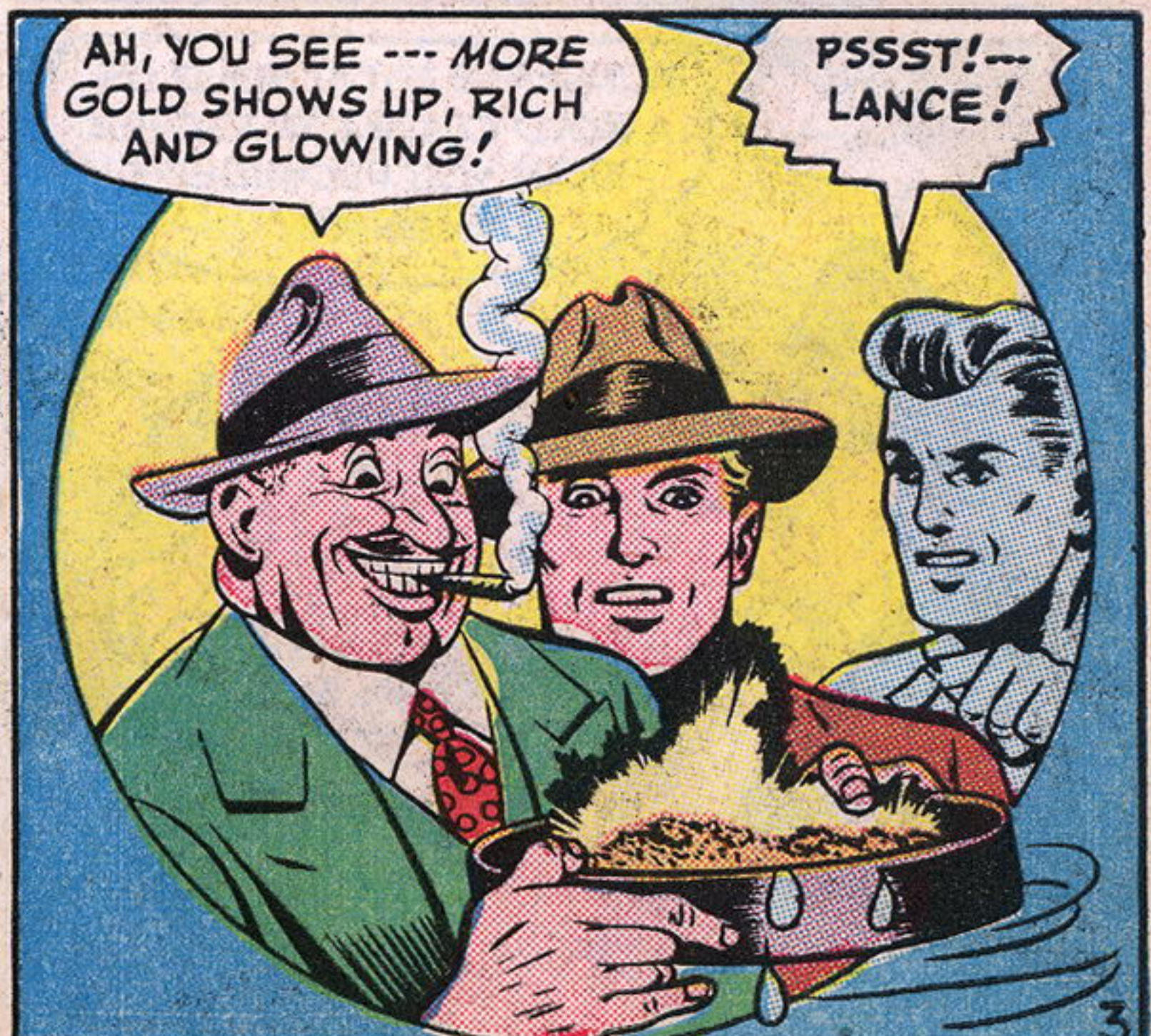
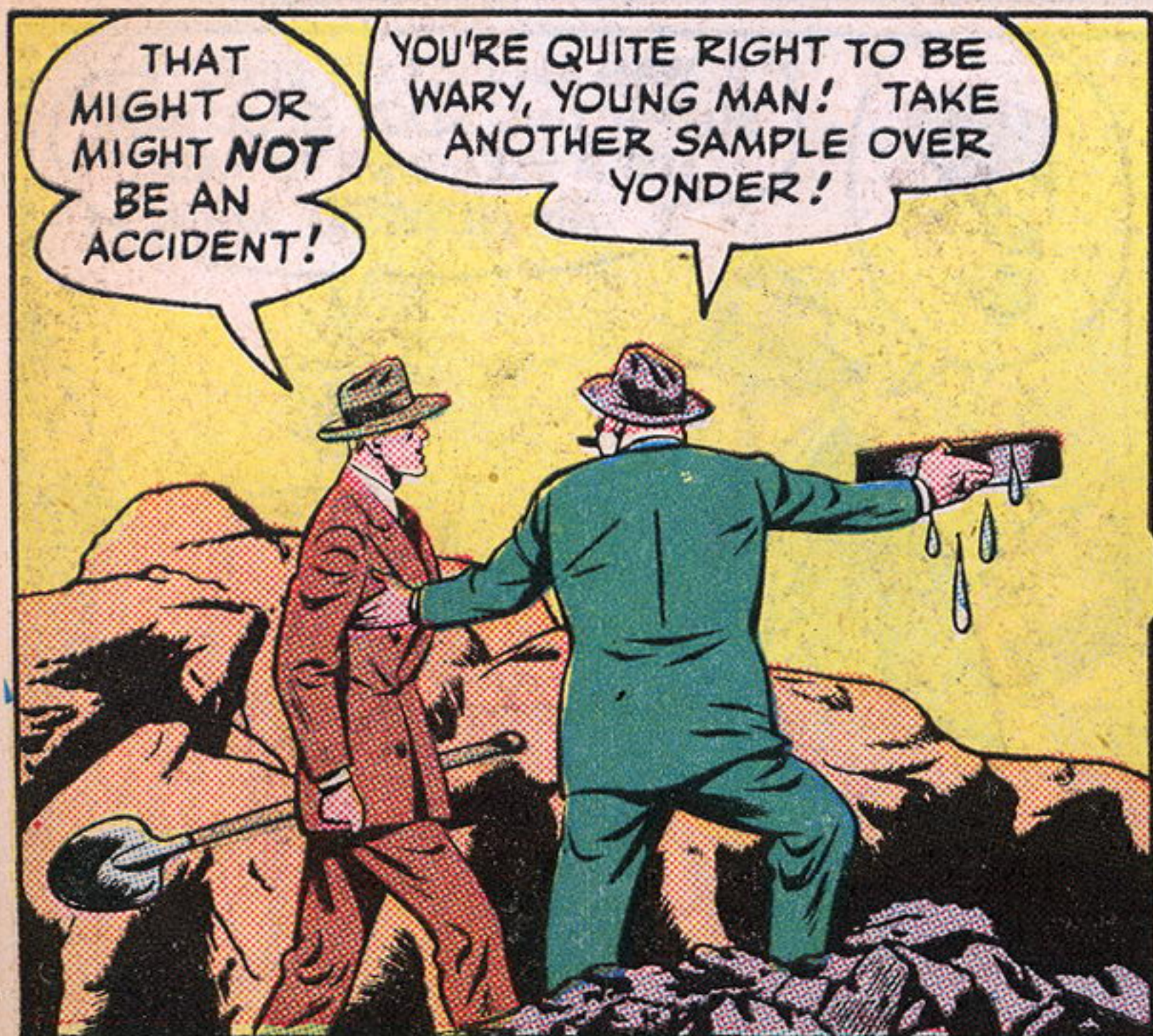
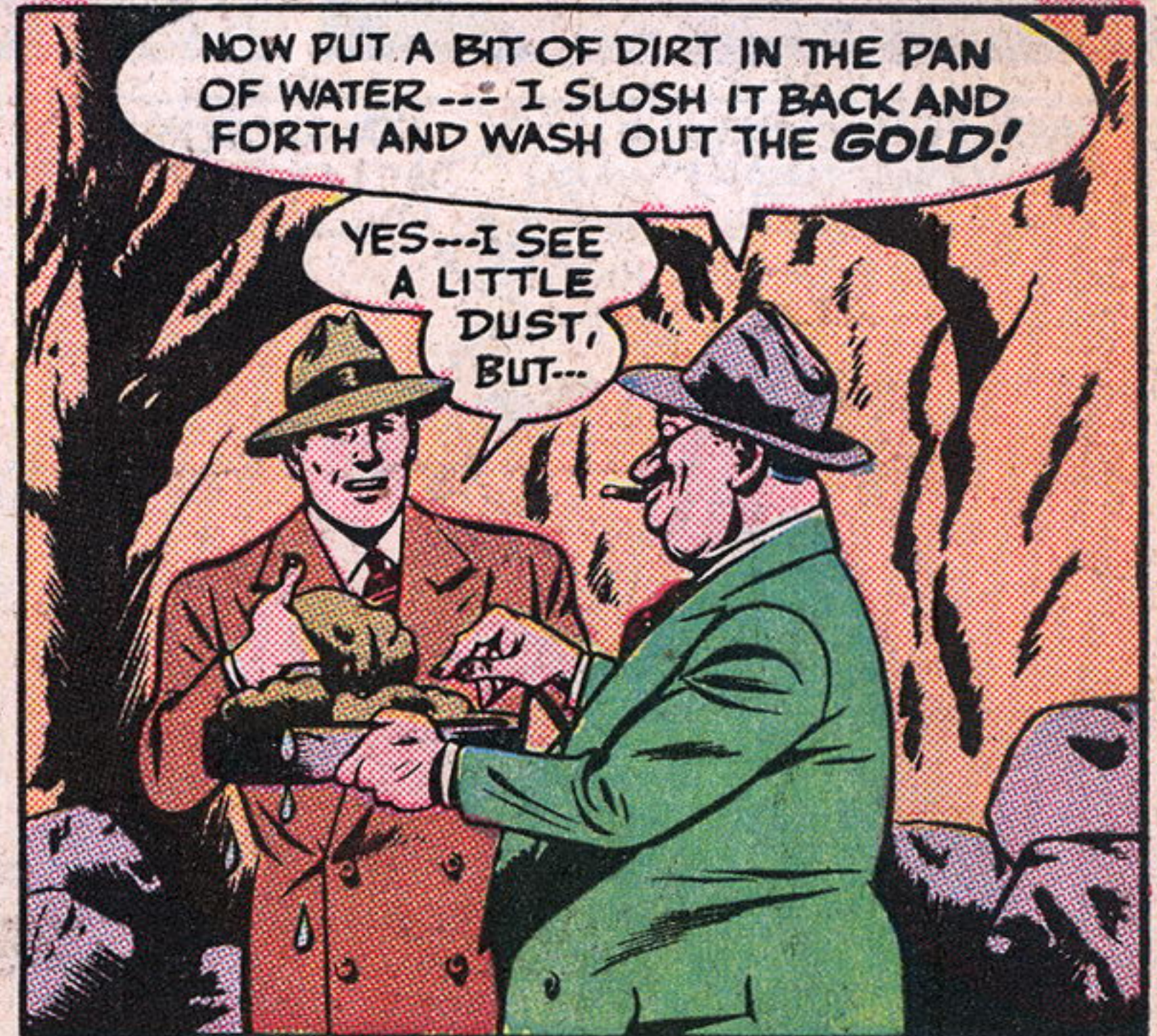
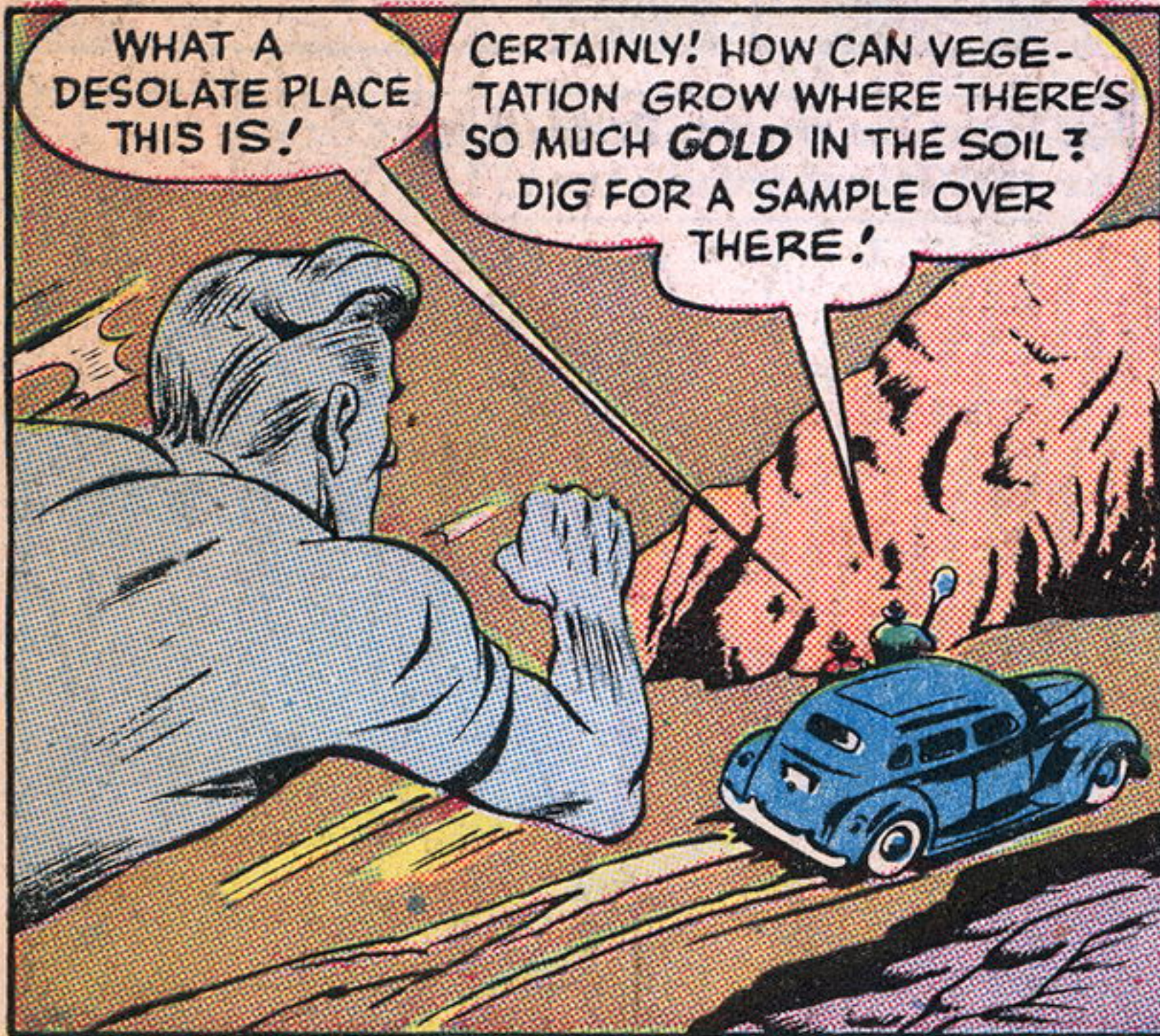
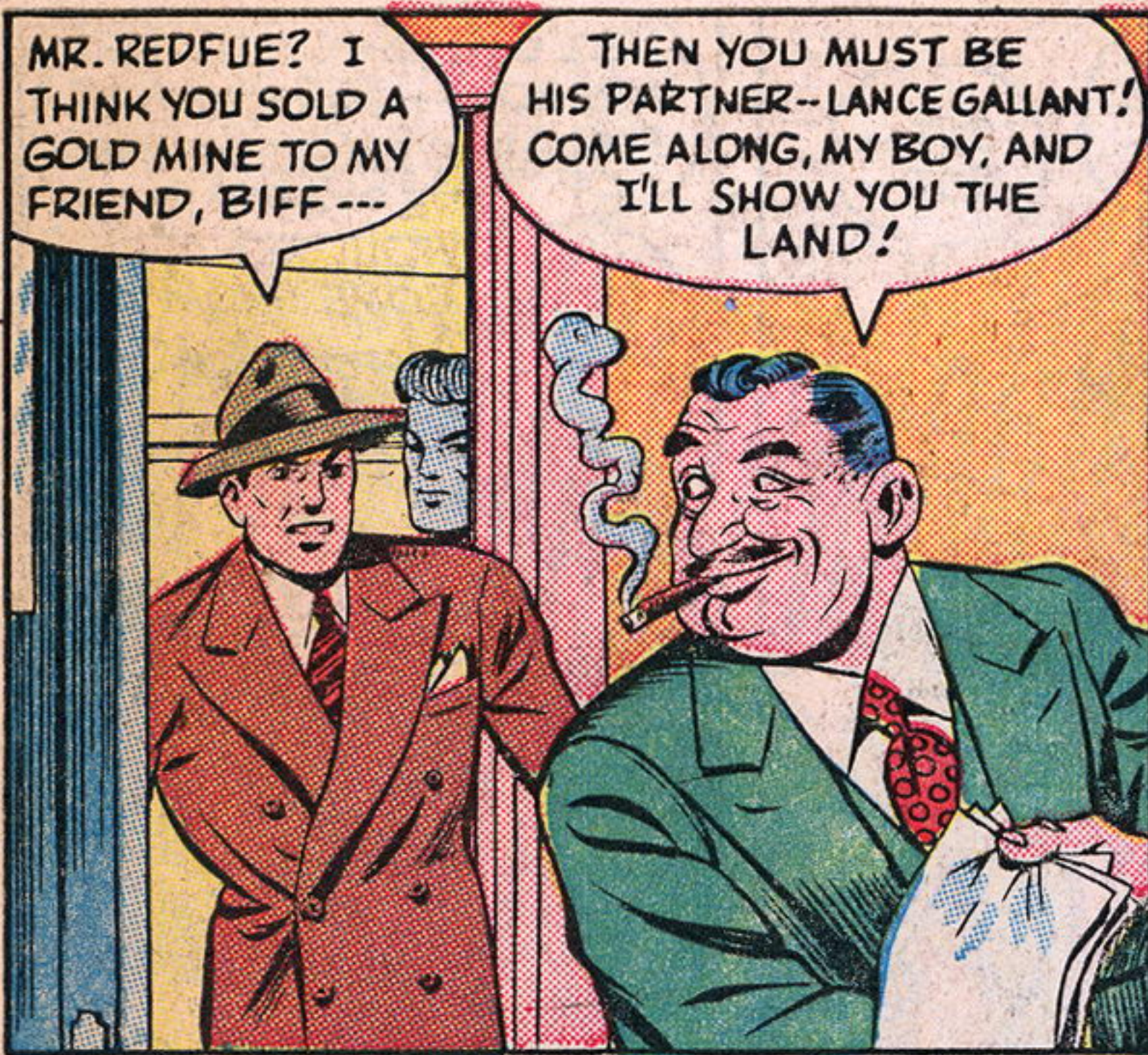


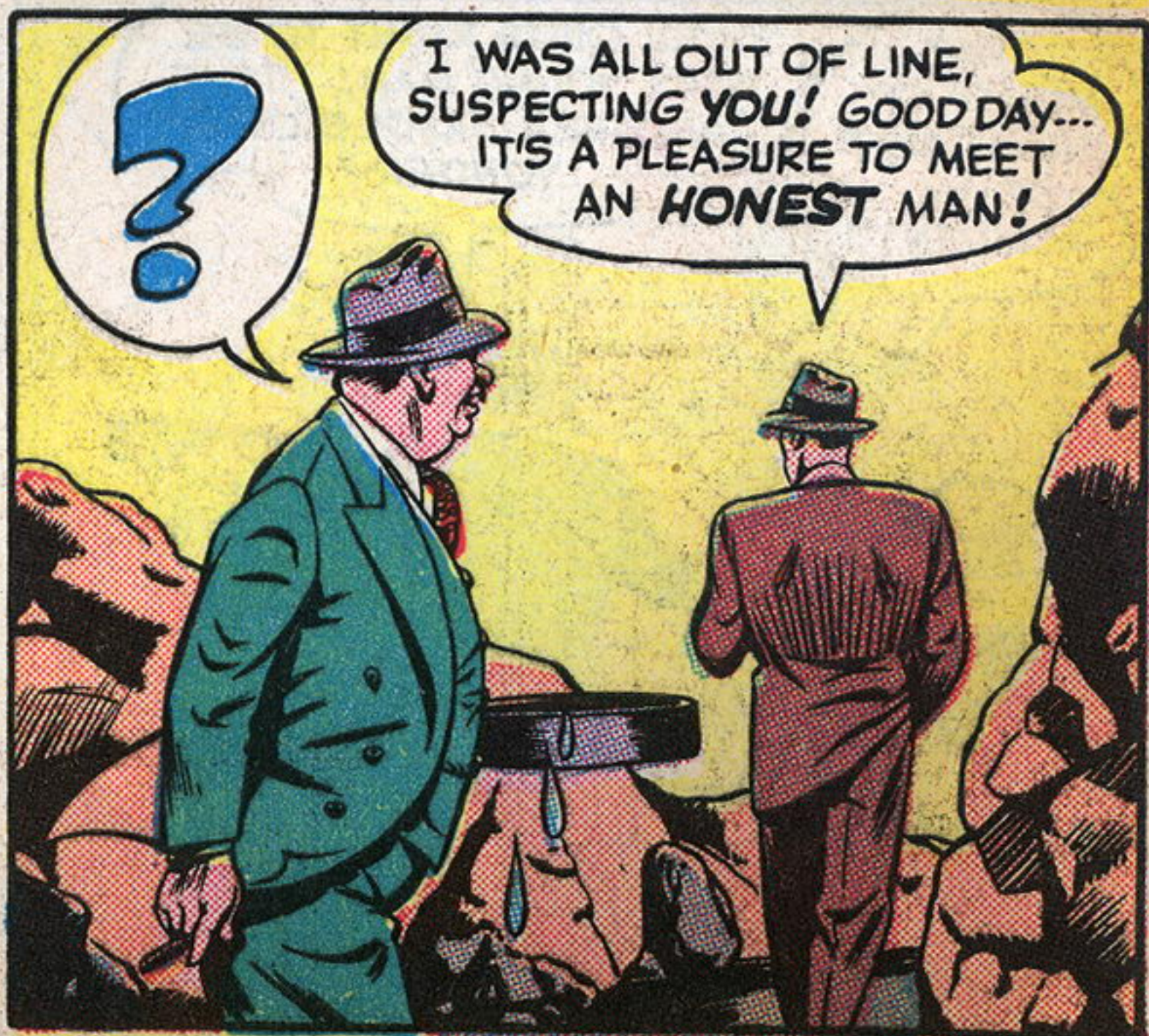
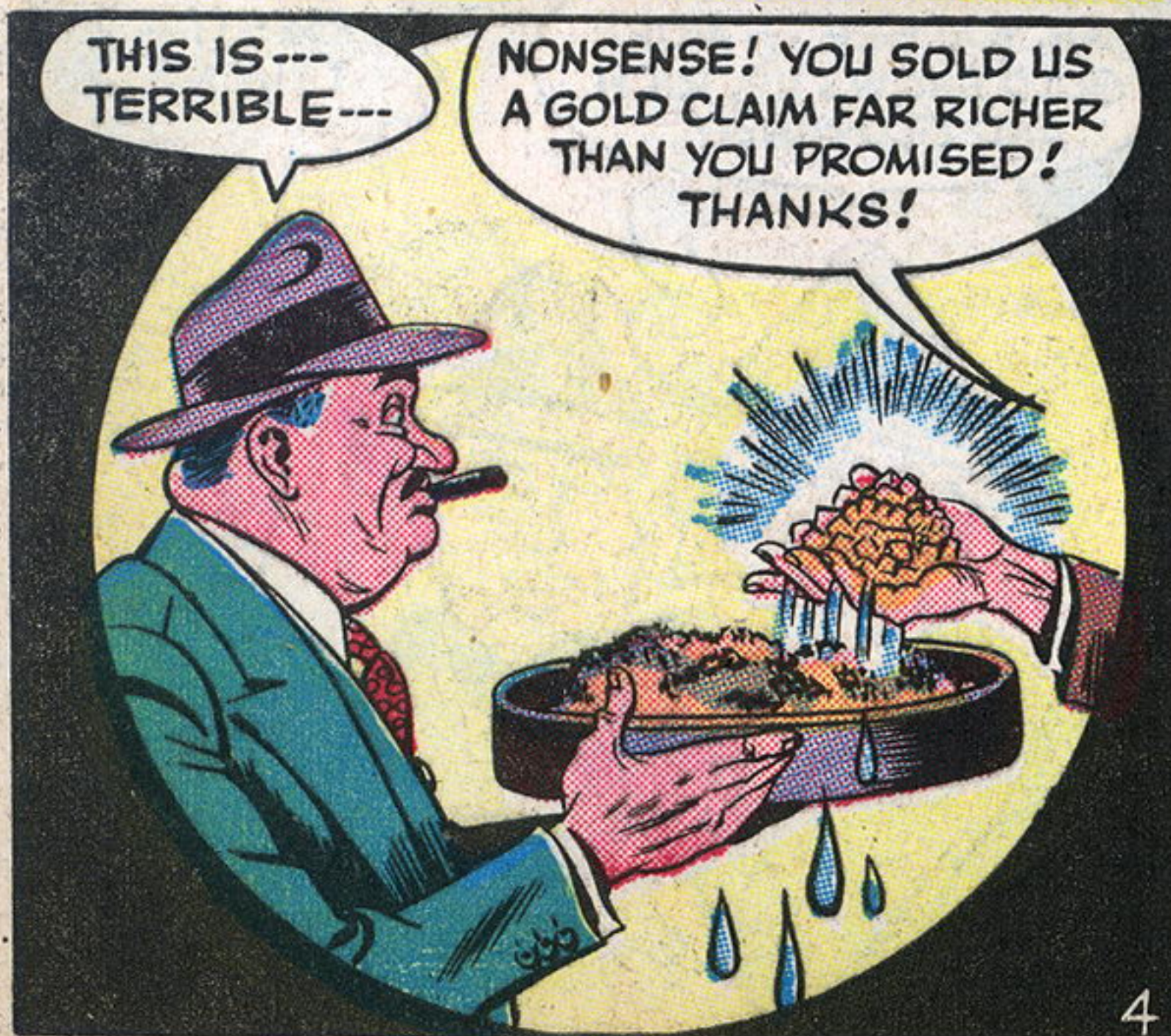
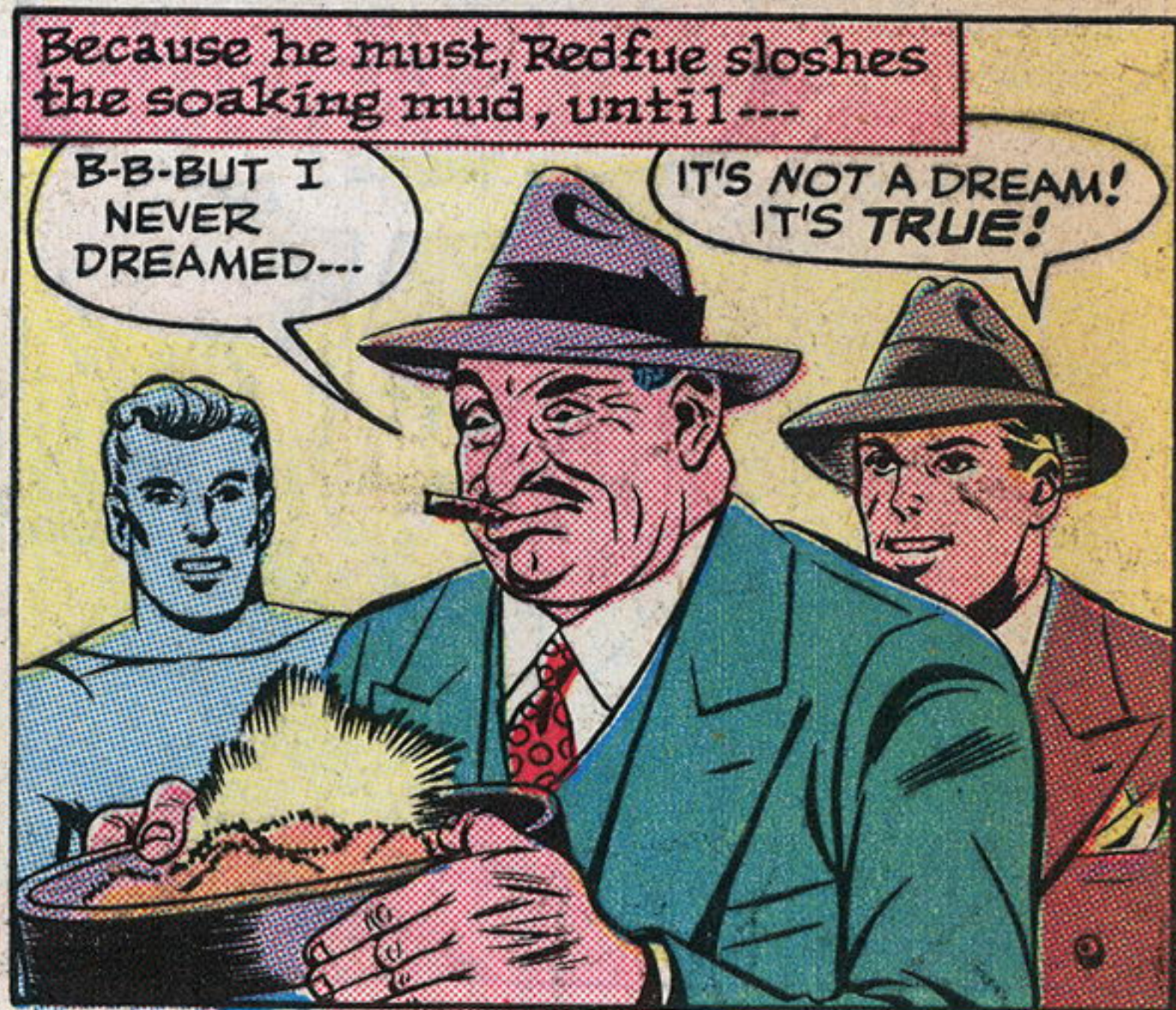
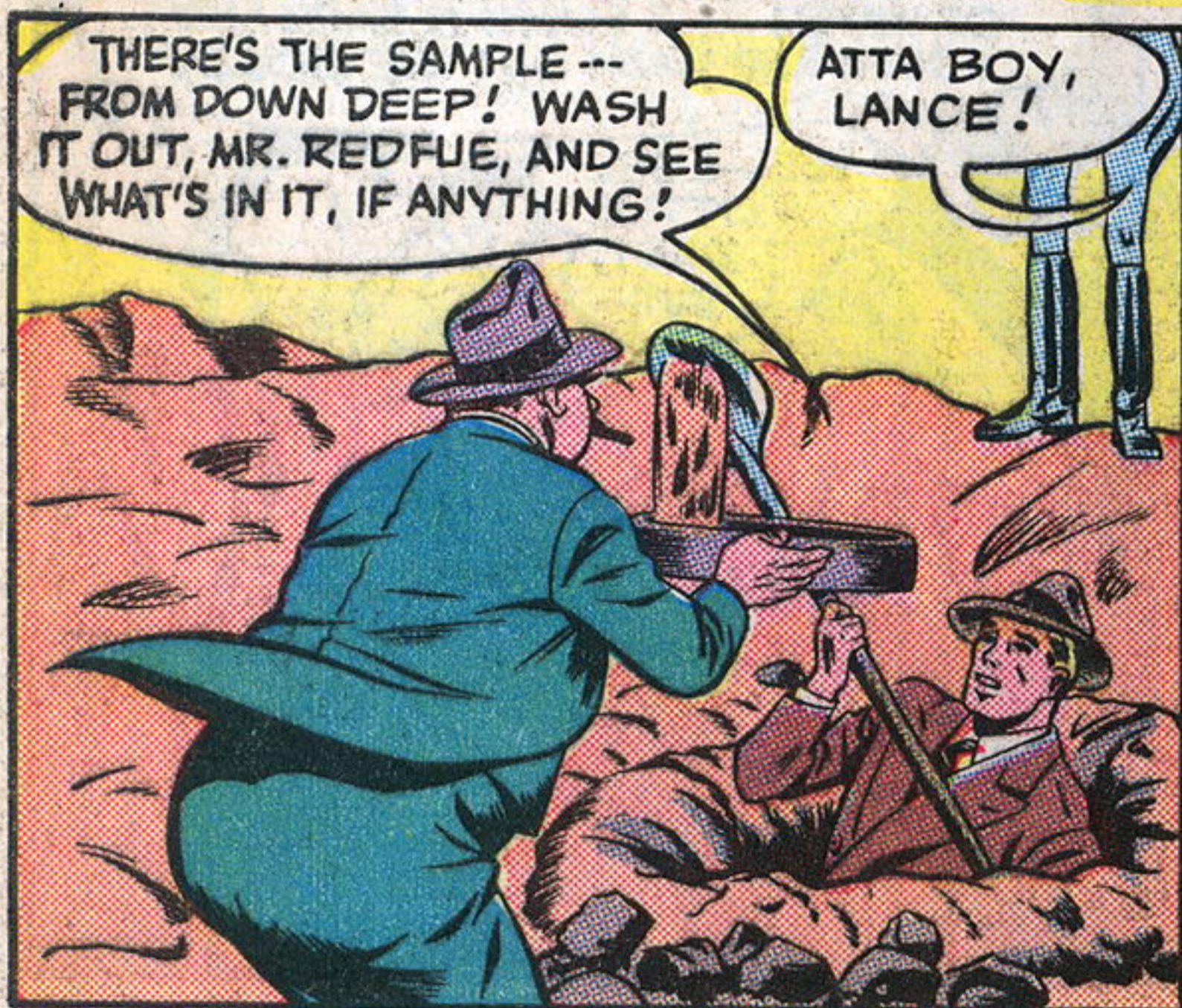
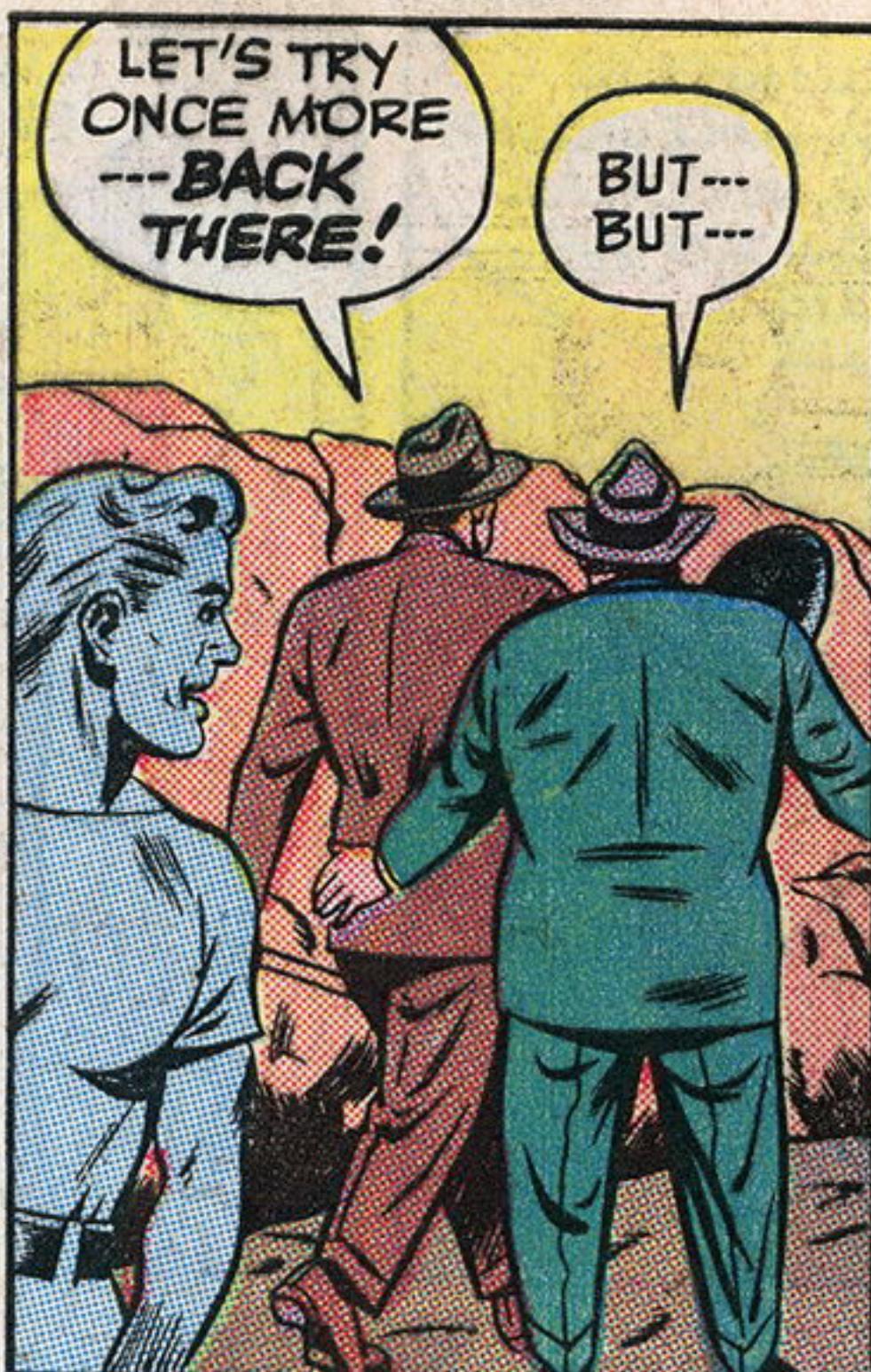
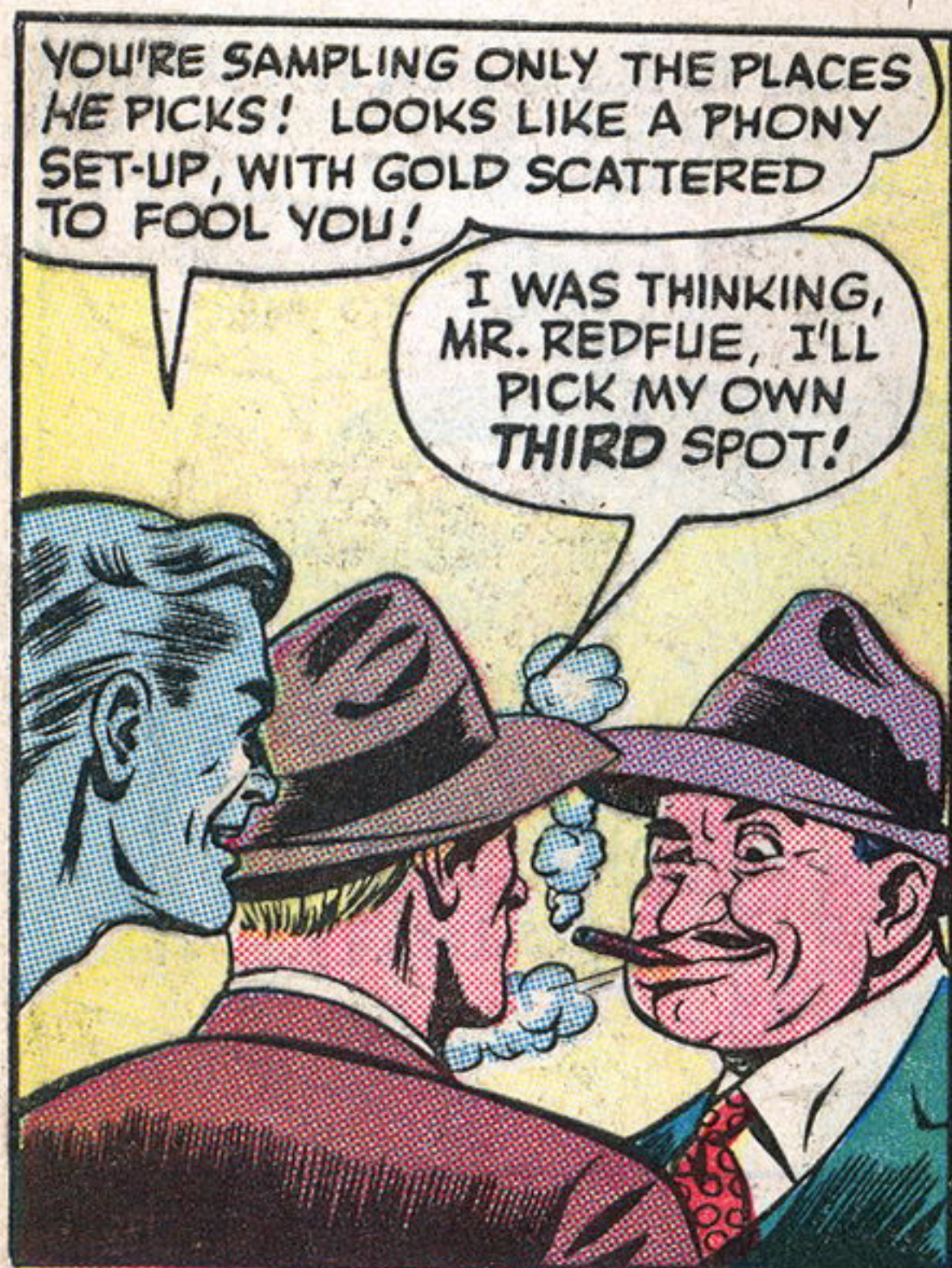
THERE'S A PRINCE OF A GUY---MY BROTHER! HE FIGURES IT TOO MUCH FOR **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** TO HELP **HIM** --- WHEN **TRIUMPH'S** HELPED SO **MANY**---

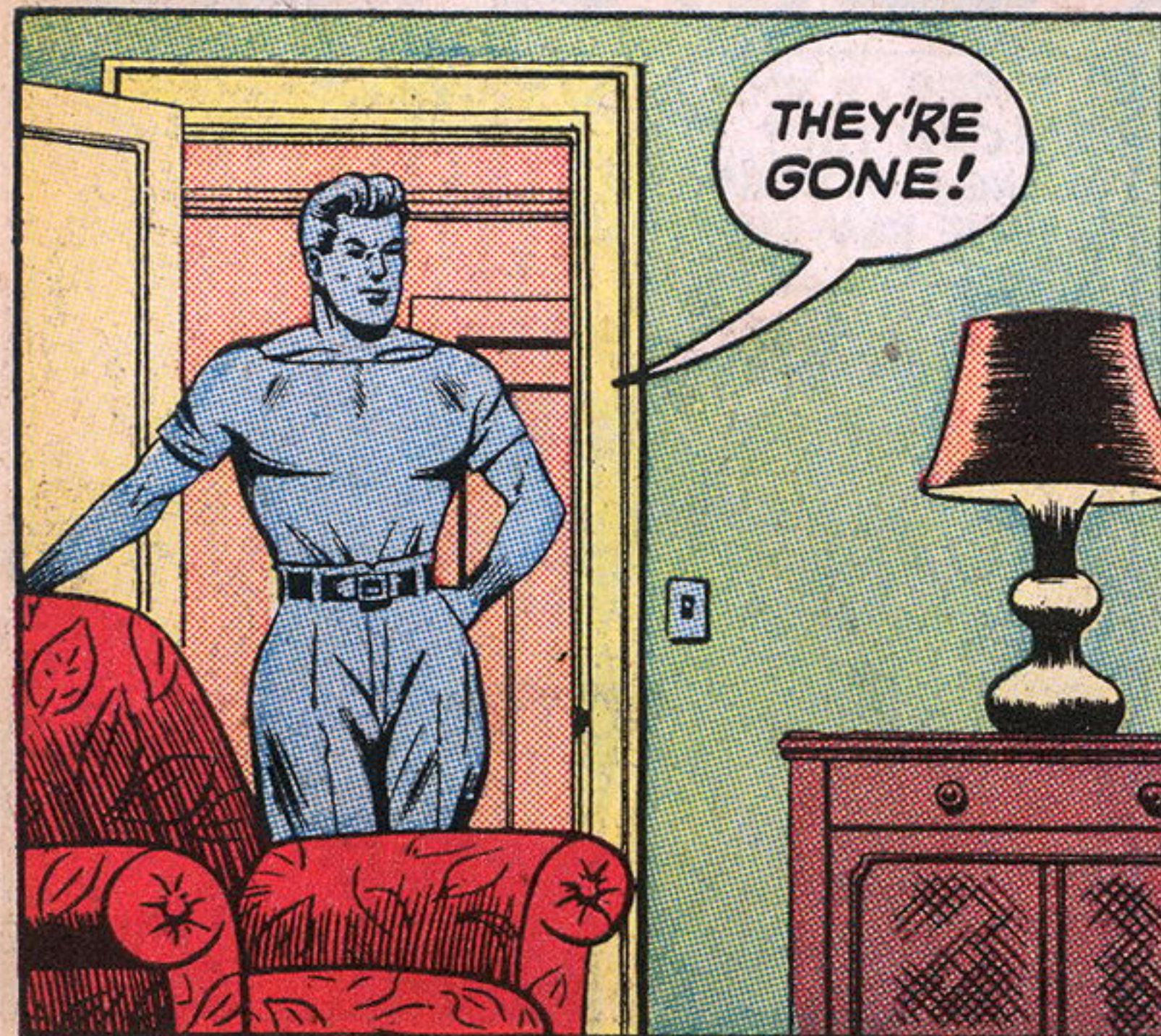
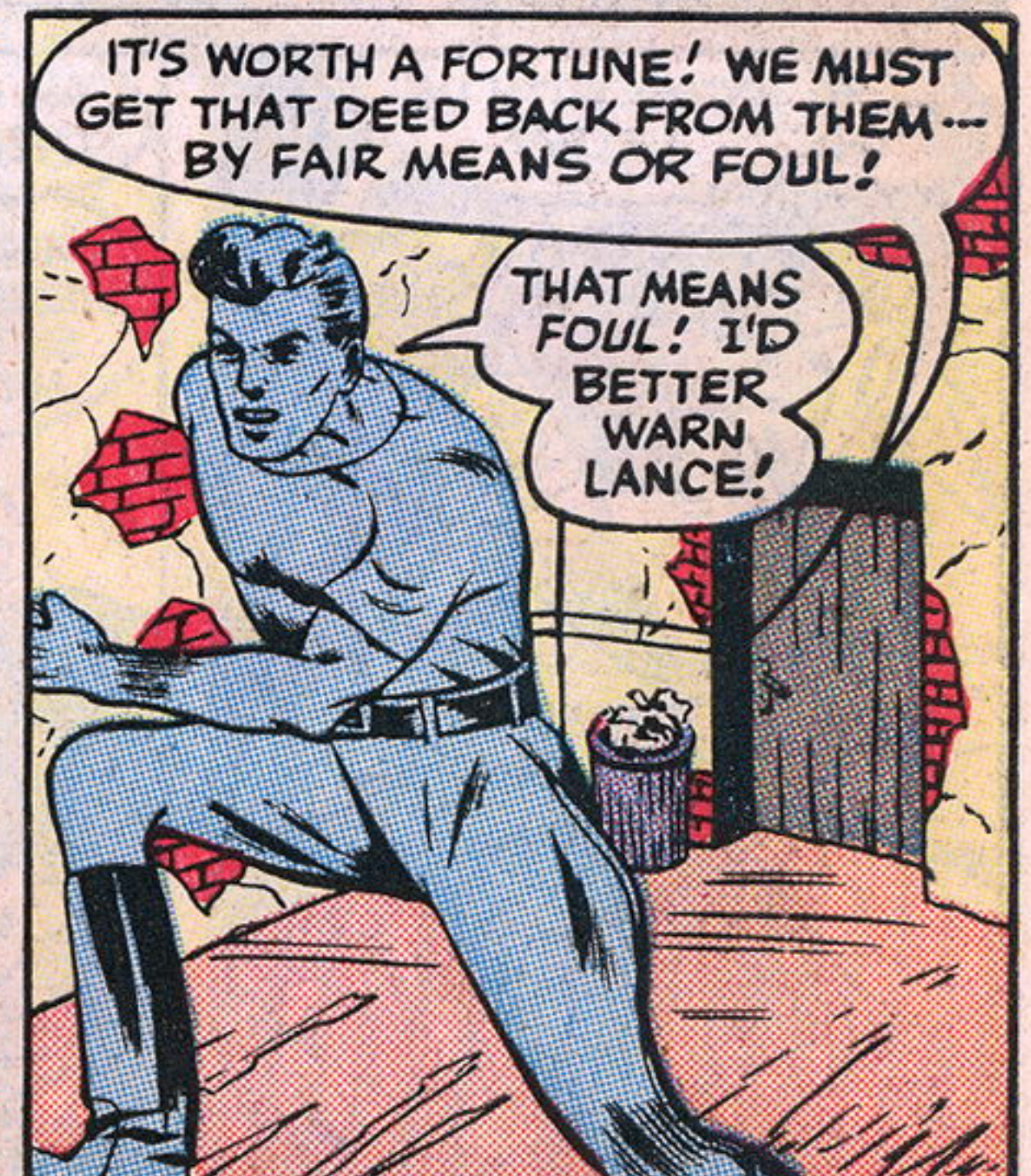
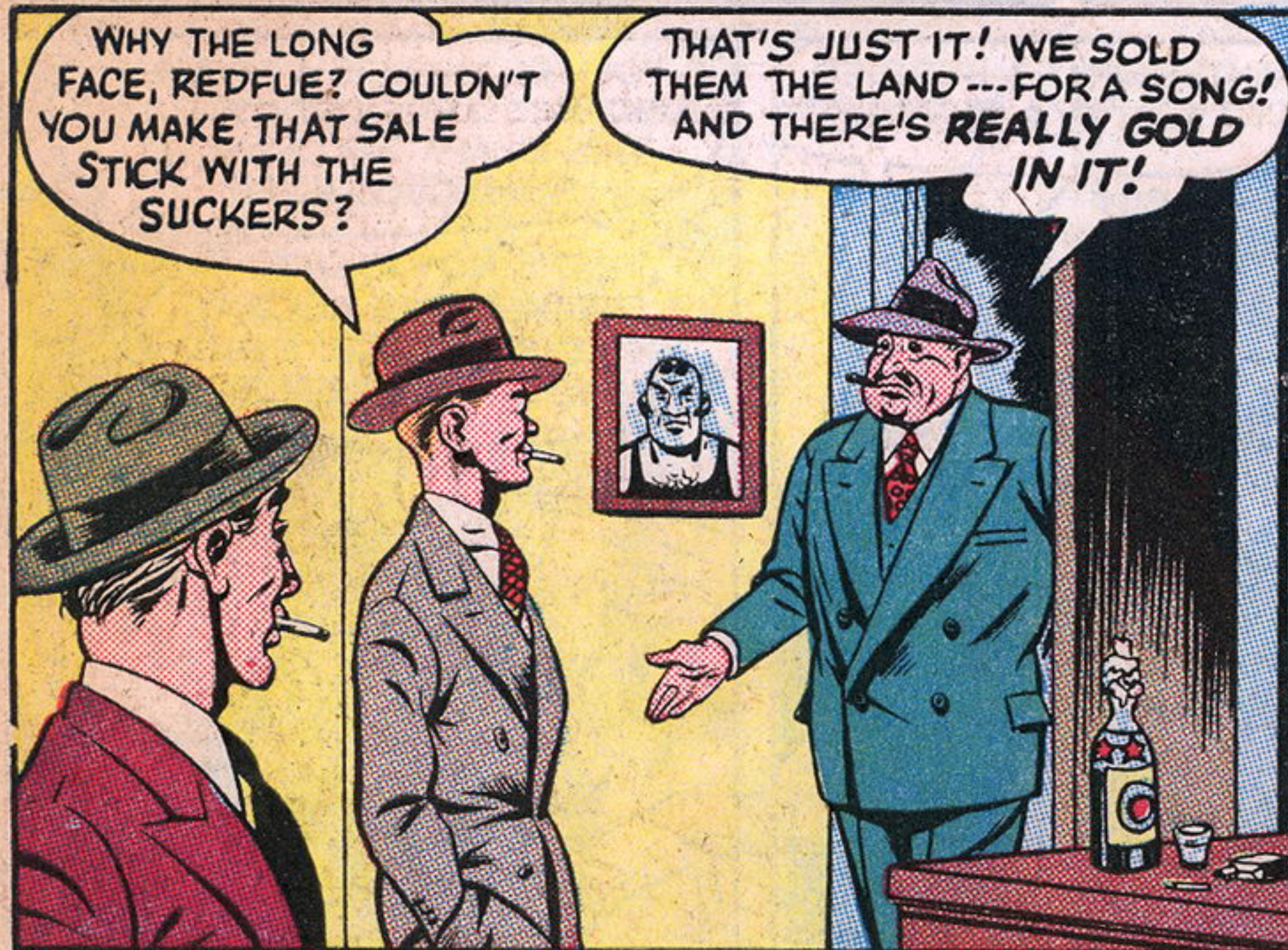
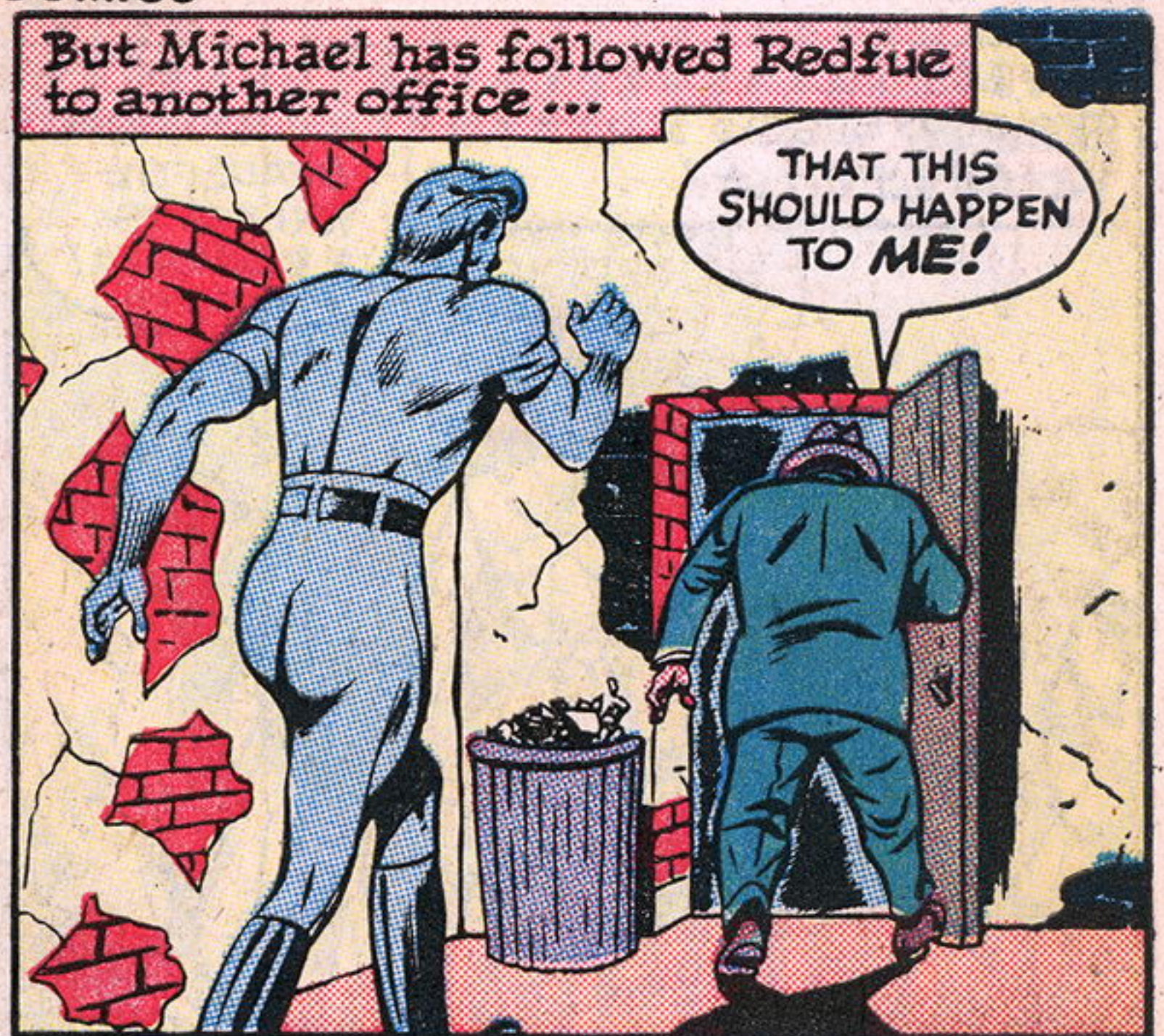
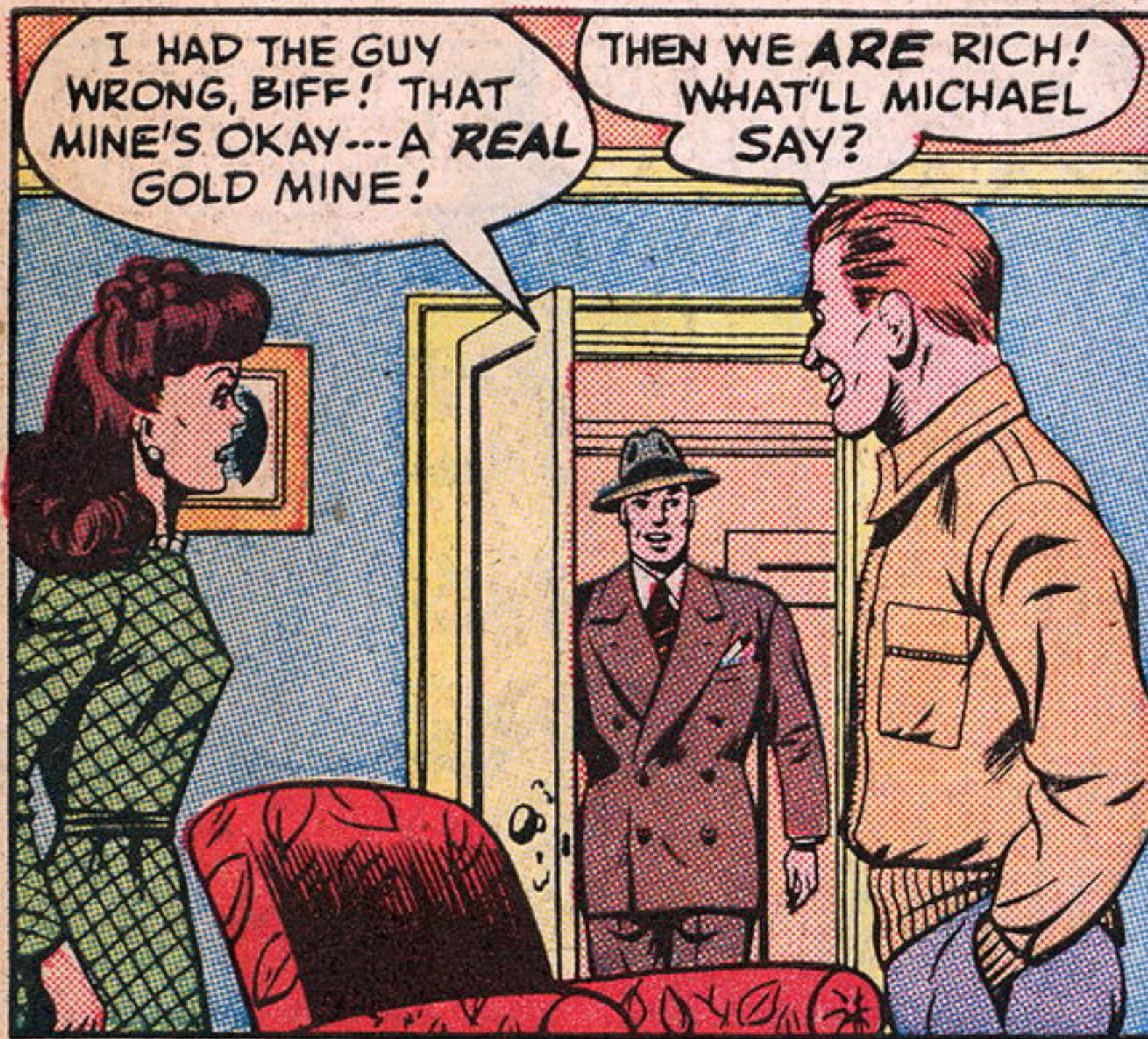


THINK I'LL TAG ALONG --- JUST TO SEE WHAT HE FINDS!









CRACK COMICS

But Michael might have **GUESSED** where the three would go first!

WATCH, FOLKS! EVERY SPADEFUL YOU DIG IS A BONANZA!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LANCE! GOLD ENOUGH TO FILL ALL THE TEETH IN THE COUNTRY!

WHILE THE BOYS ARE WORKING, I'LL GET LUNCH READY!



COME WITH US, LADY!



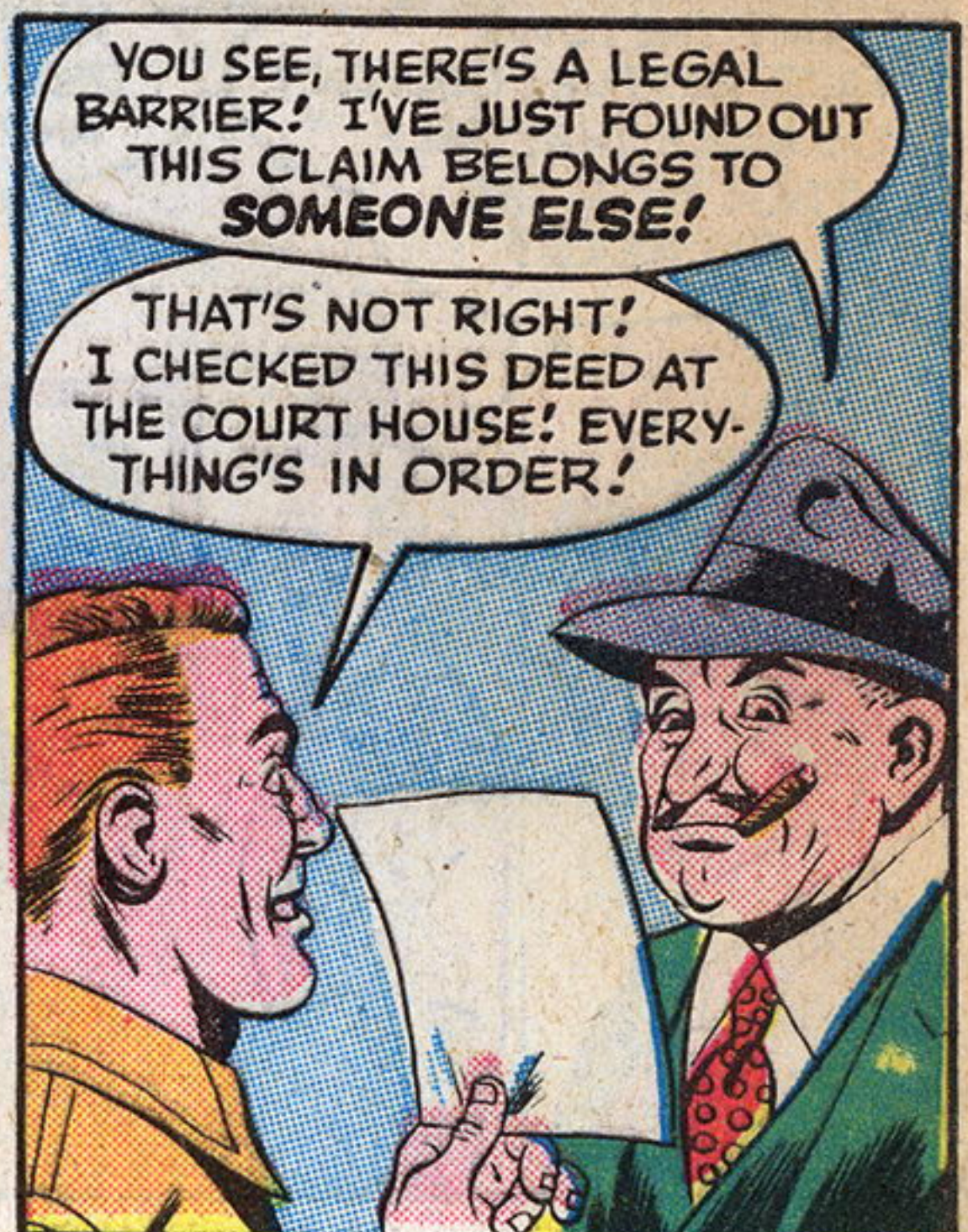
AH, GENTLEMEN! I HURRIED OVER TO RECTIFY A **MISTAKE!**

MISTAKE? BUT WE'RE PERFECTLY SATISFIED, MR. REDFUE!



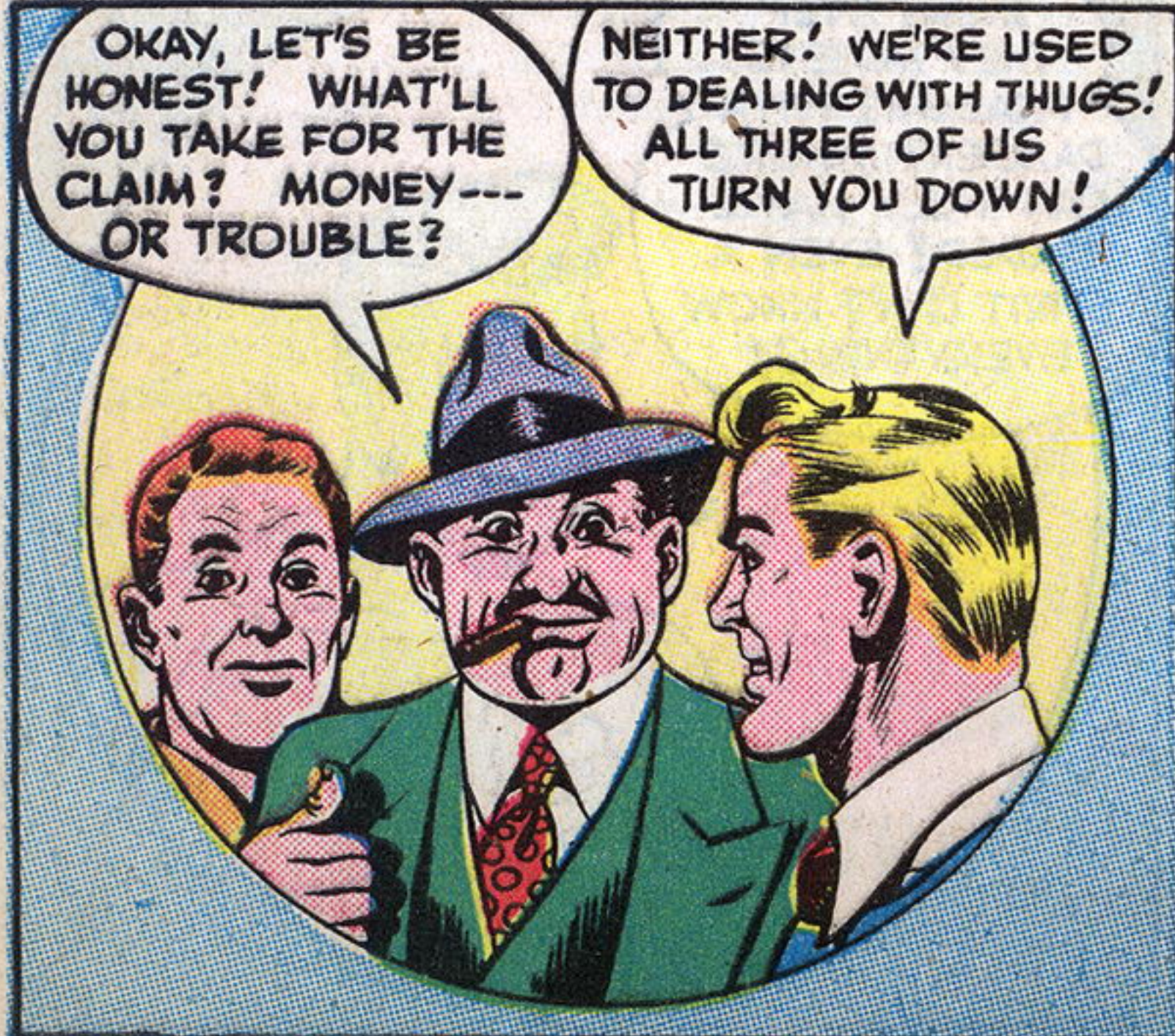
YOU SEE, THERE'S A LEGAL BARRIER! I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THIS CLAIM BELONGS TO **SOMEONE ELSE!**

THAT'S NOT RIGHT! I CHECKED THIS DEED AT THE COURT HOUSE! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER!



OKAY, LET'S BE HONEST! WHAT'LL YOU TAKE FOR THE CLAIM? MONEY--- OR TROUBLE?

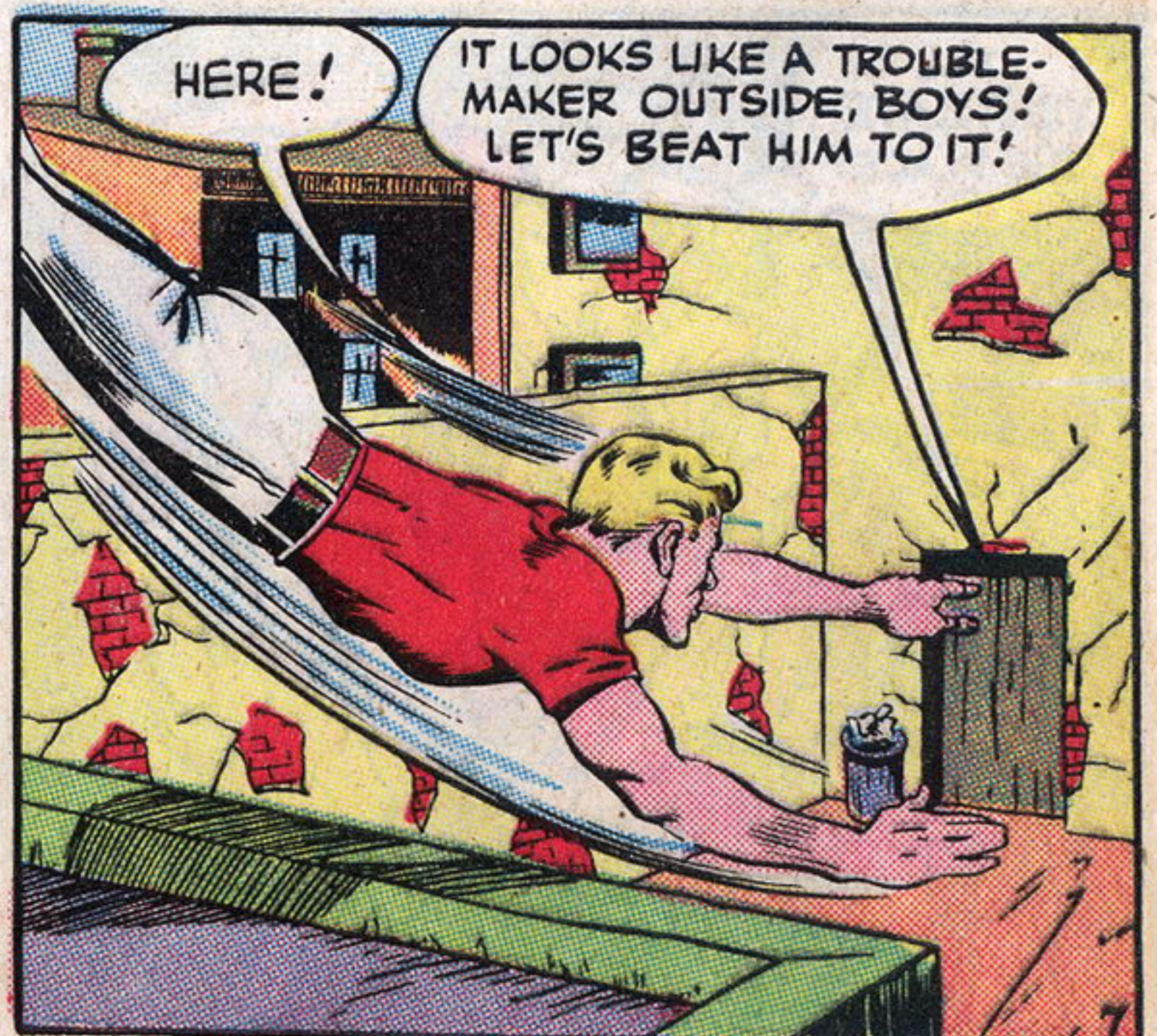
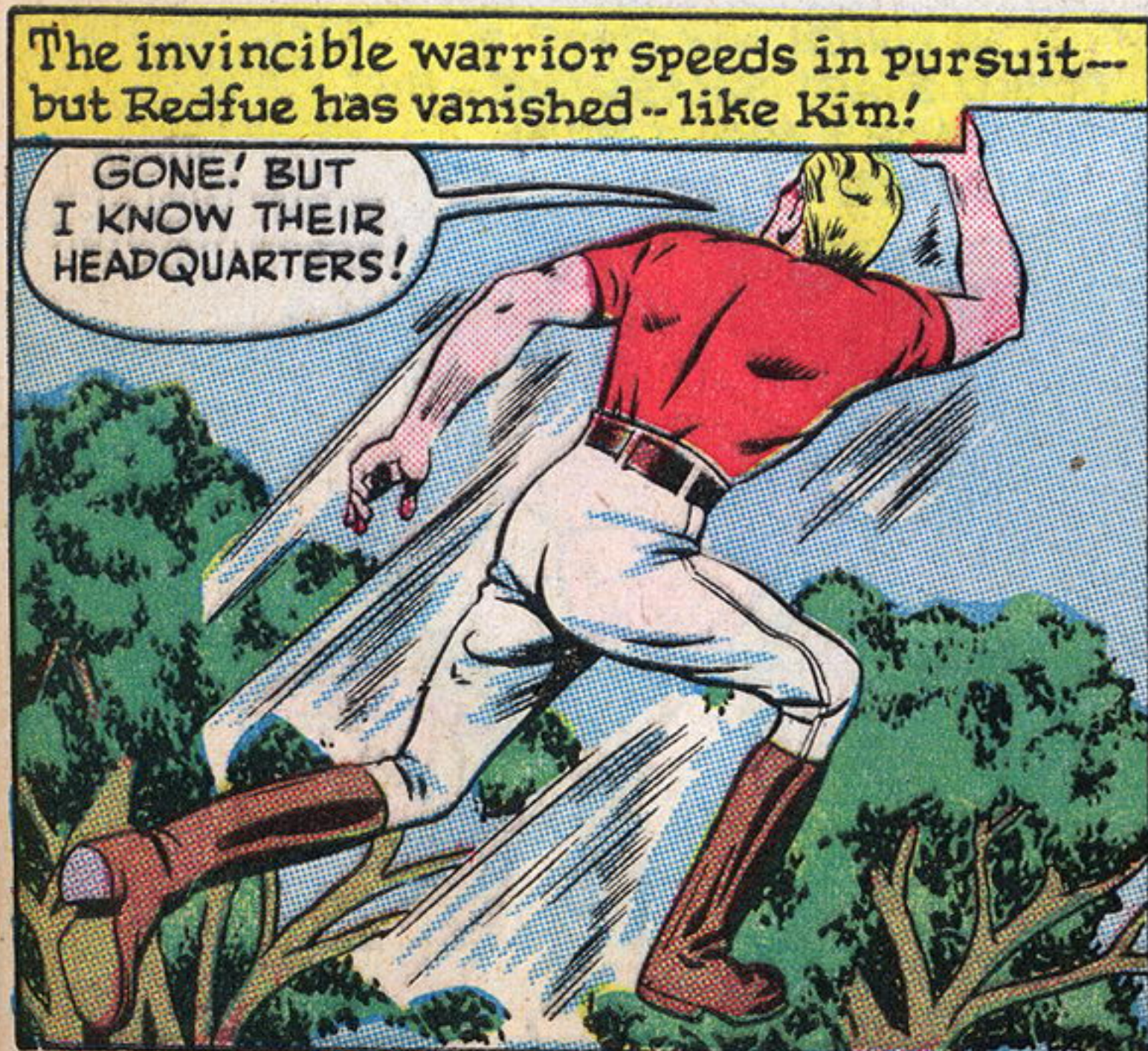
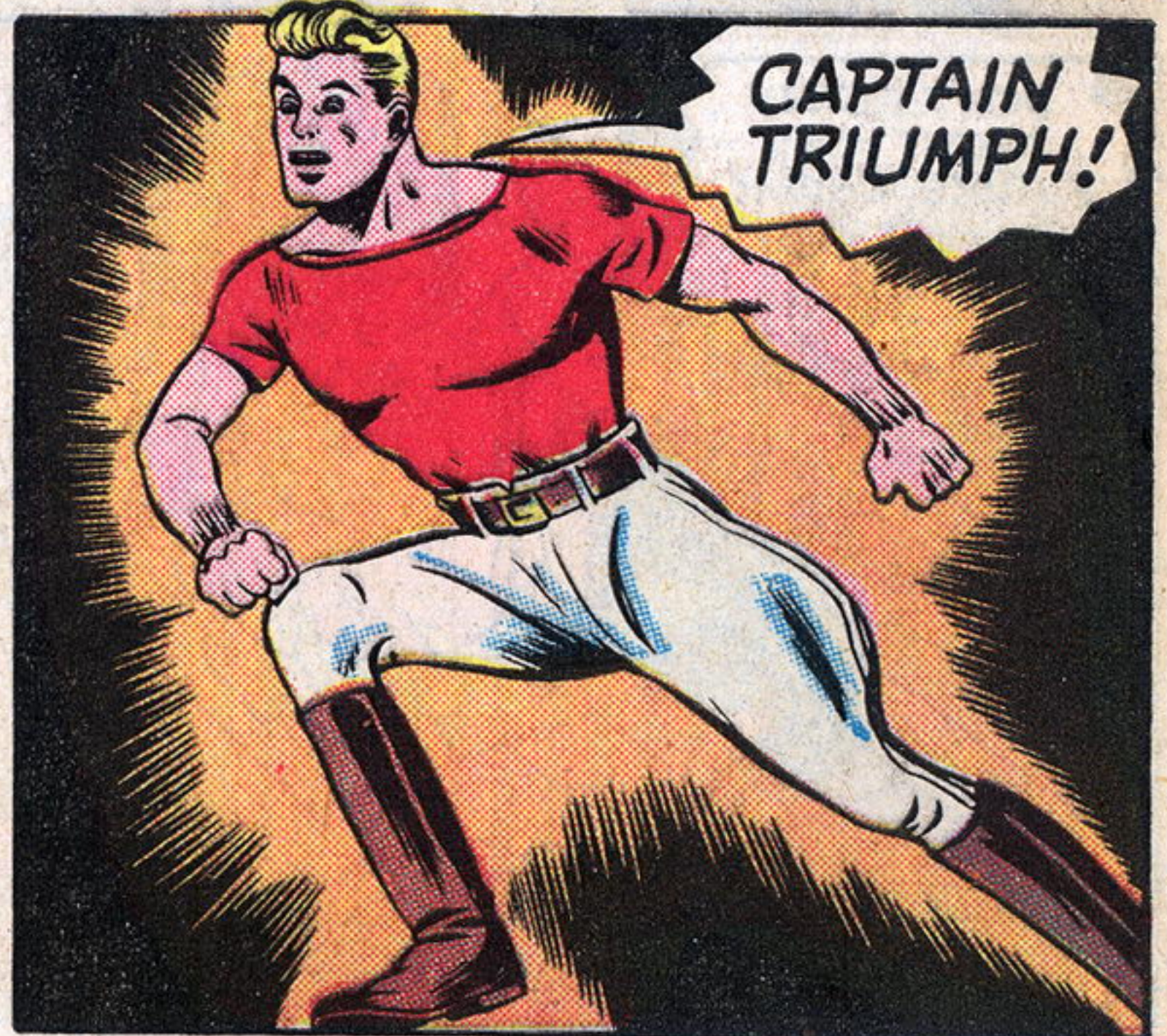
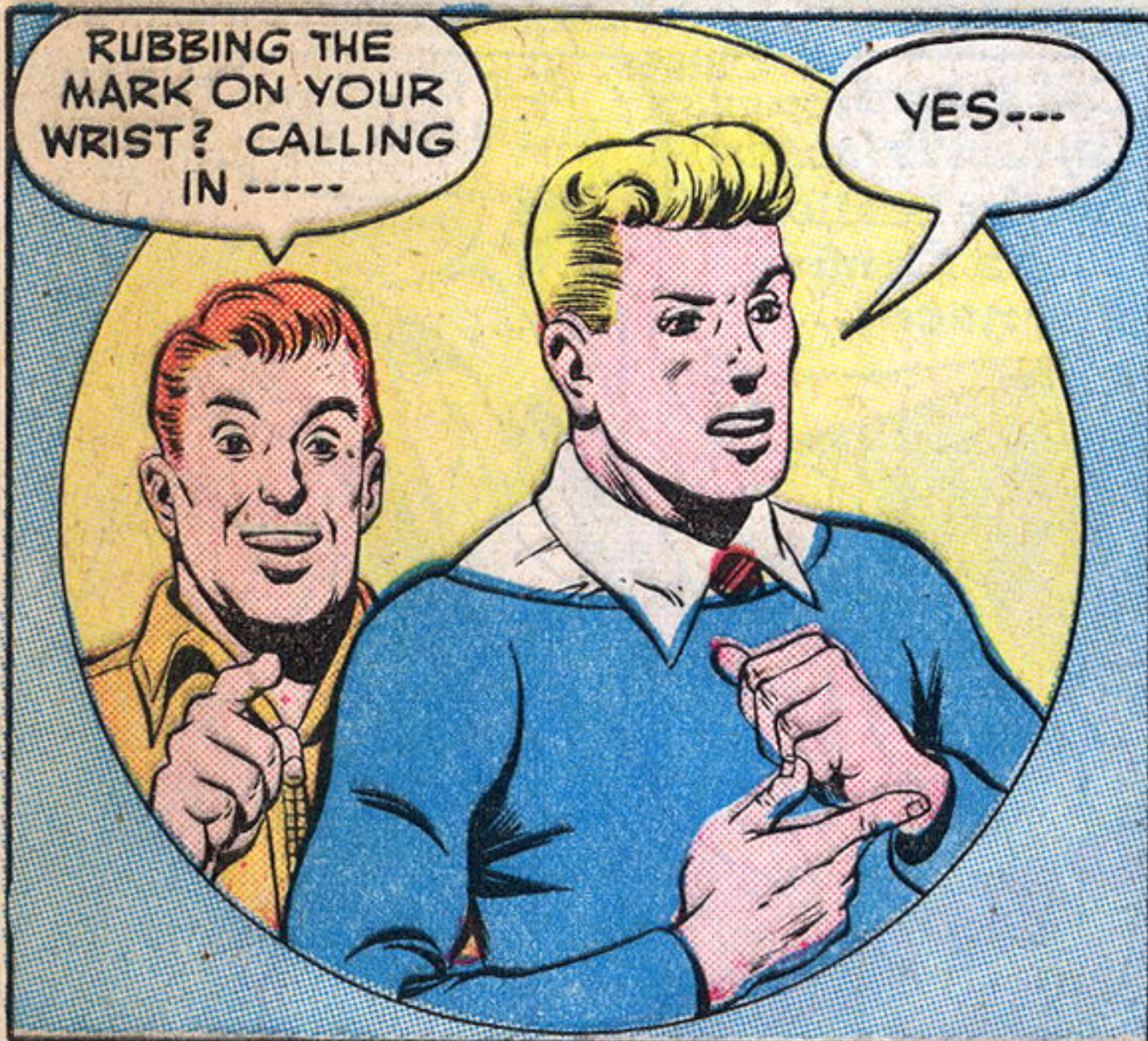
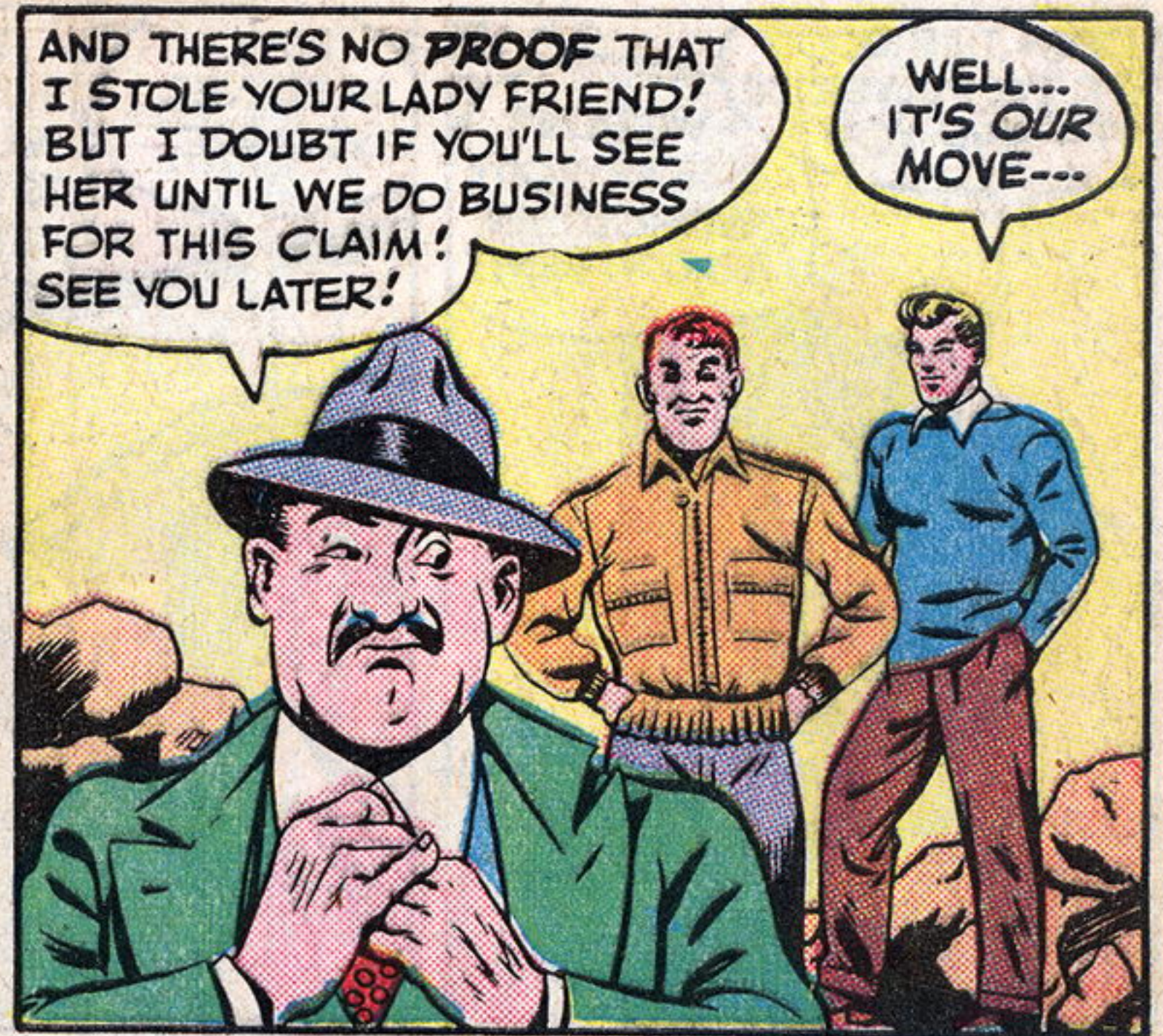
NEITHER! WE'RE USED TO DEALING WITH THUGS! ALL THREE OF US TURN YOU DOWN!

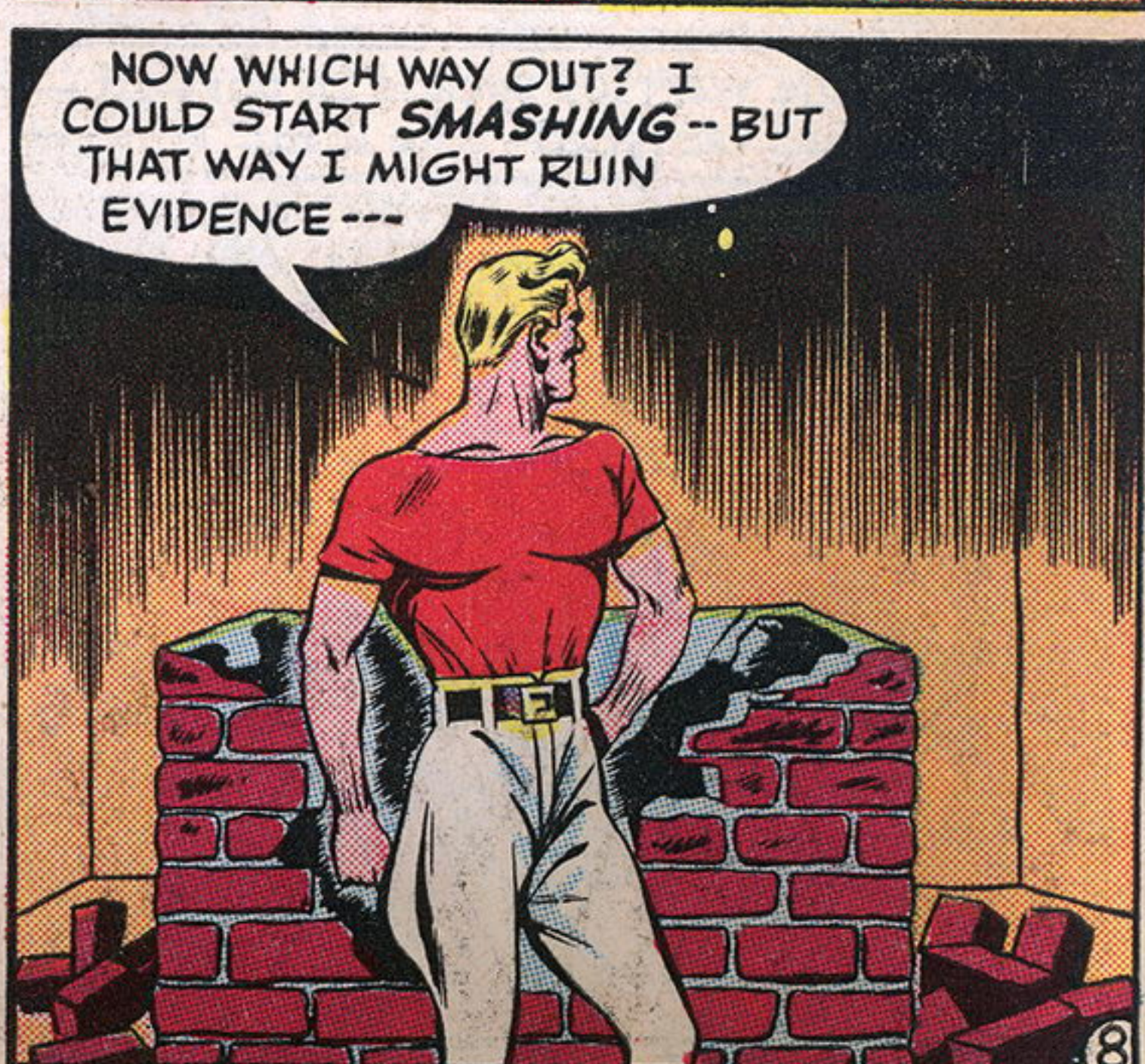
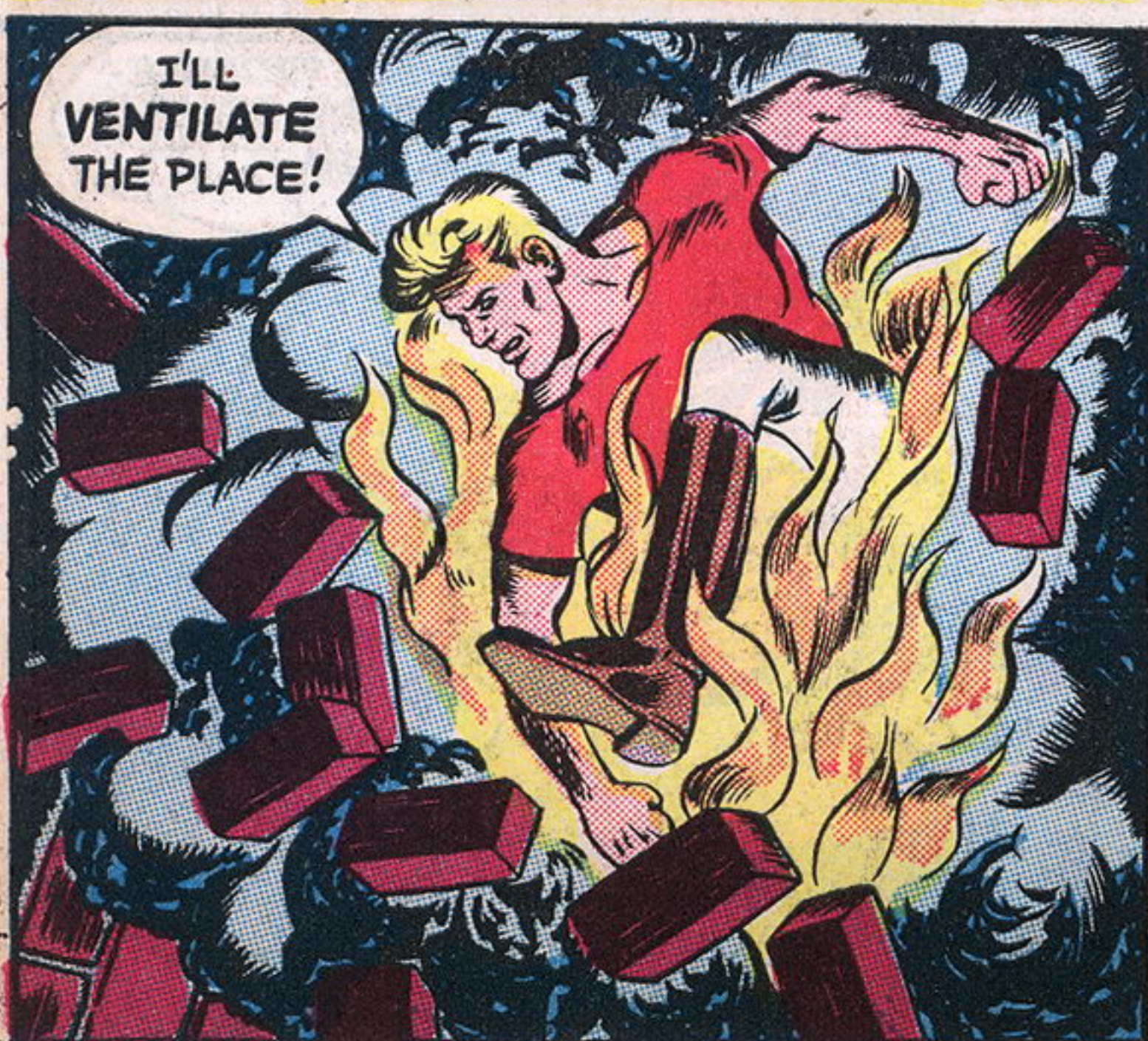
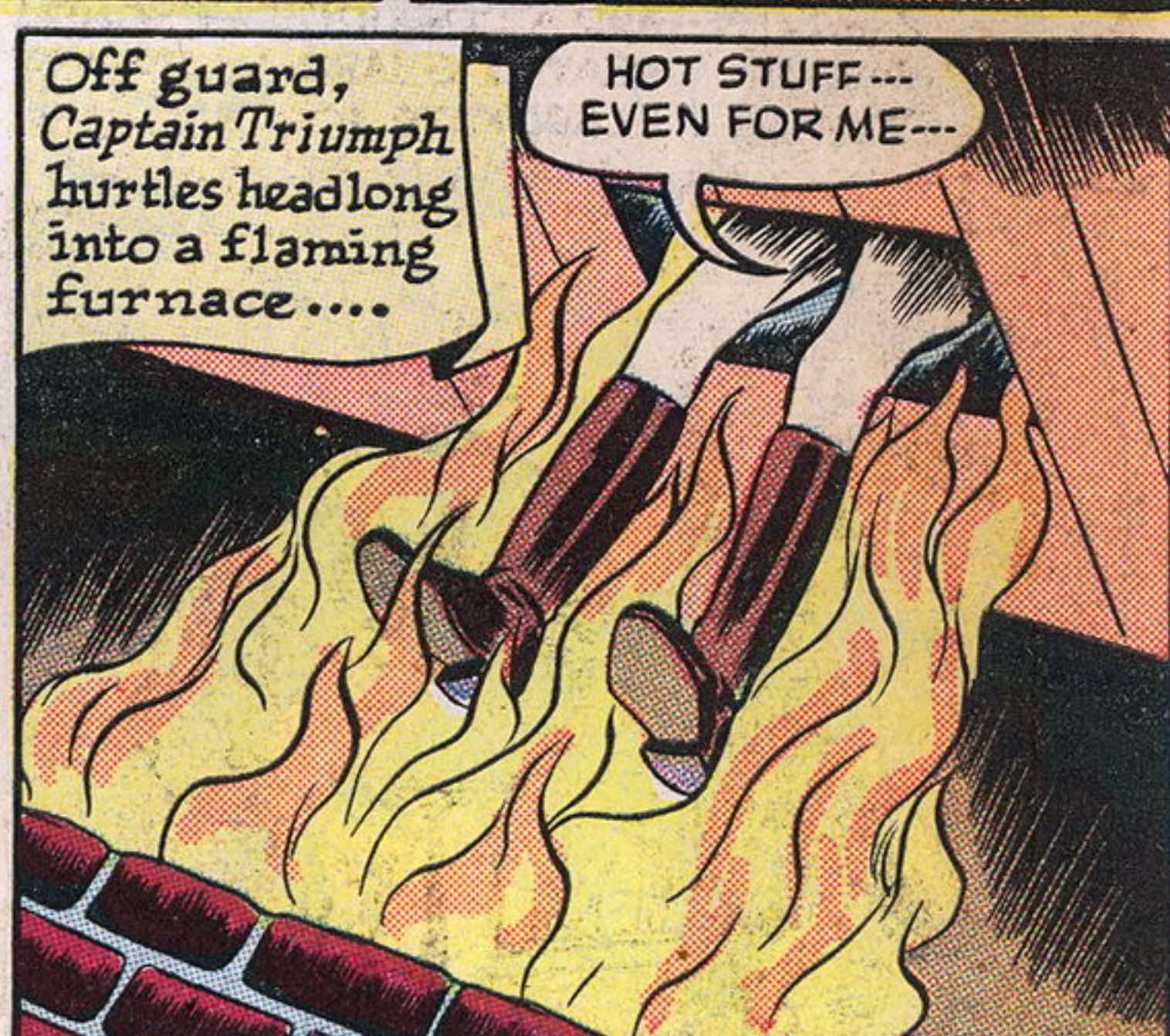


THREE OF YOU? I SEE ONLY TWO! THE YOUNG LADY SEEMS TO HAVE **VANISHED!**

YOU'VE KIDNAPPED KIM!



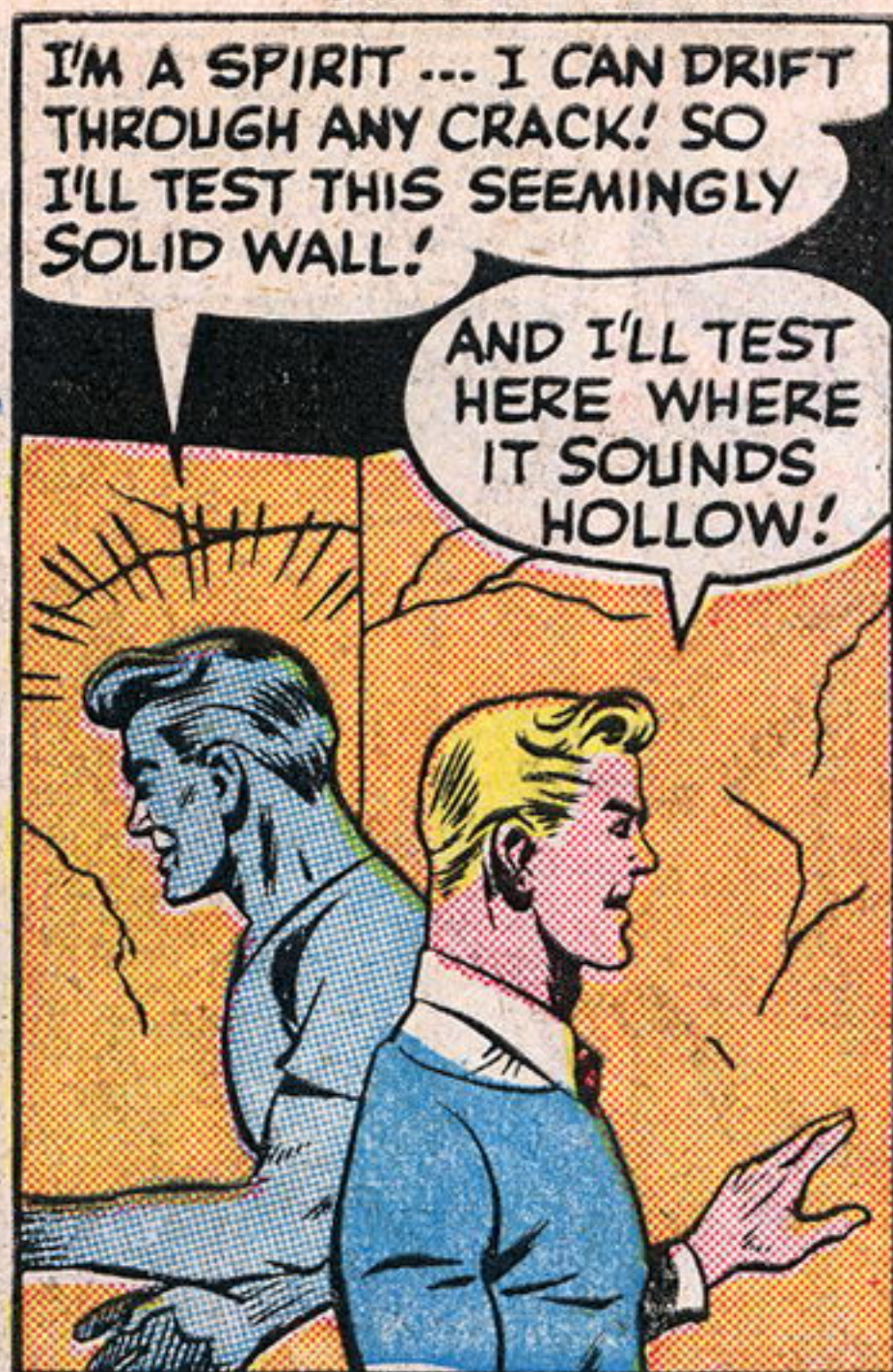




CRACK COMICS



A TOUCH OF THE BIRTH-MARK AND I'LL BE A BROTHER ACT AGAIN!



I'M A SPIRIT ... I CAN DRIFT THROUGH ANY CRACK! SO I'LL TEST THIS SEEMINGLY SOLID WALL!

AND I'LL TEST HERE WHERE IT SOUNDS HOLLOW!



YES, HERE'S A HIDDEN PANEL---



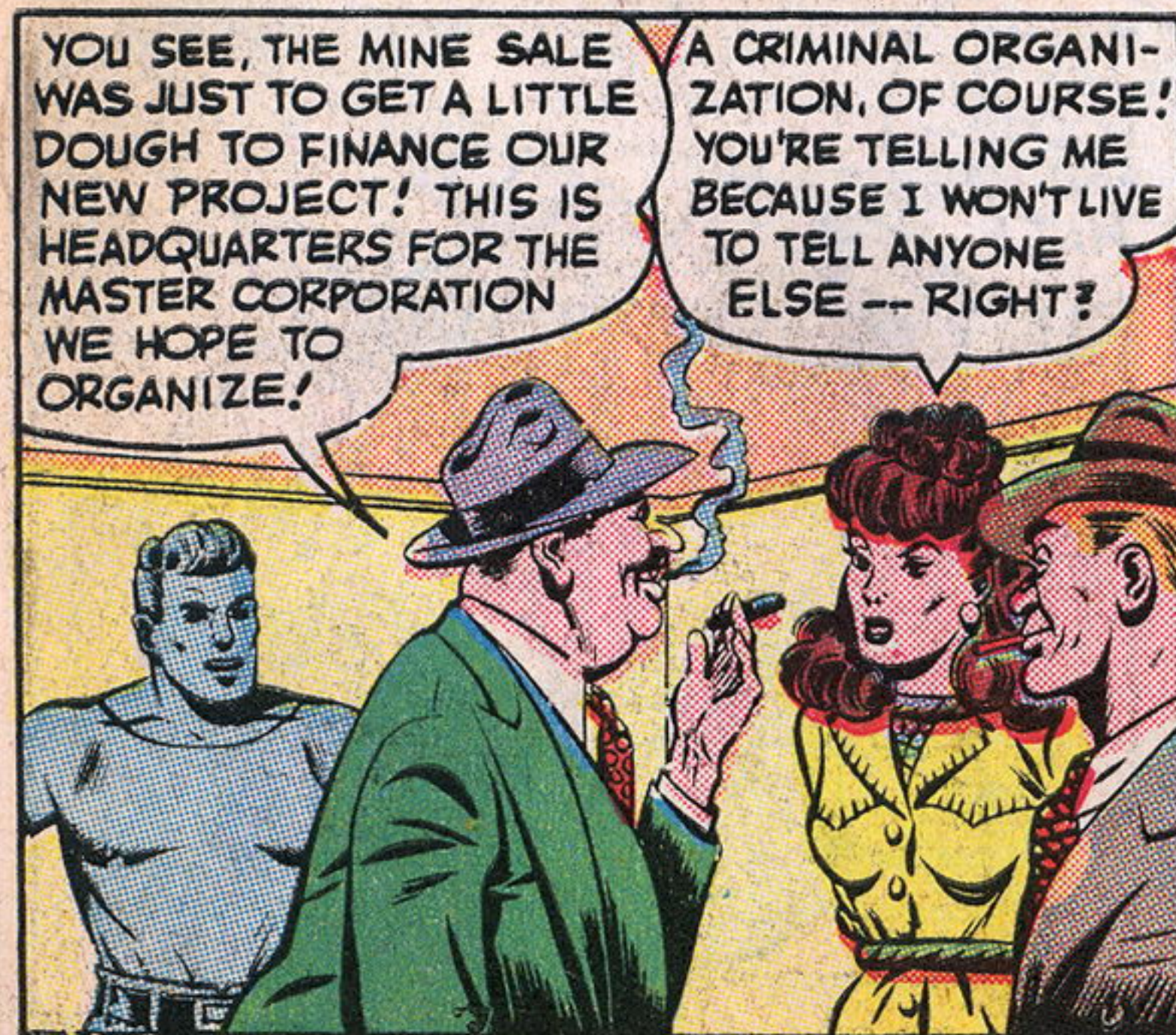
--AND A CORRIDOR BEYOND! HEAVILY GUARDED! PRETTY ELABORATE FOR SELLERS OF FAKE GOLD MINES!



Unseen, the ghost of Michael Gallant passes the sentries

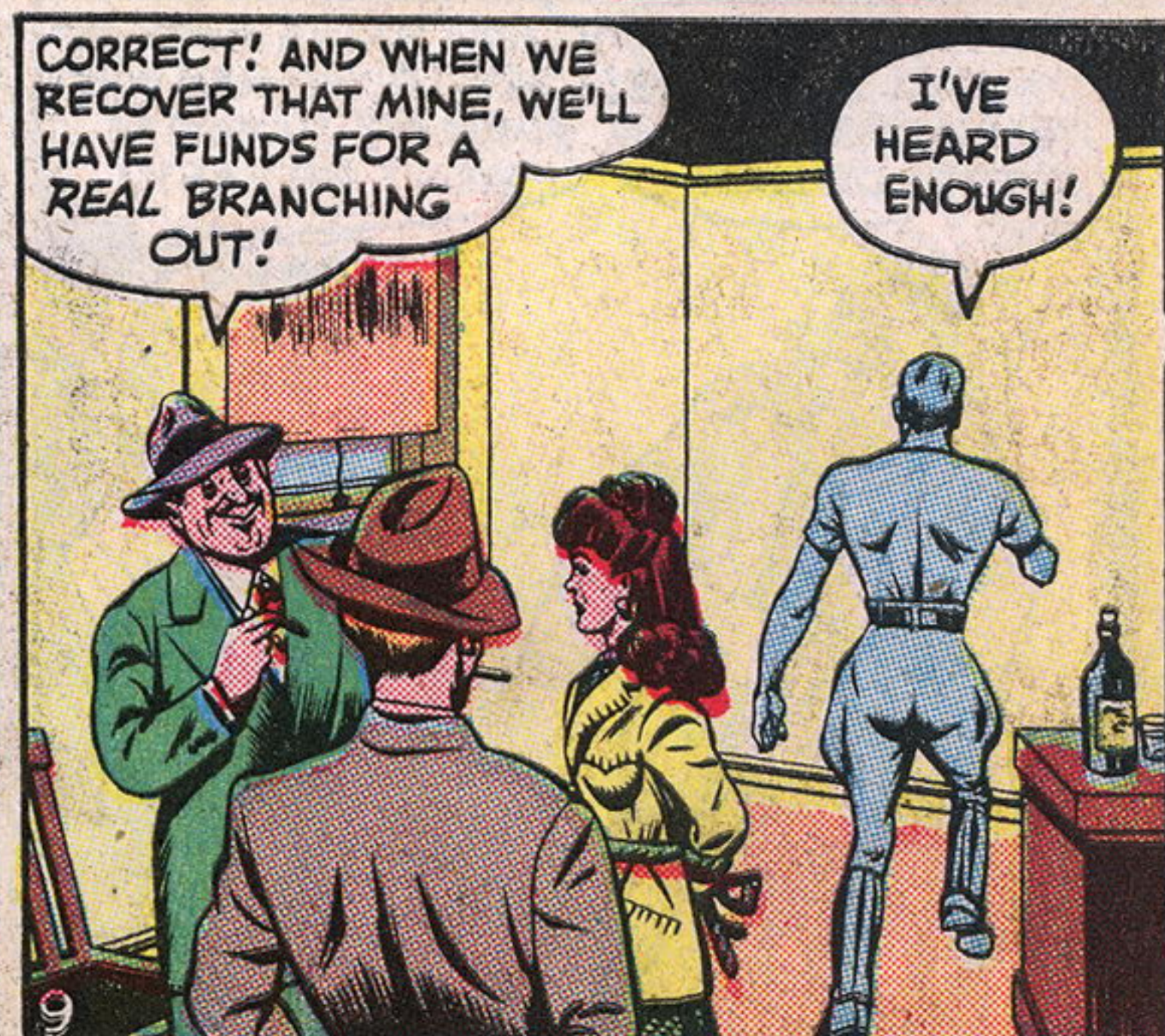
YOU THINK MY FRIENDS WILL GIVE UP THE DEED TO GET ME FREE?

RIGHT, YOUNG LADY! THOUGH WE'LL HARDLY LET YOU GO, NOW THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR LITTLE HIDEAWAY HERE!



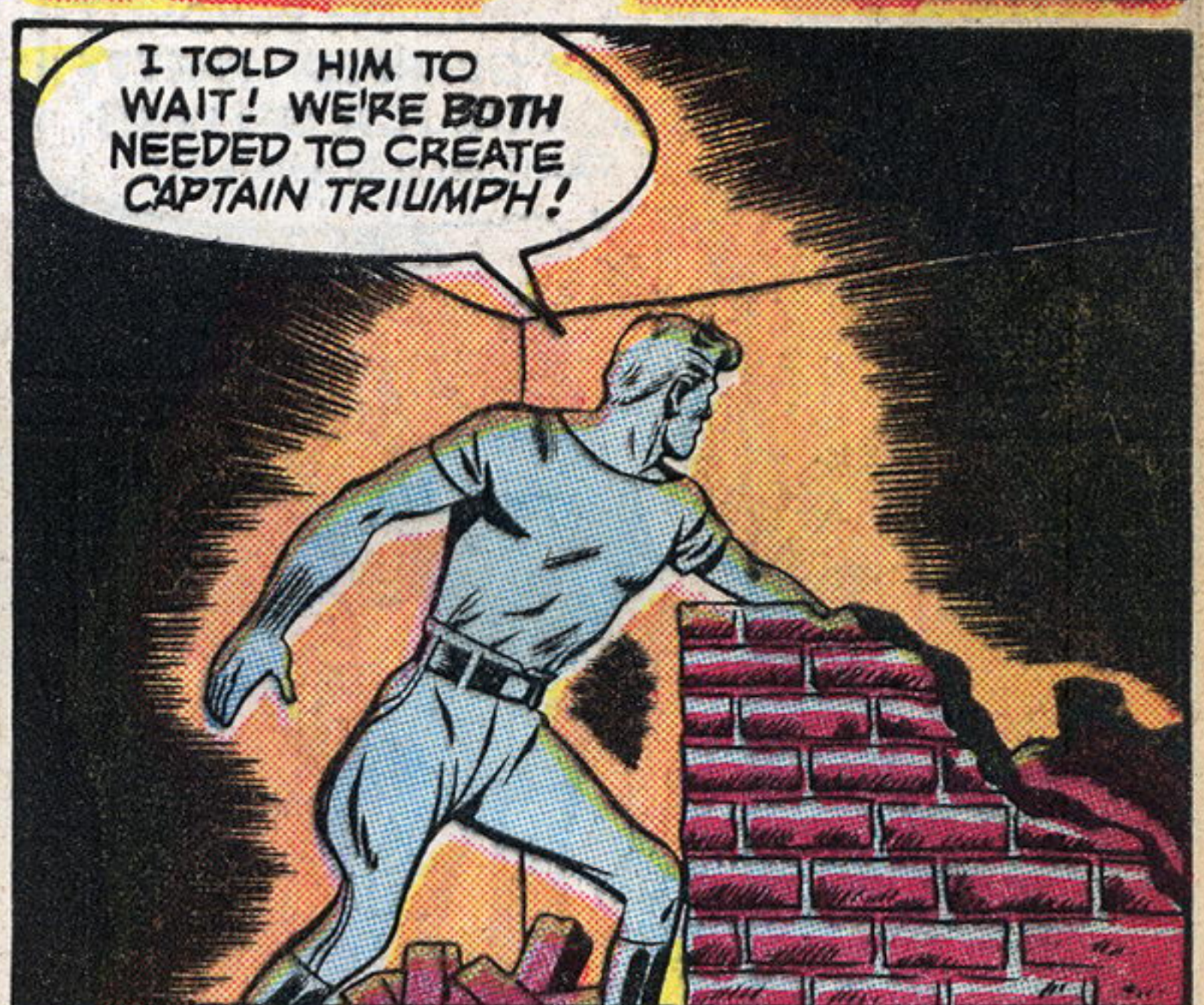
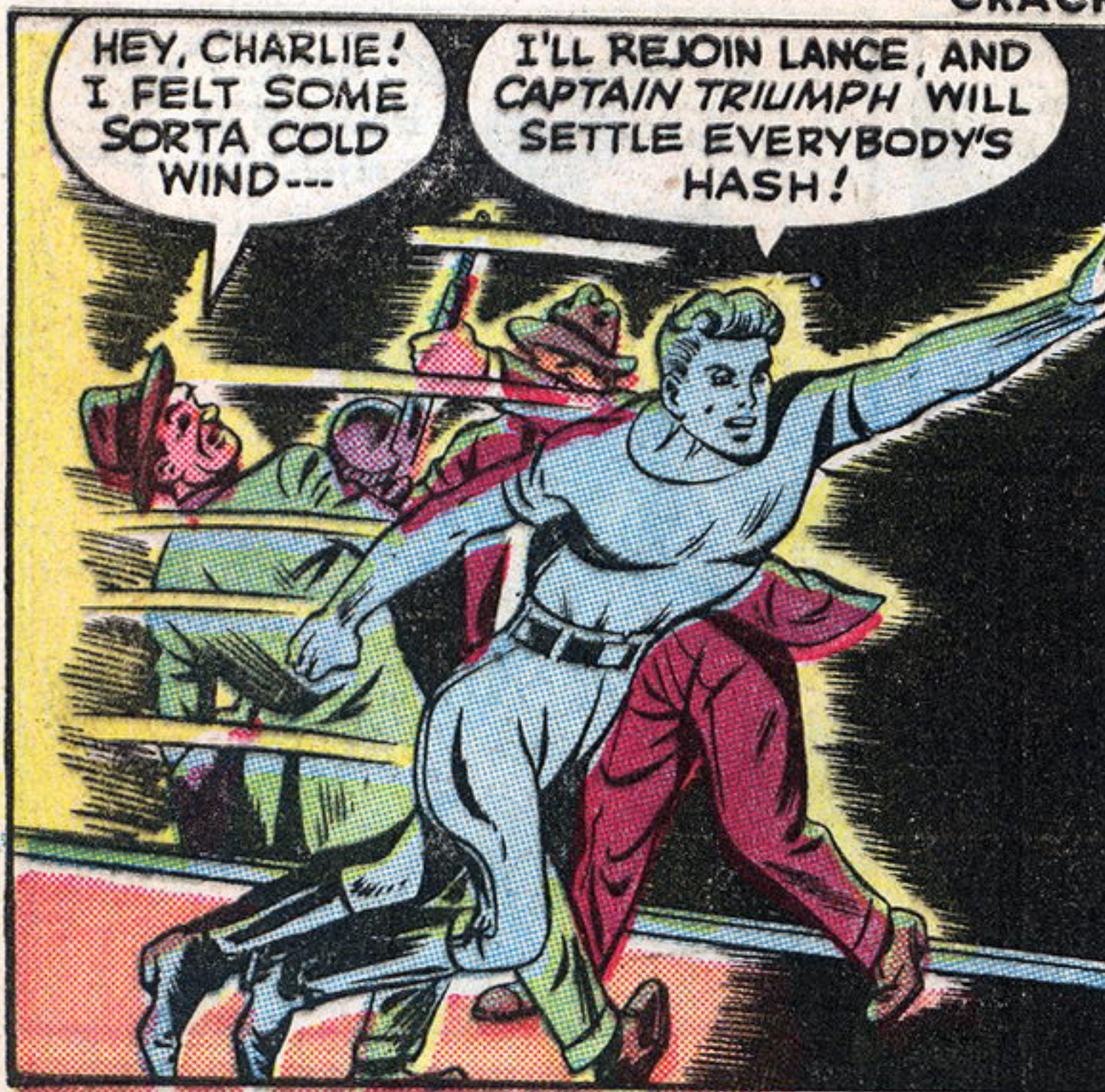
YOU SEE, THE MINE SALE WAS JUST TO GET A LITTLE DOUGH TO FINANCE OUR NEW PROJECT! THIS IS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE MASTER CORPORATION WE HOPE TO ORGANIZE!

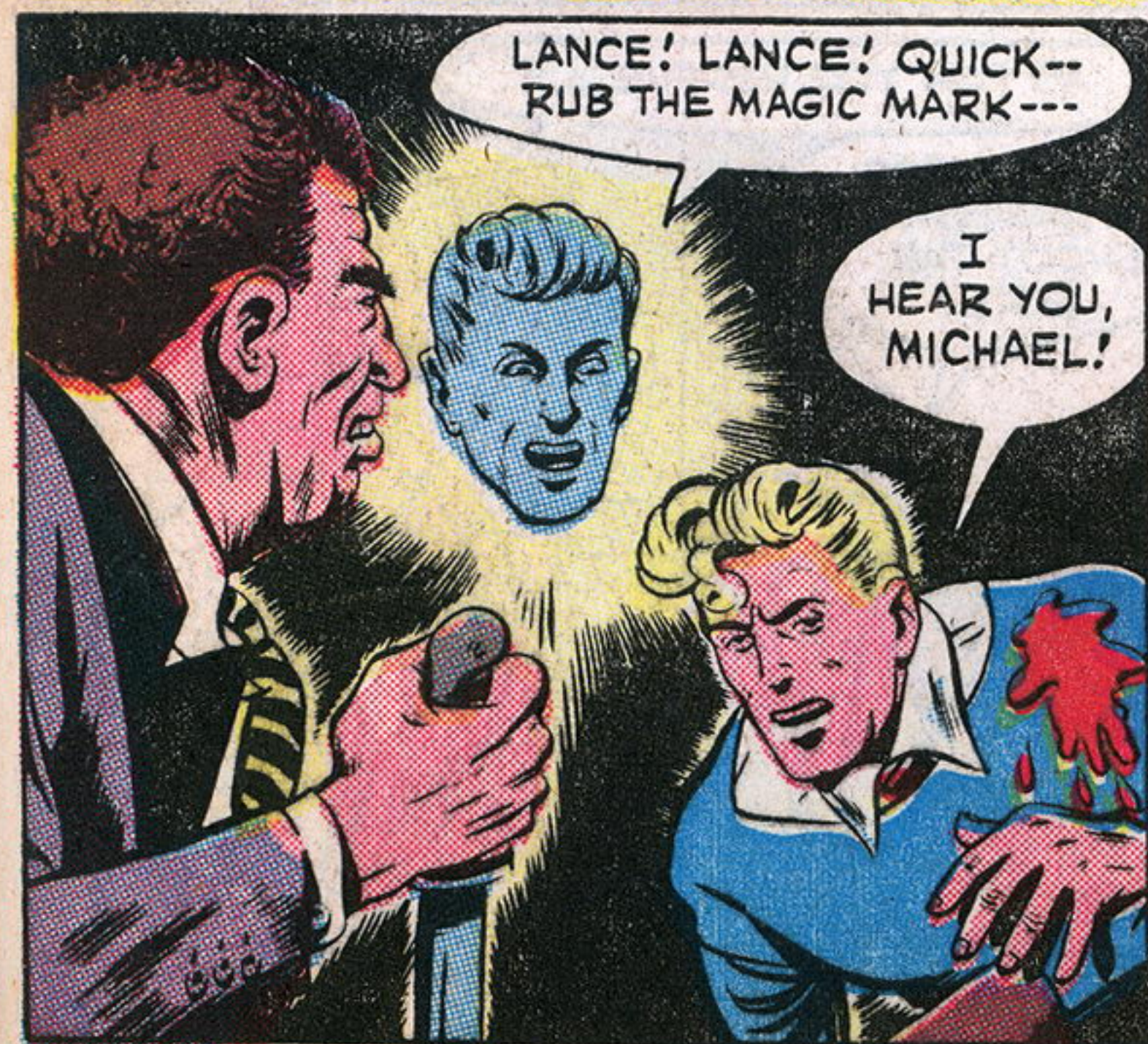
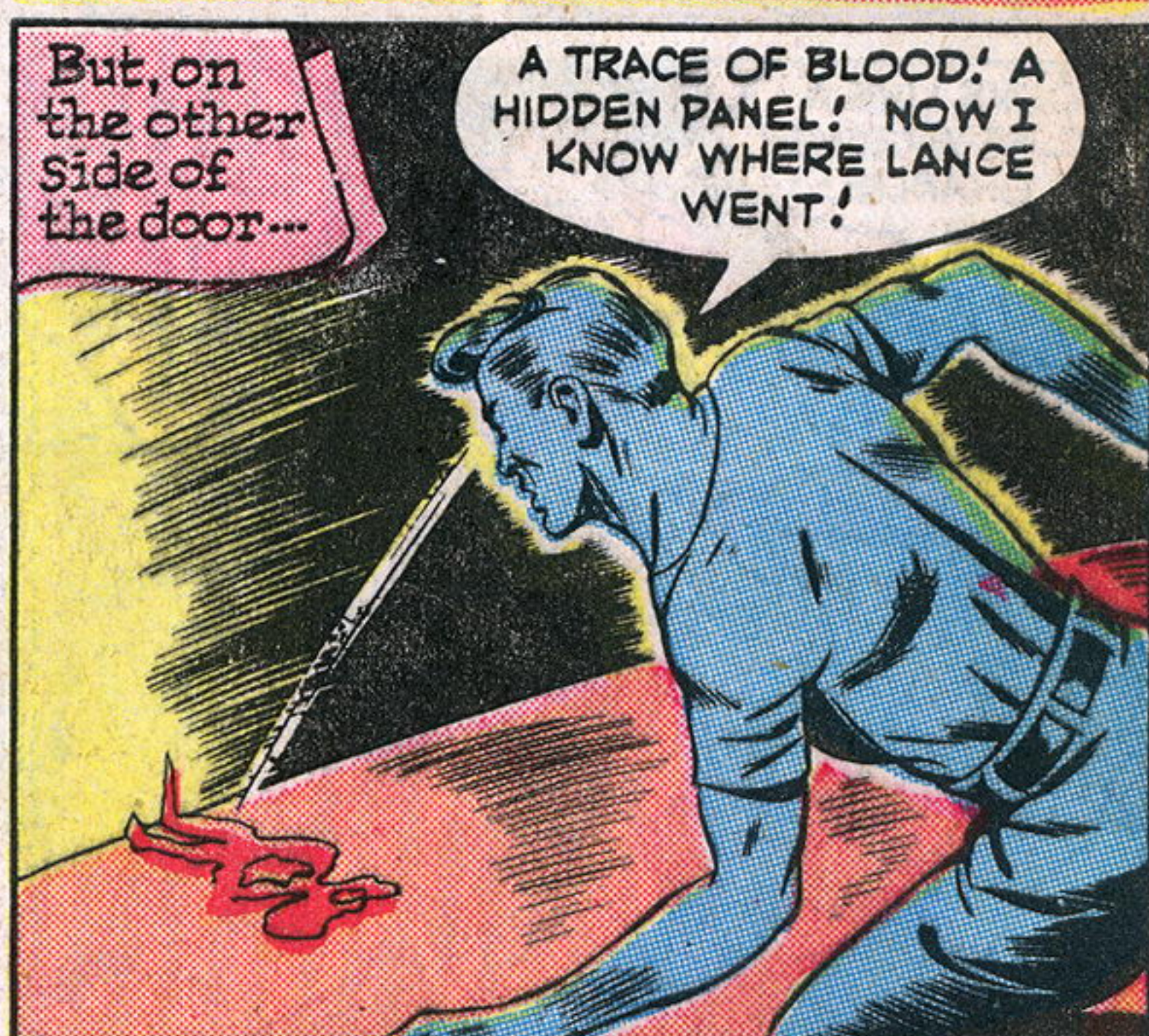
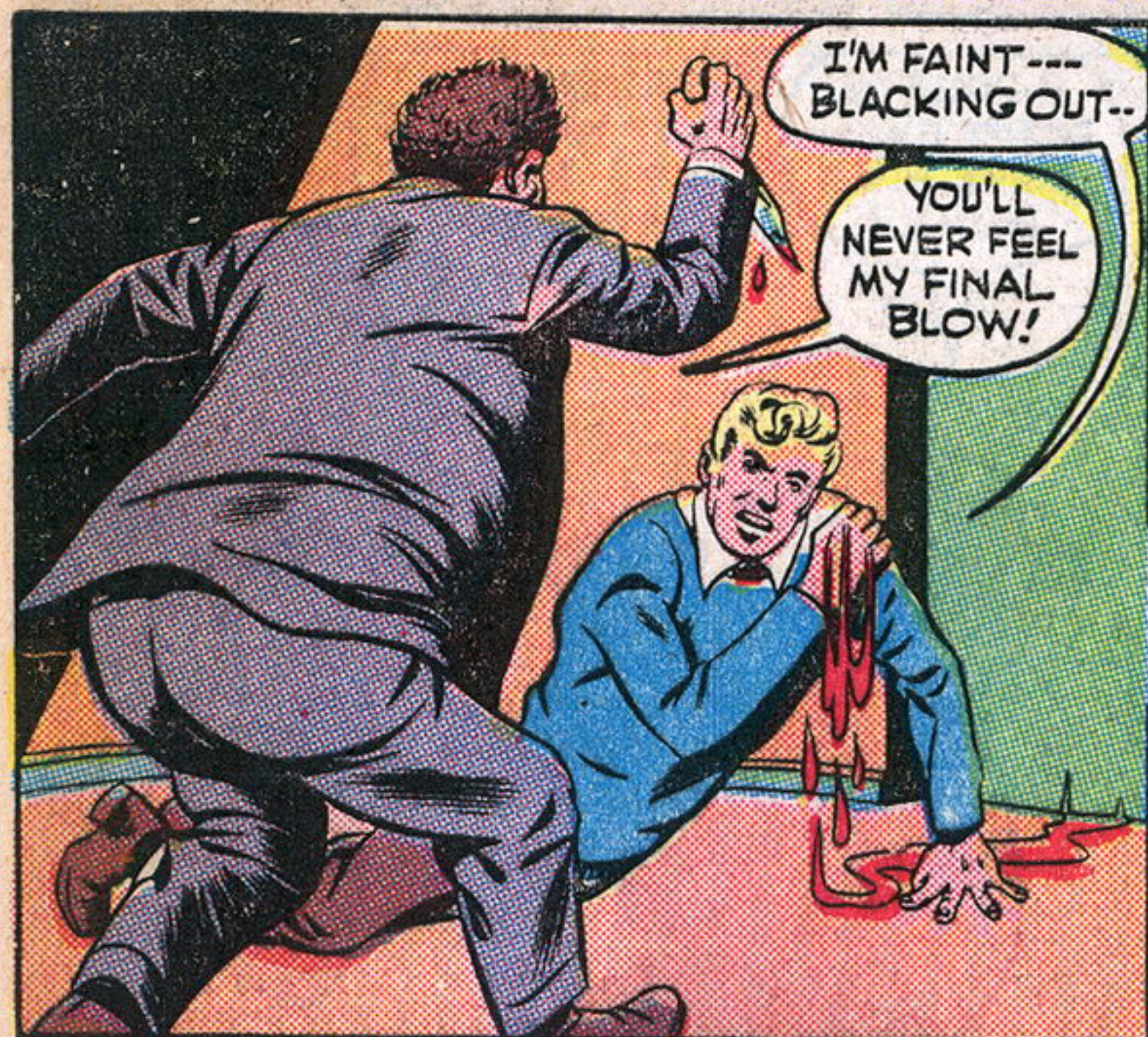
A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION, OF COURSE! YOU'RE TELLING ME BECAUSE I WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE -- RIGHT?

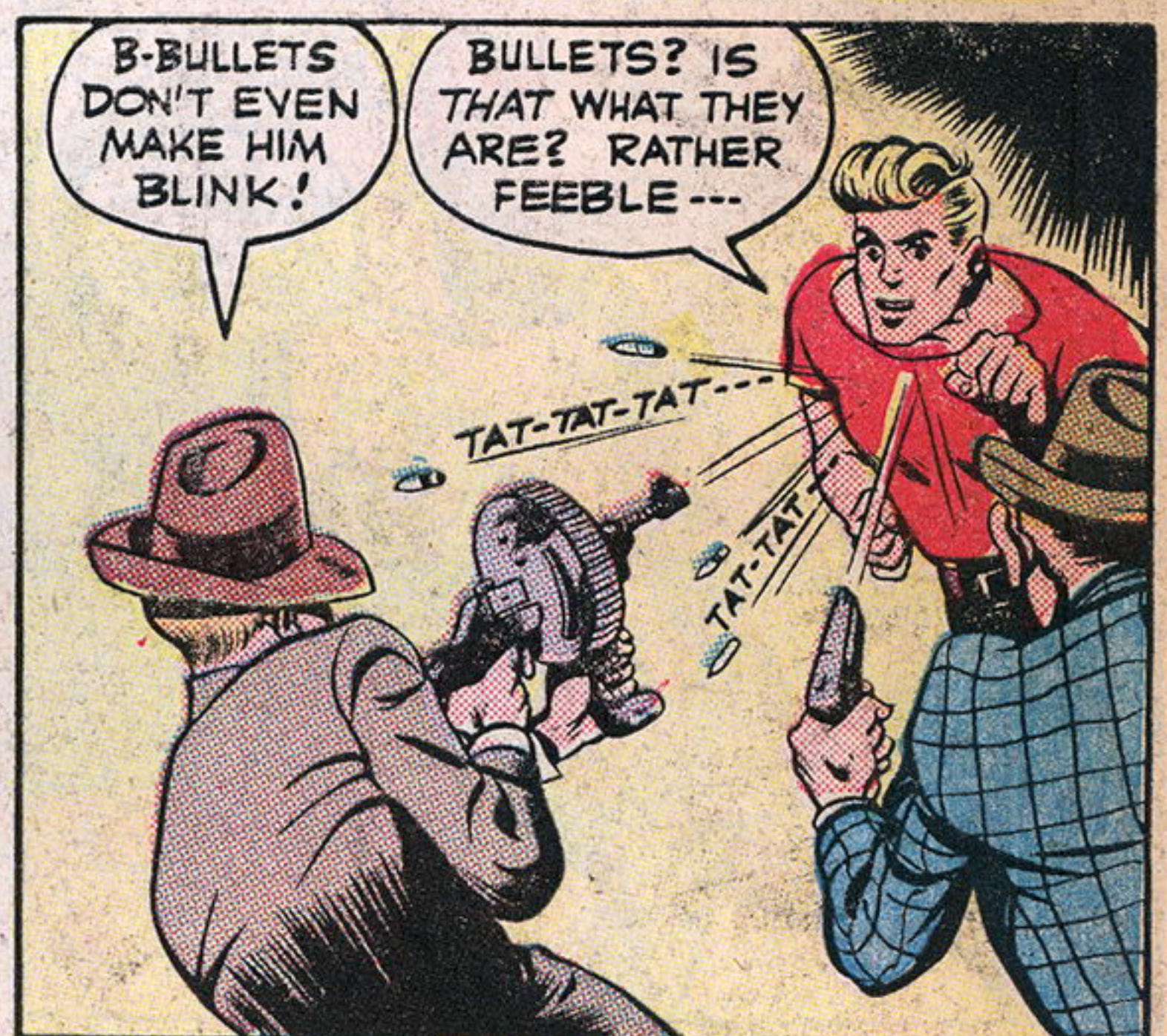
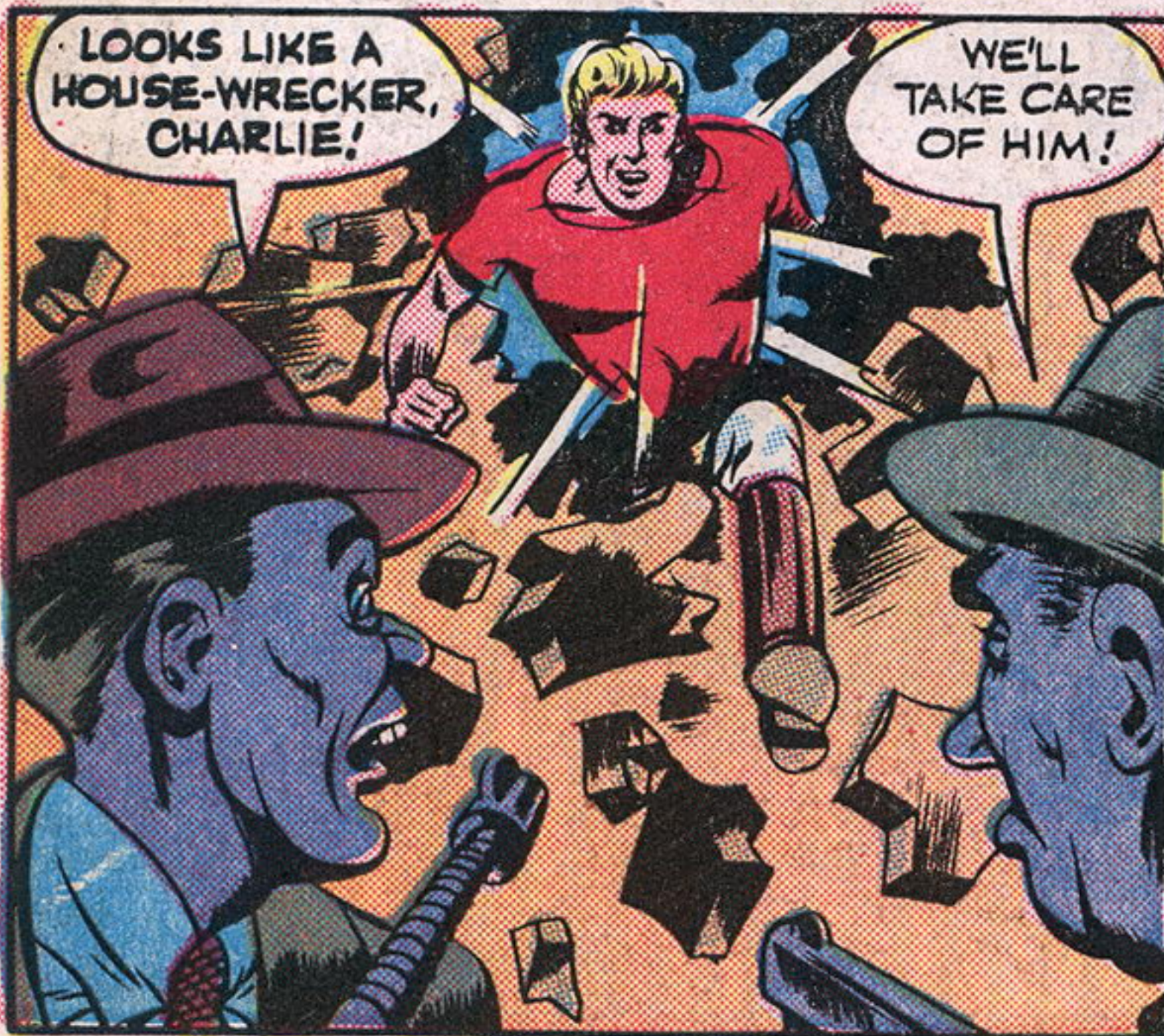


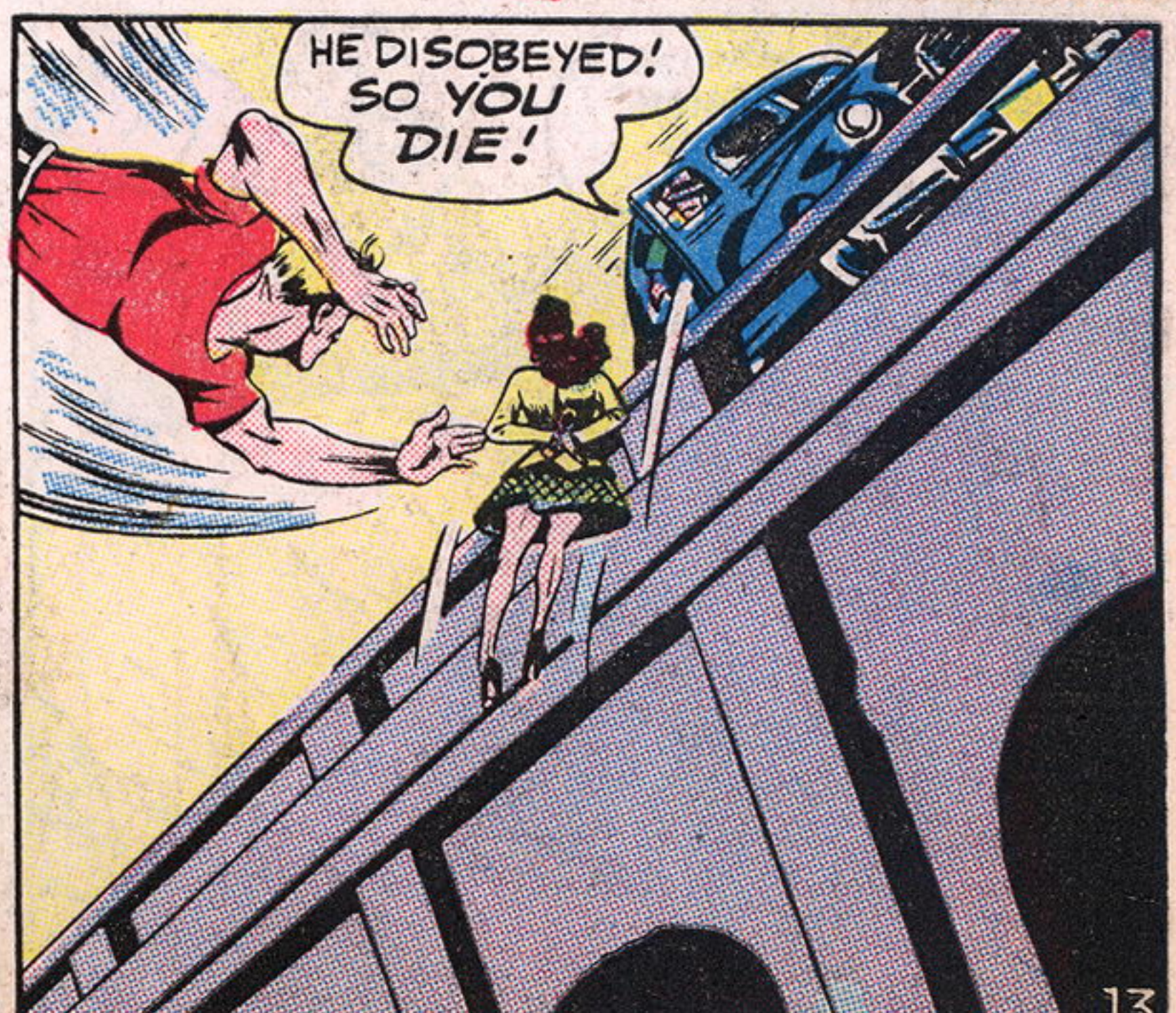
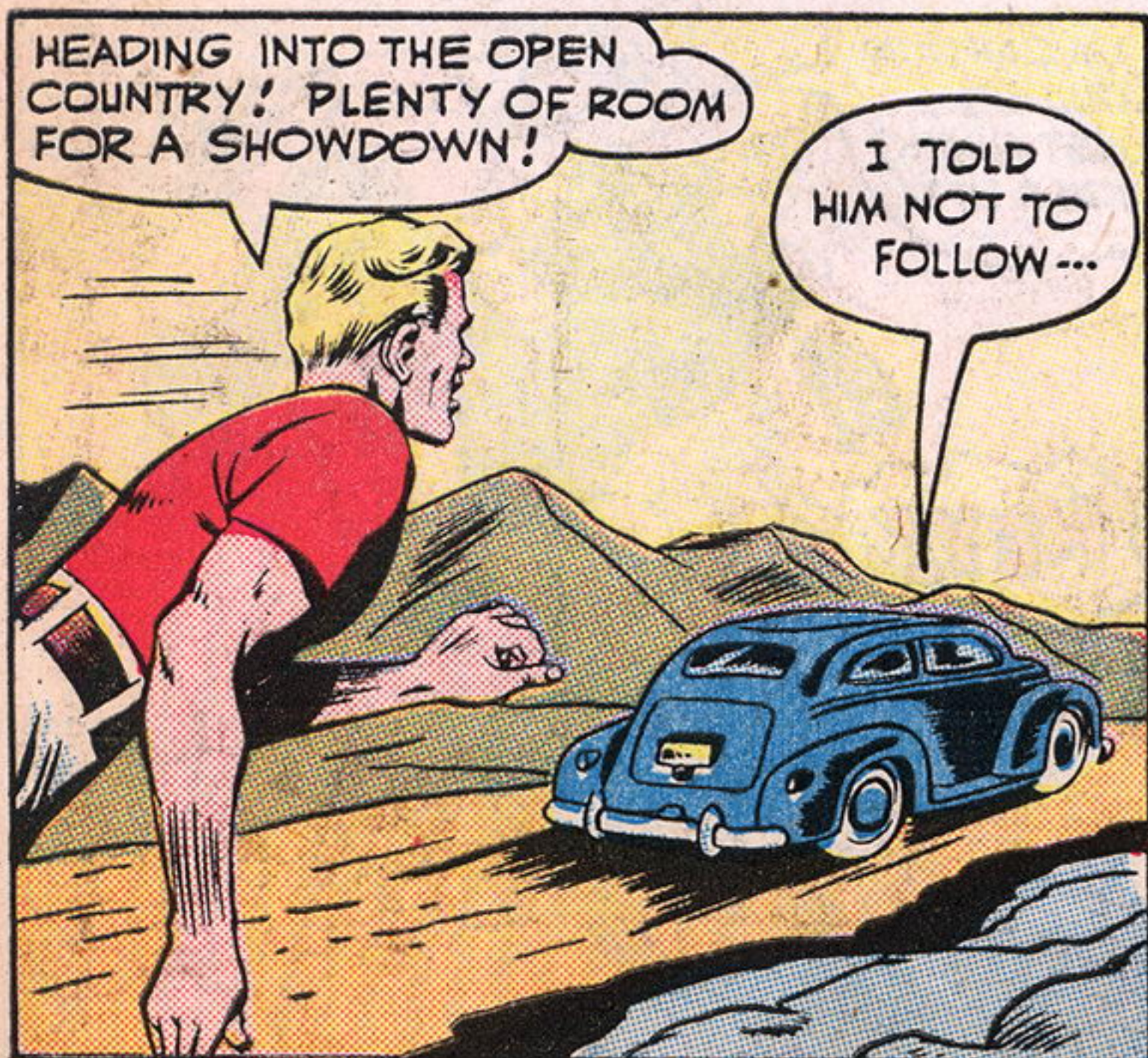
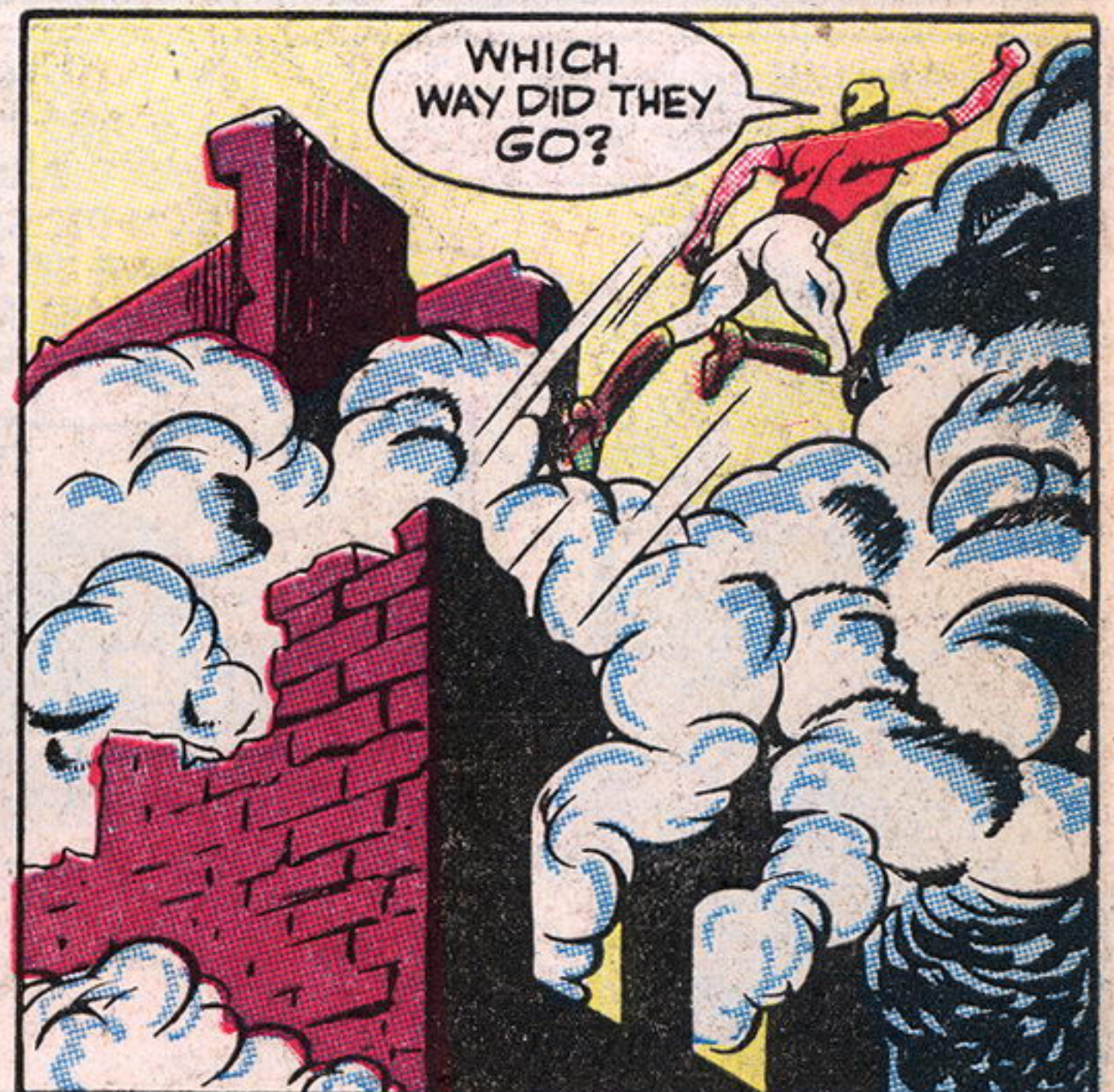
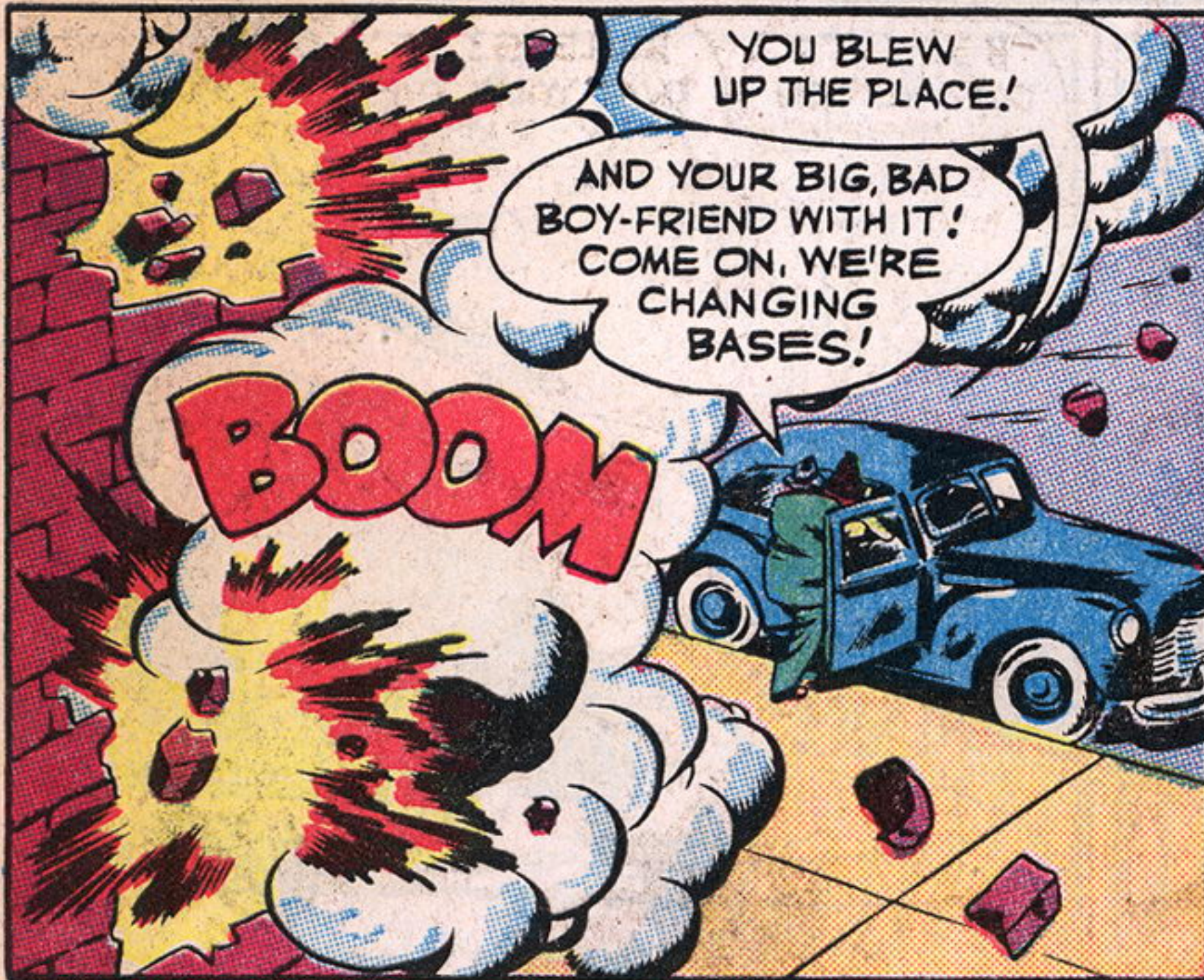
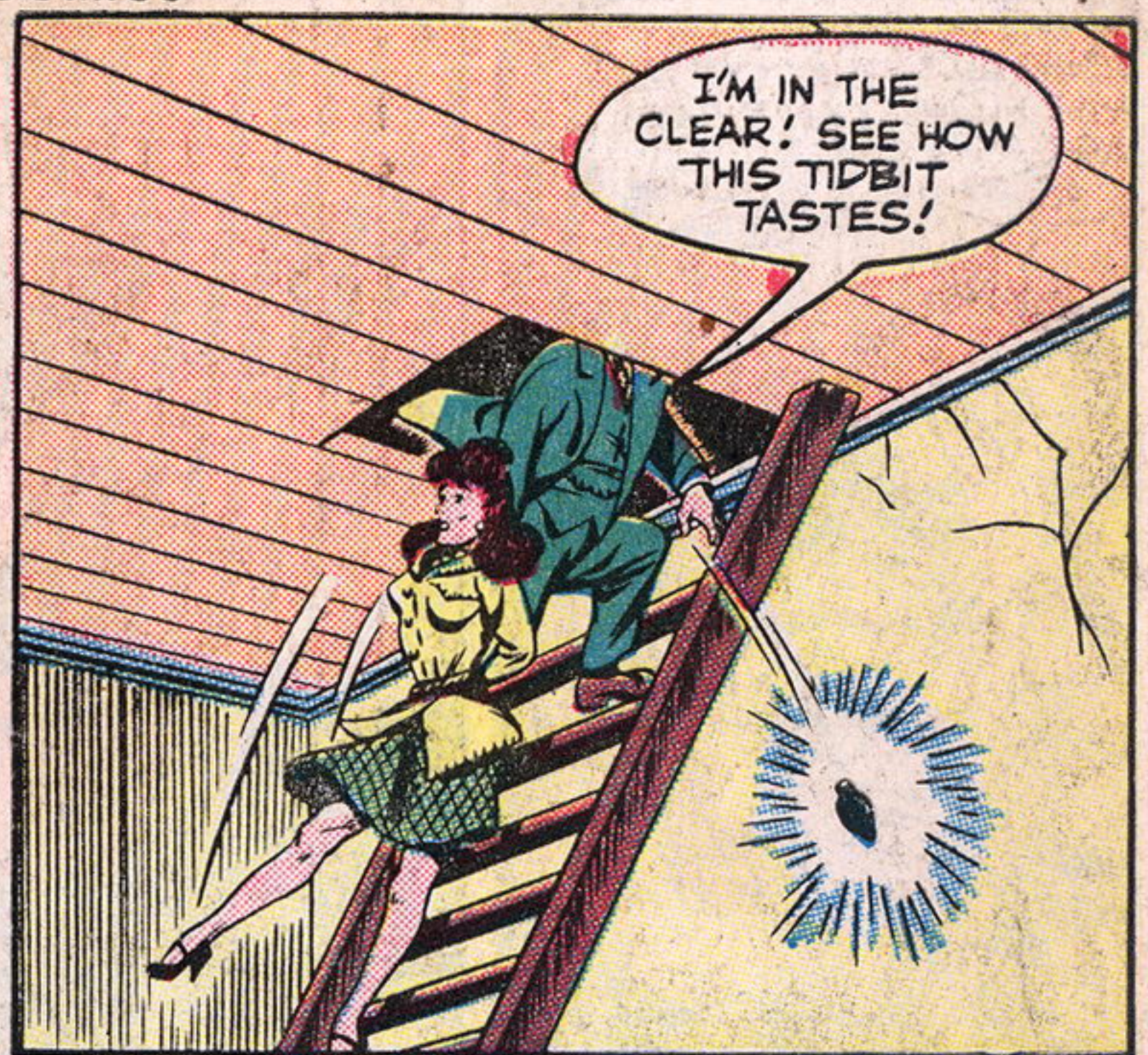
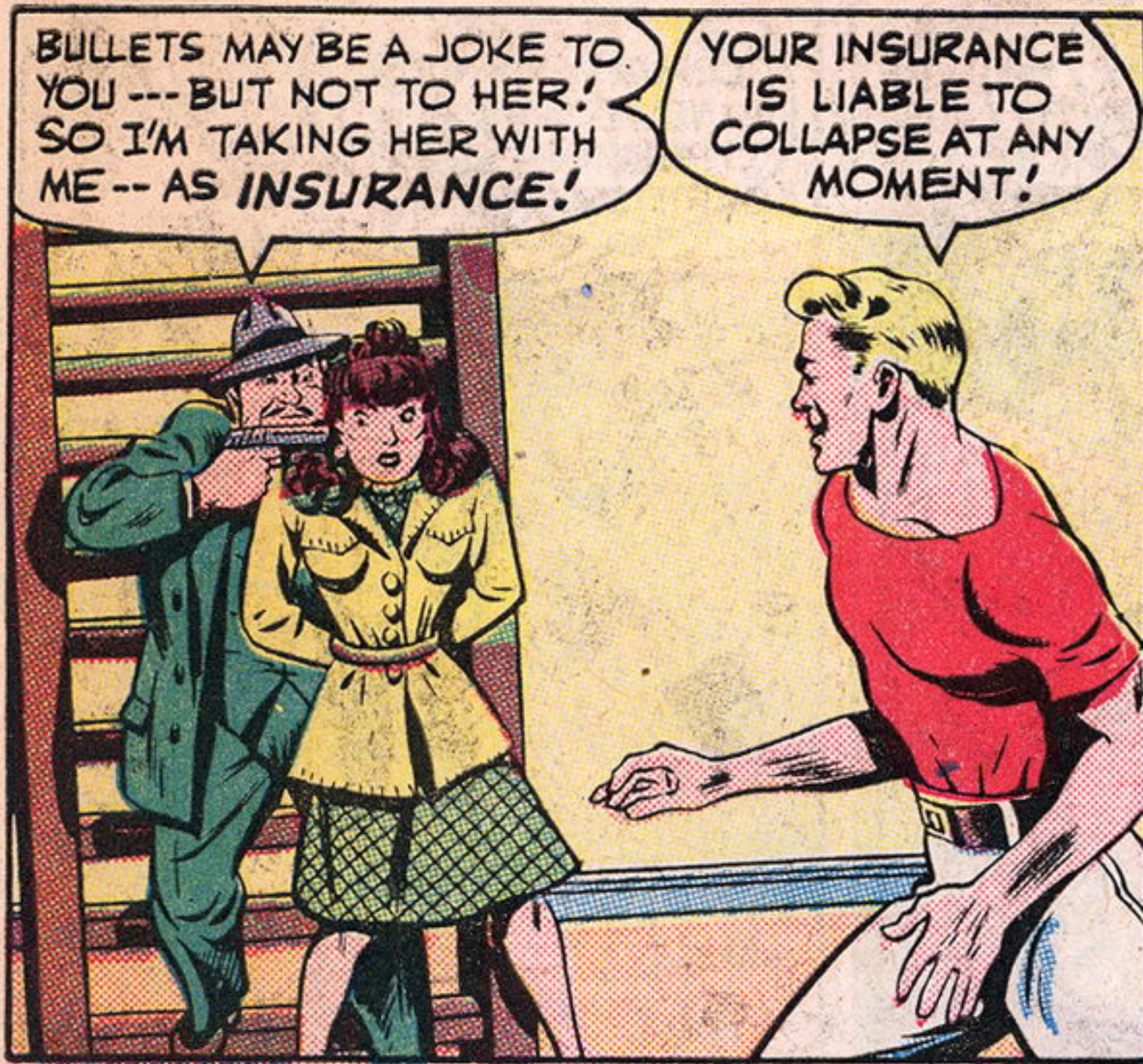
CORRECT! AND WHEN WE RECOVER THAT MINE, WE'LL HAVE FUNDS FOR A REAL BRANCHING OUT!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

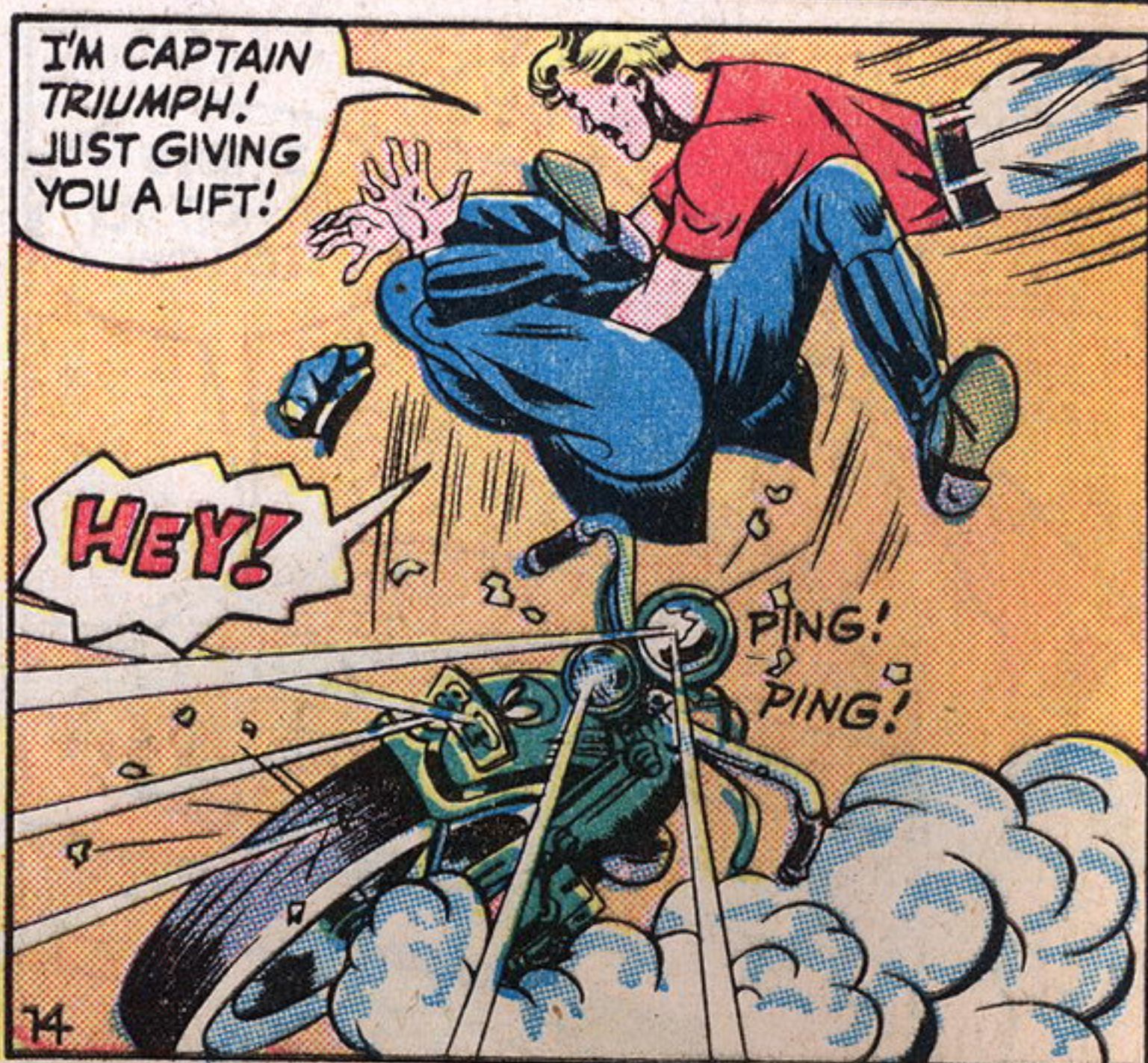
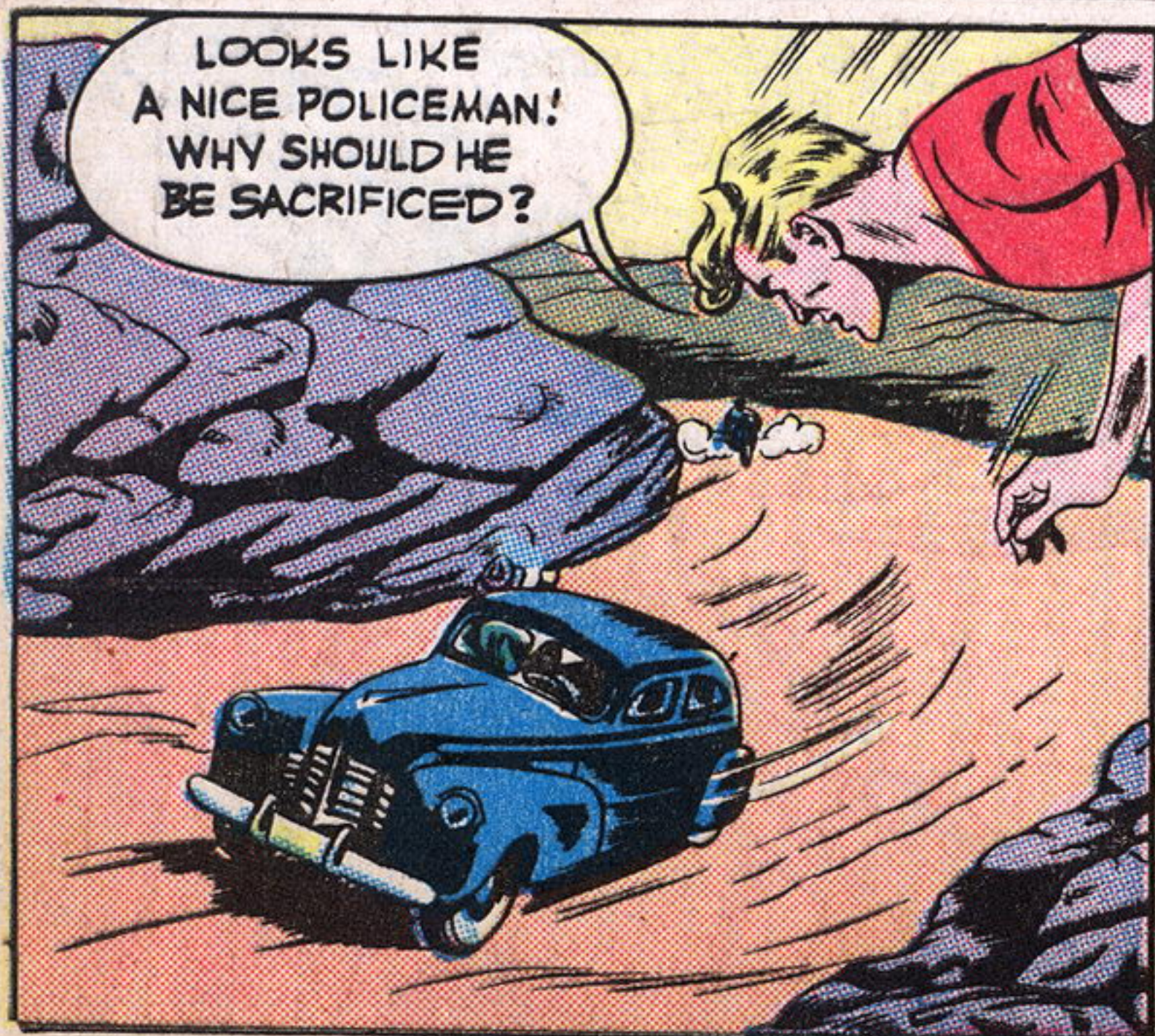
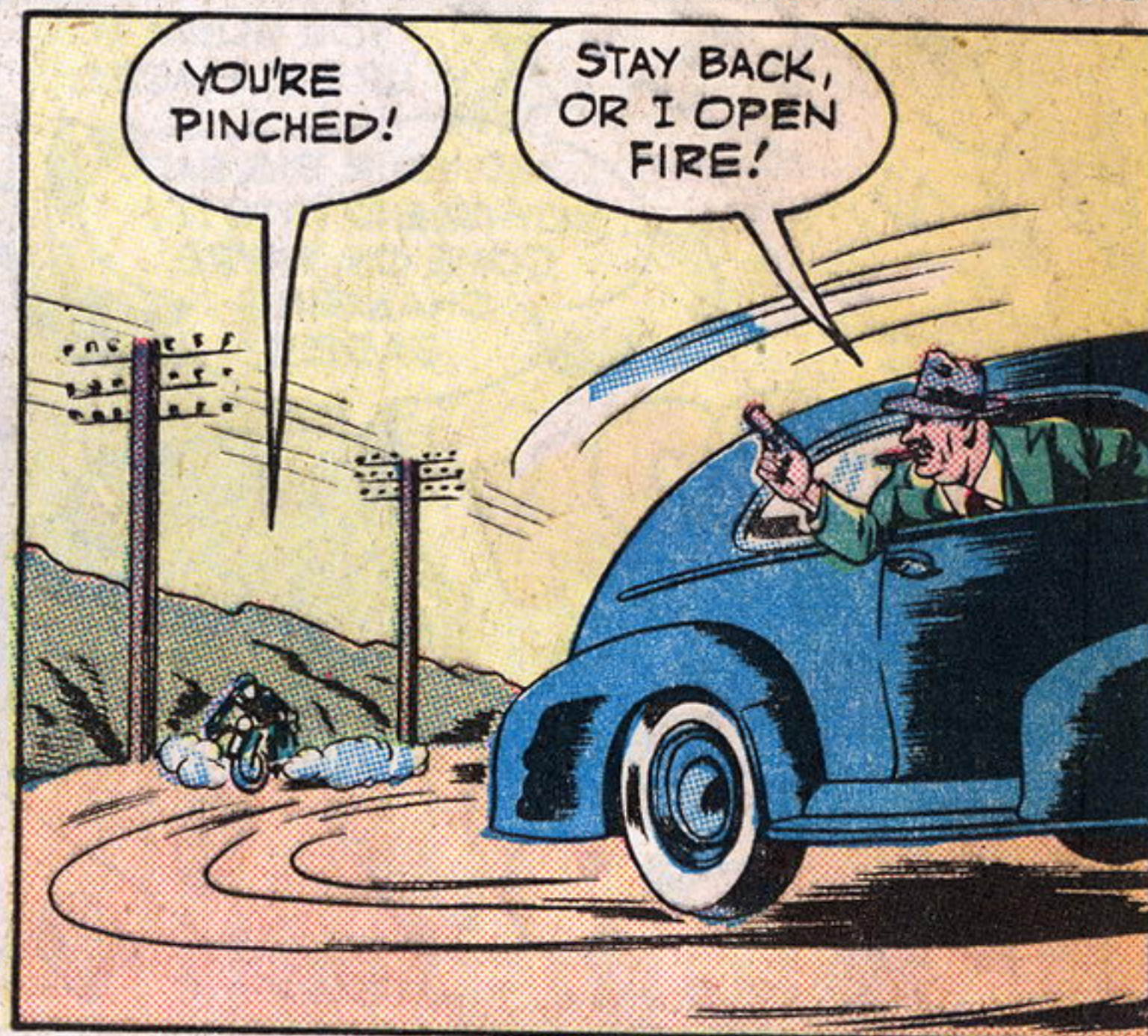
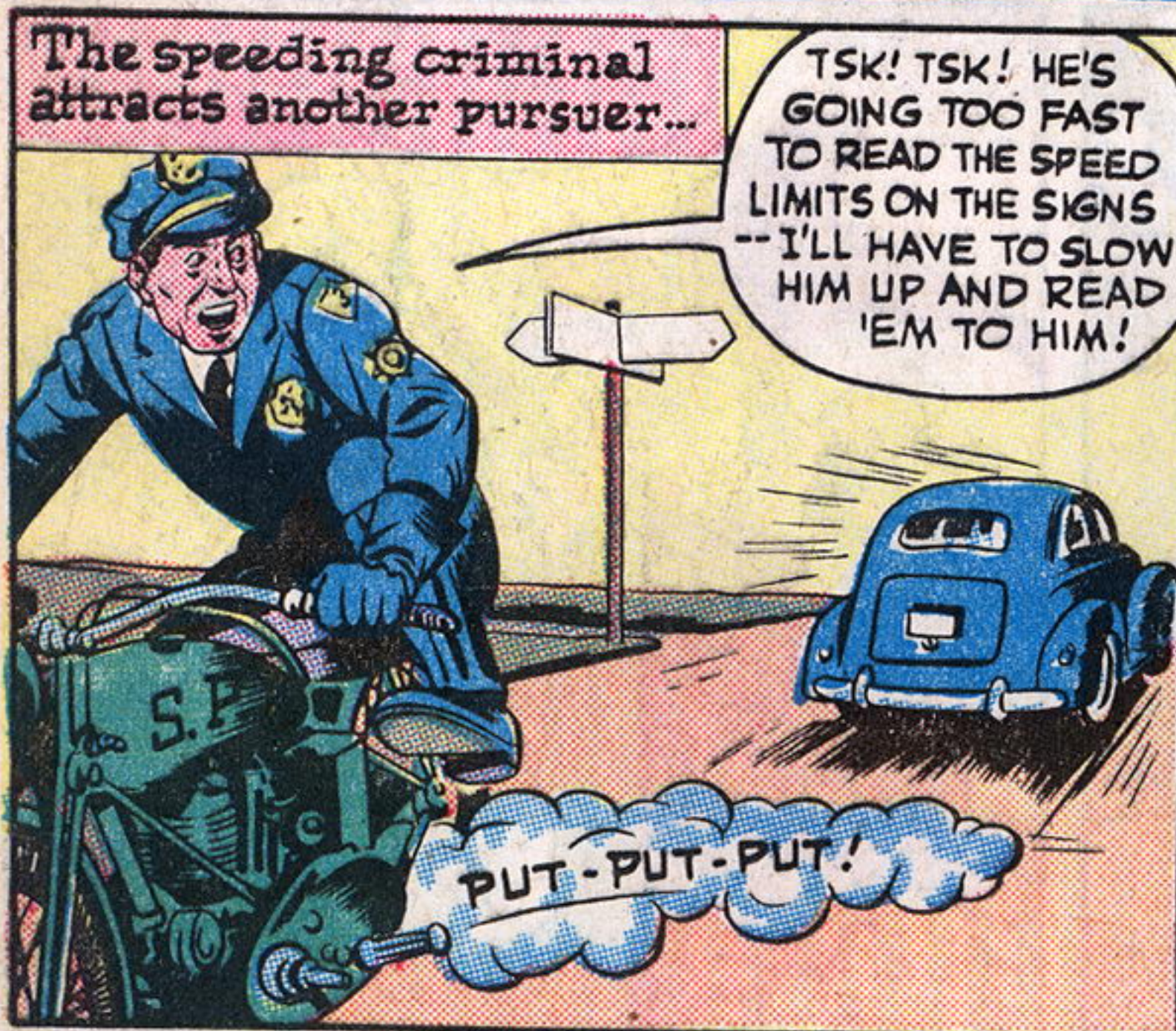
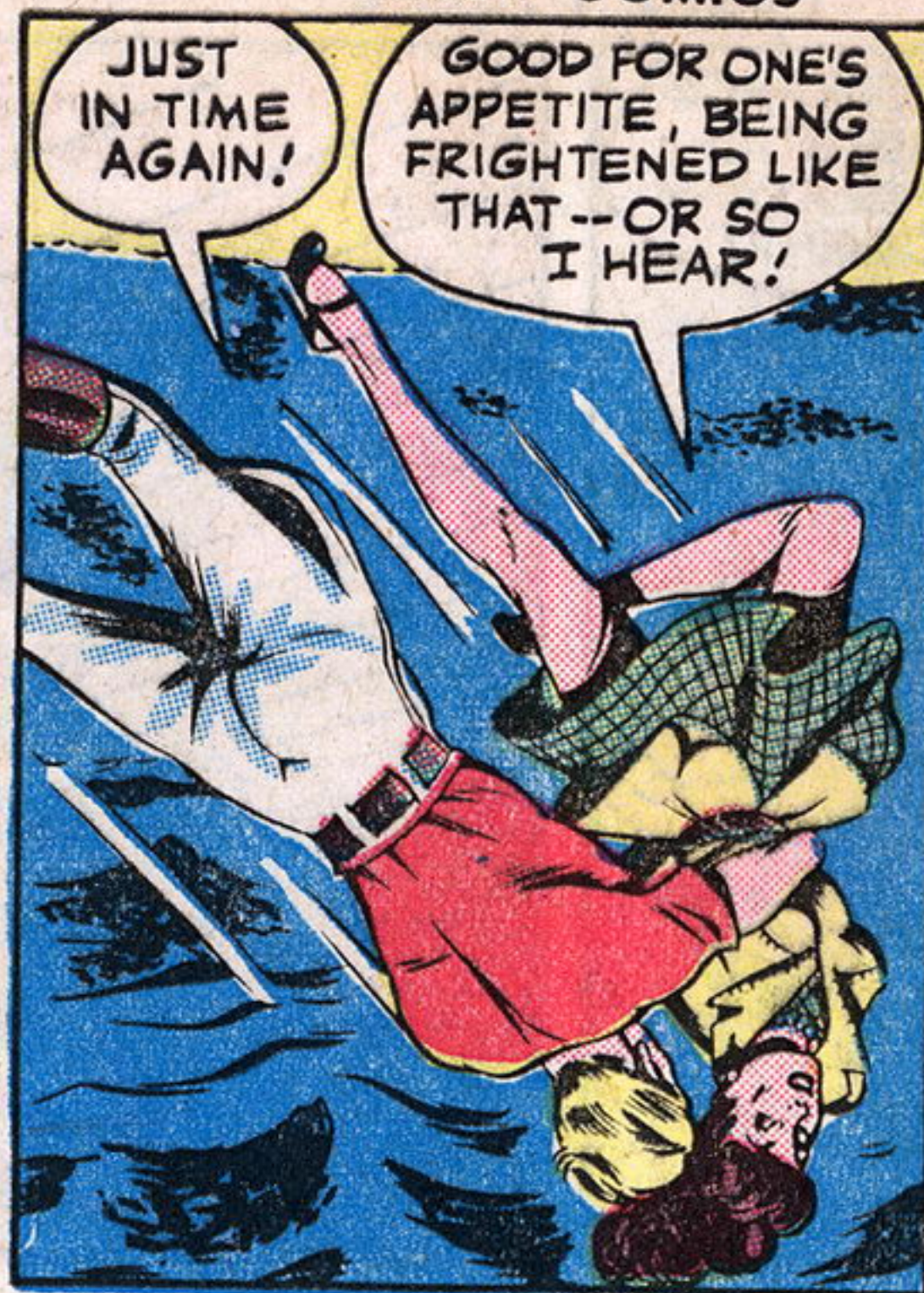


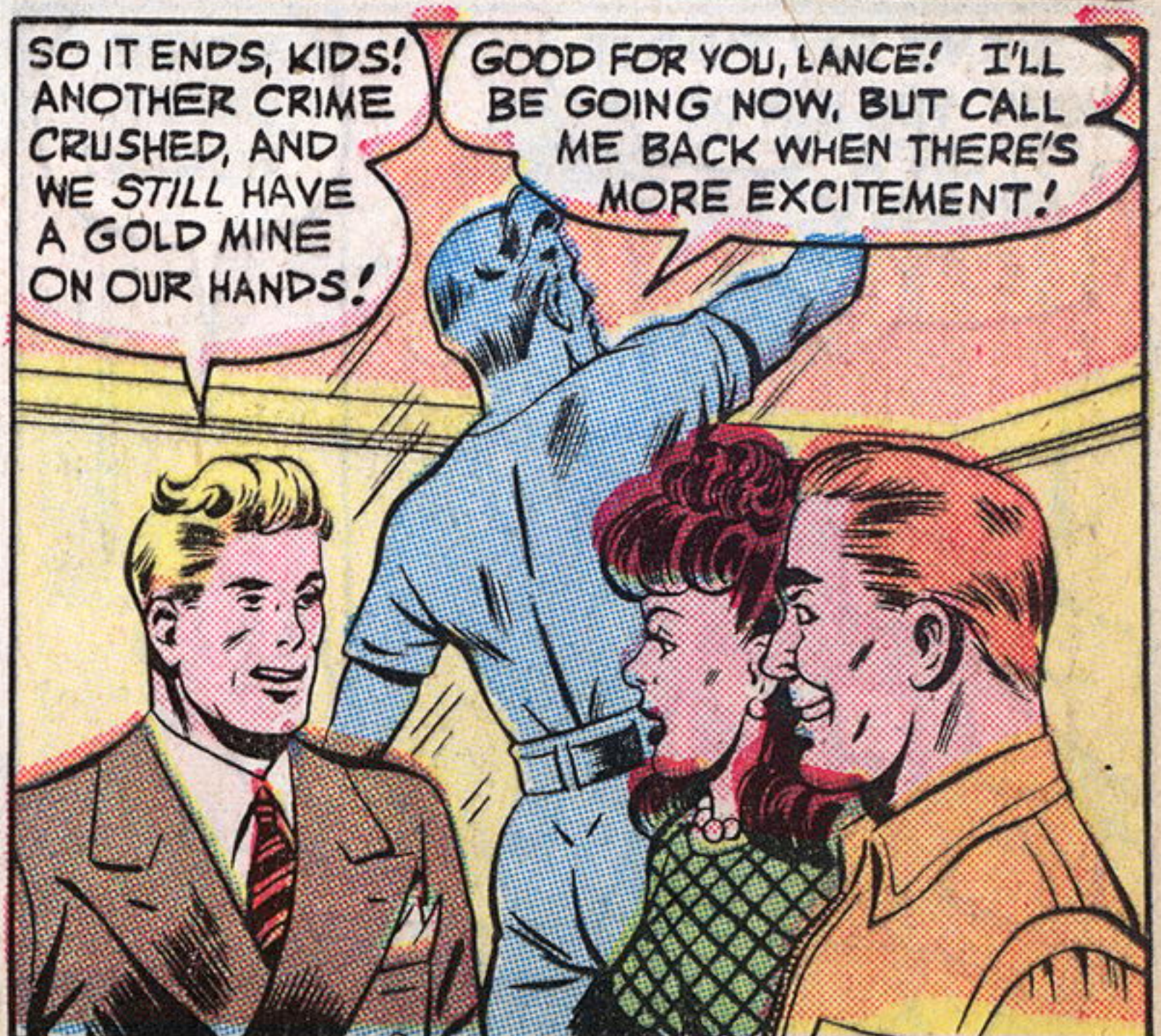
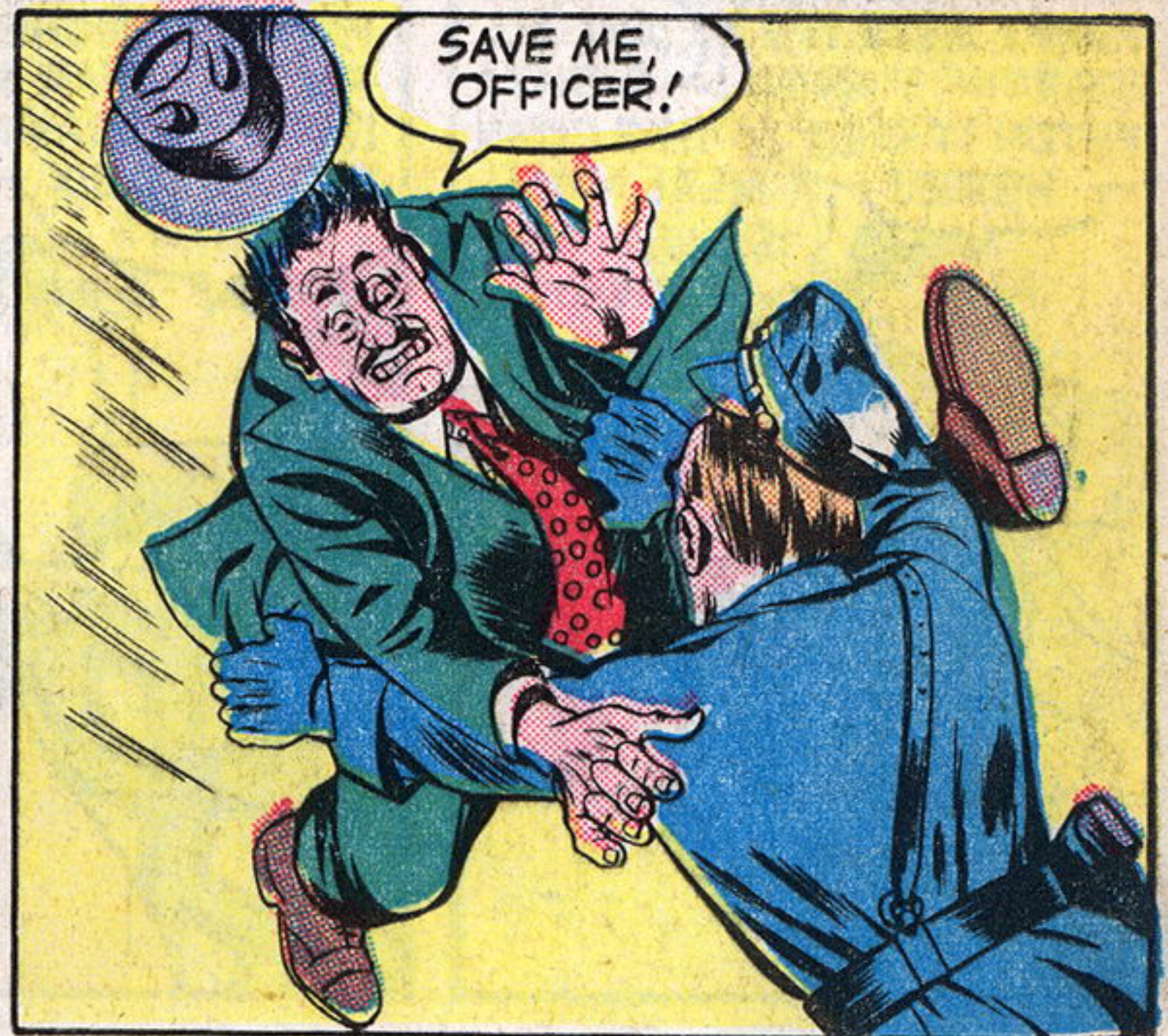
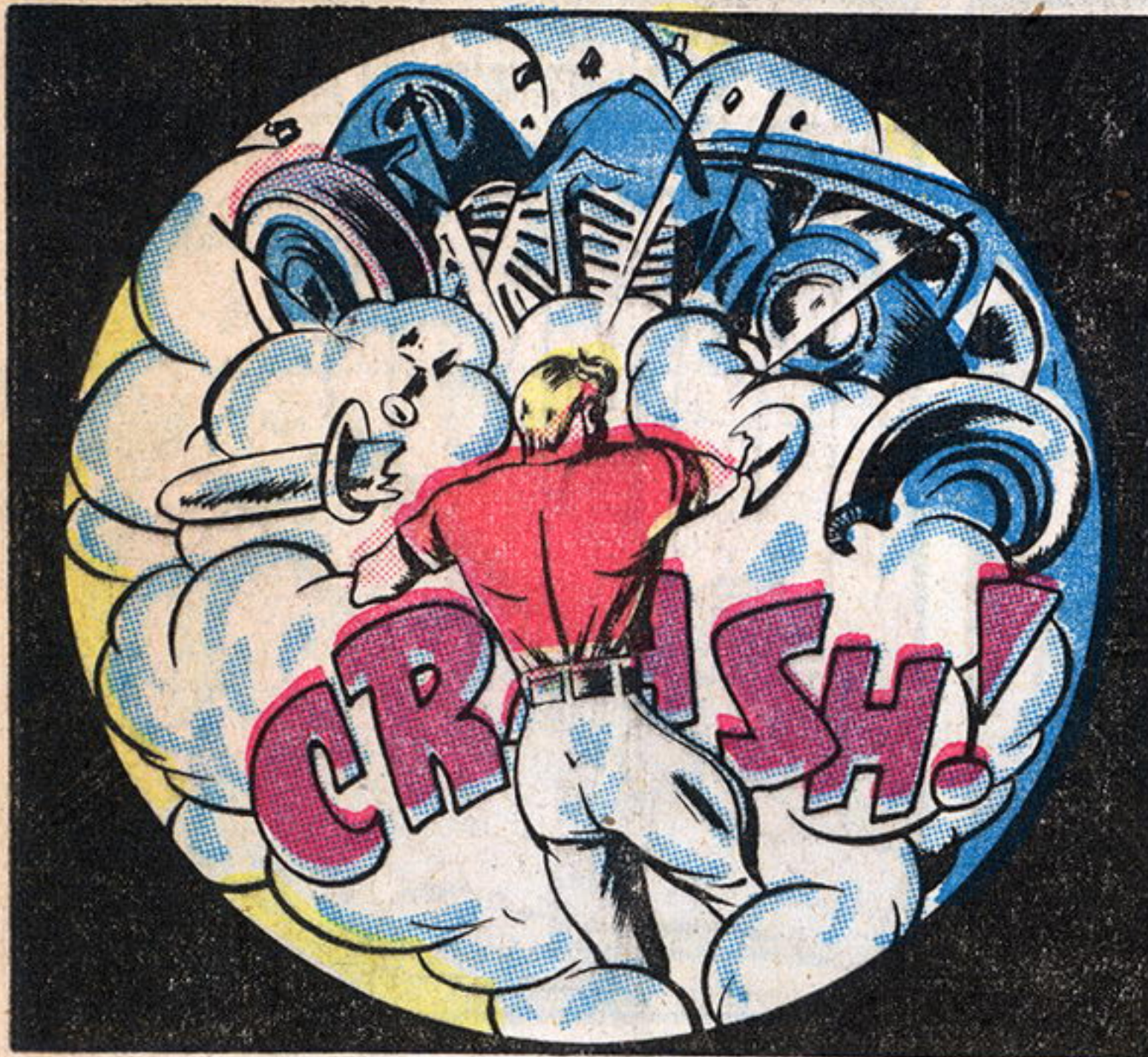
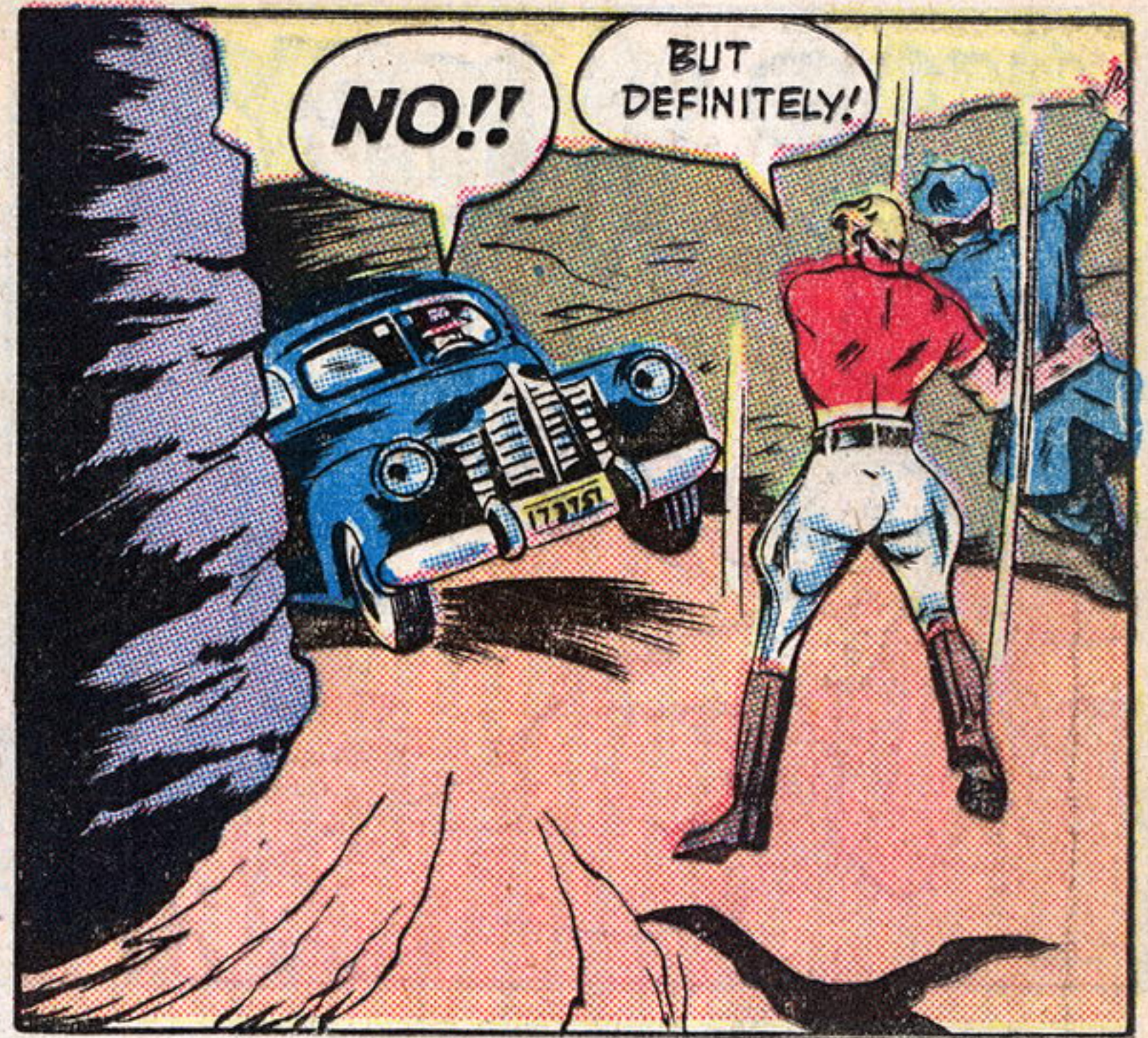
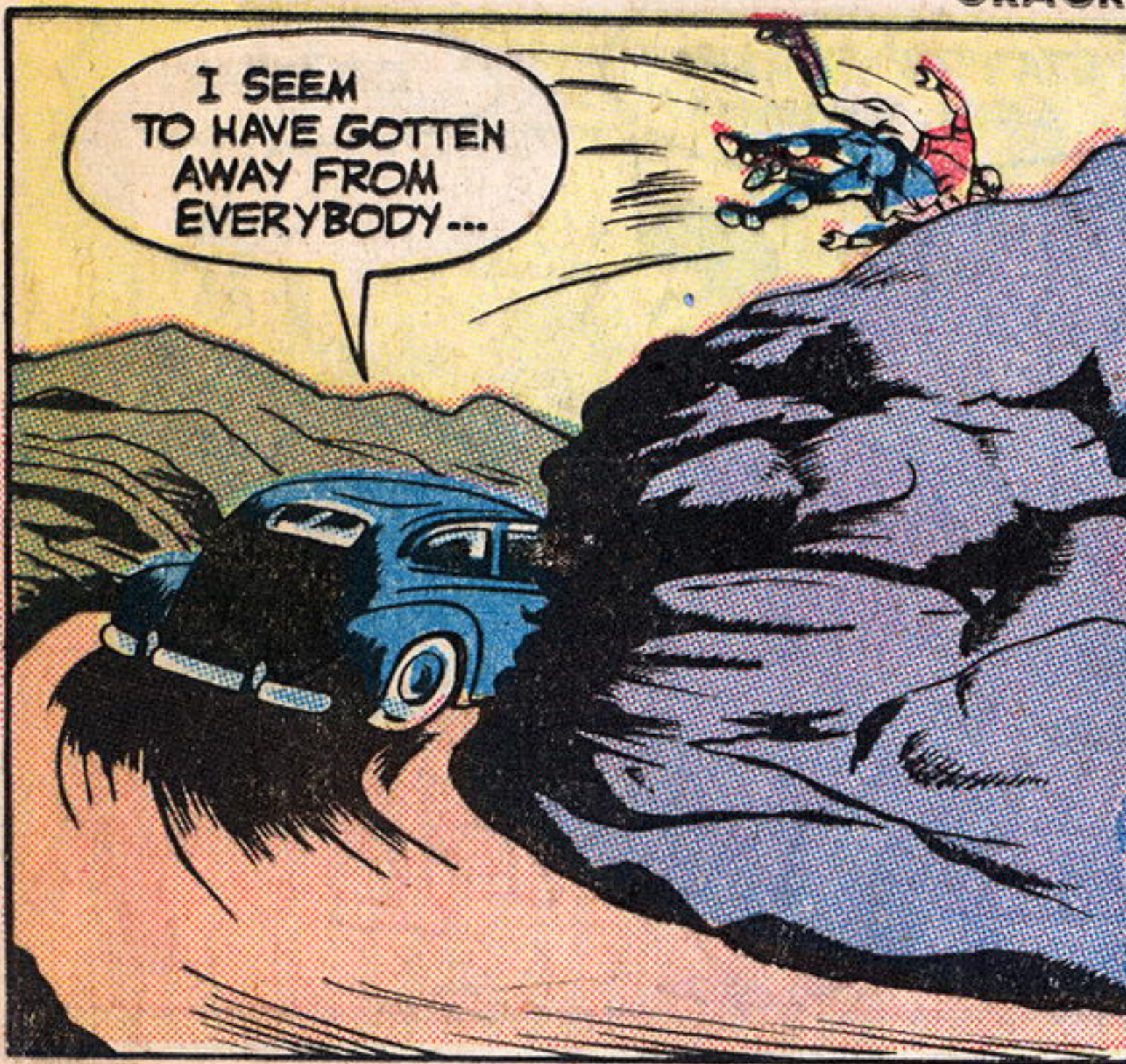


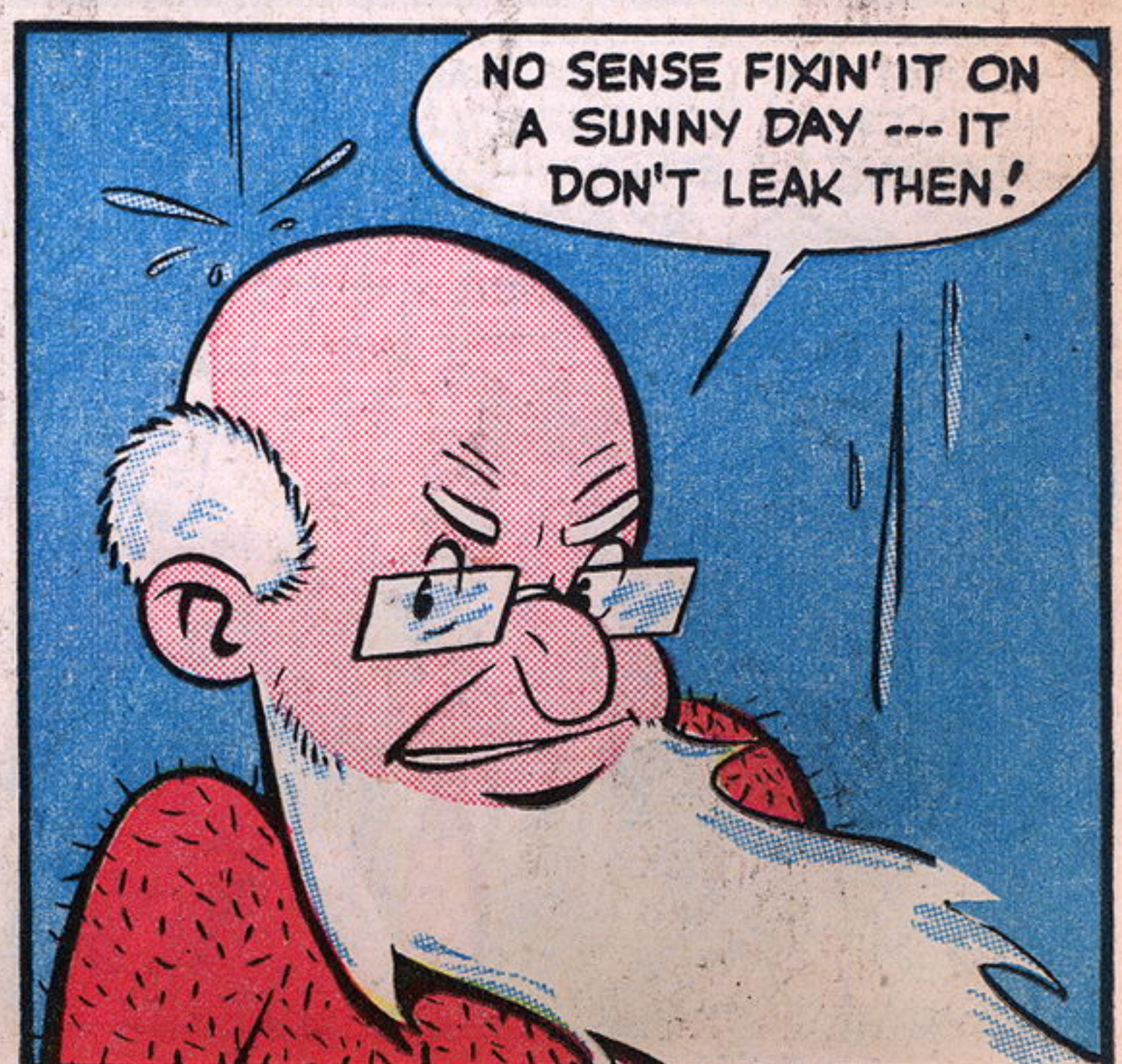
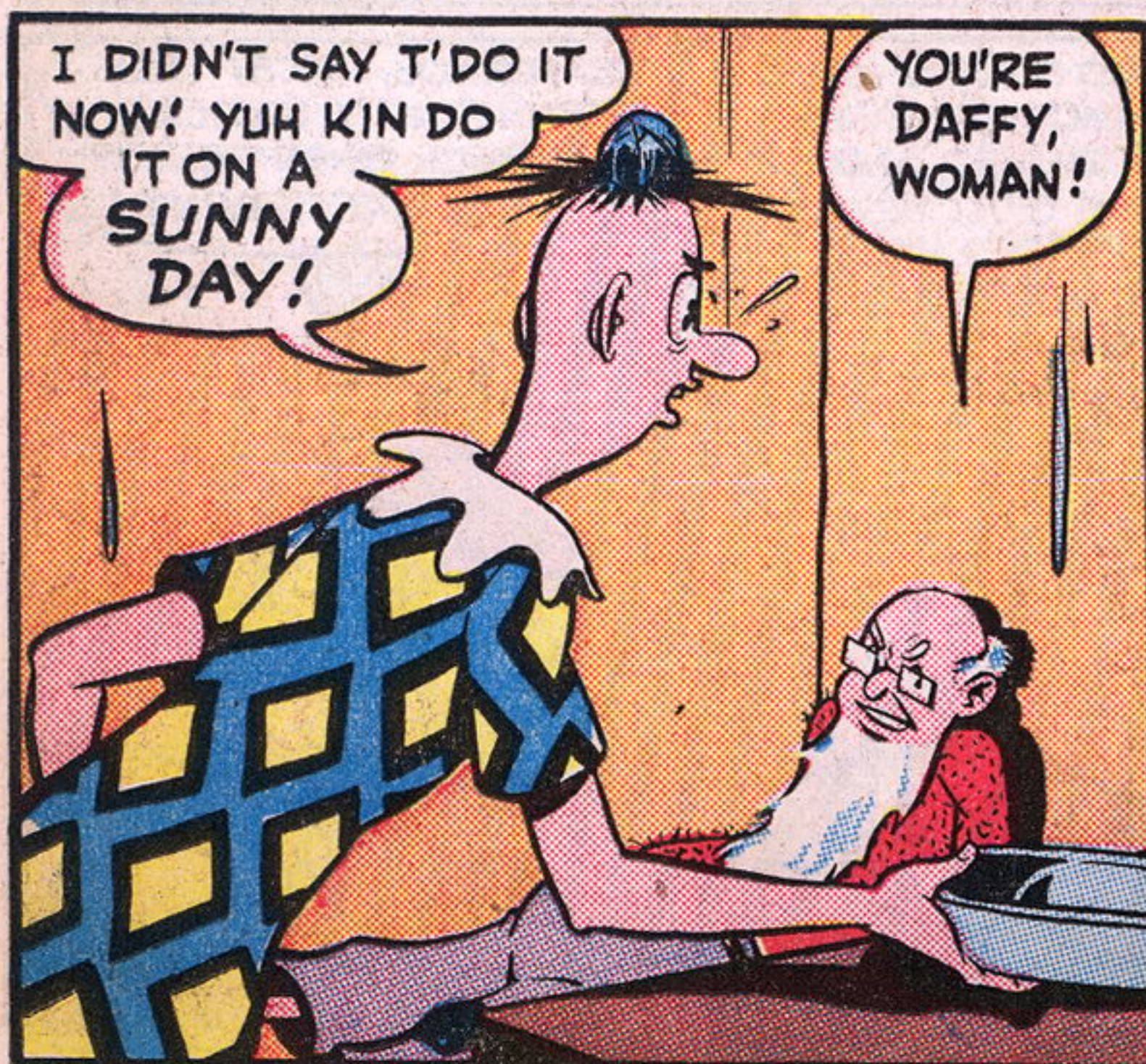
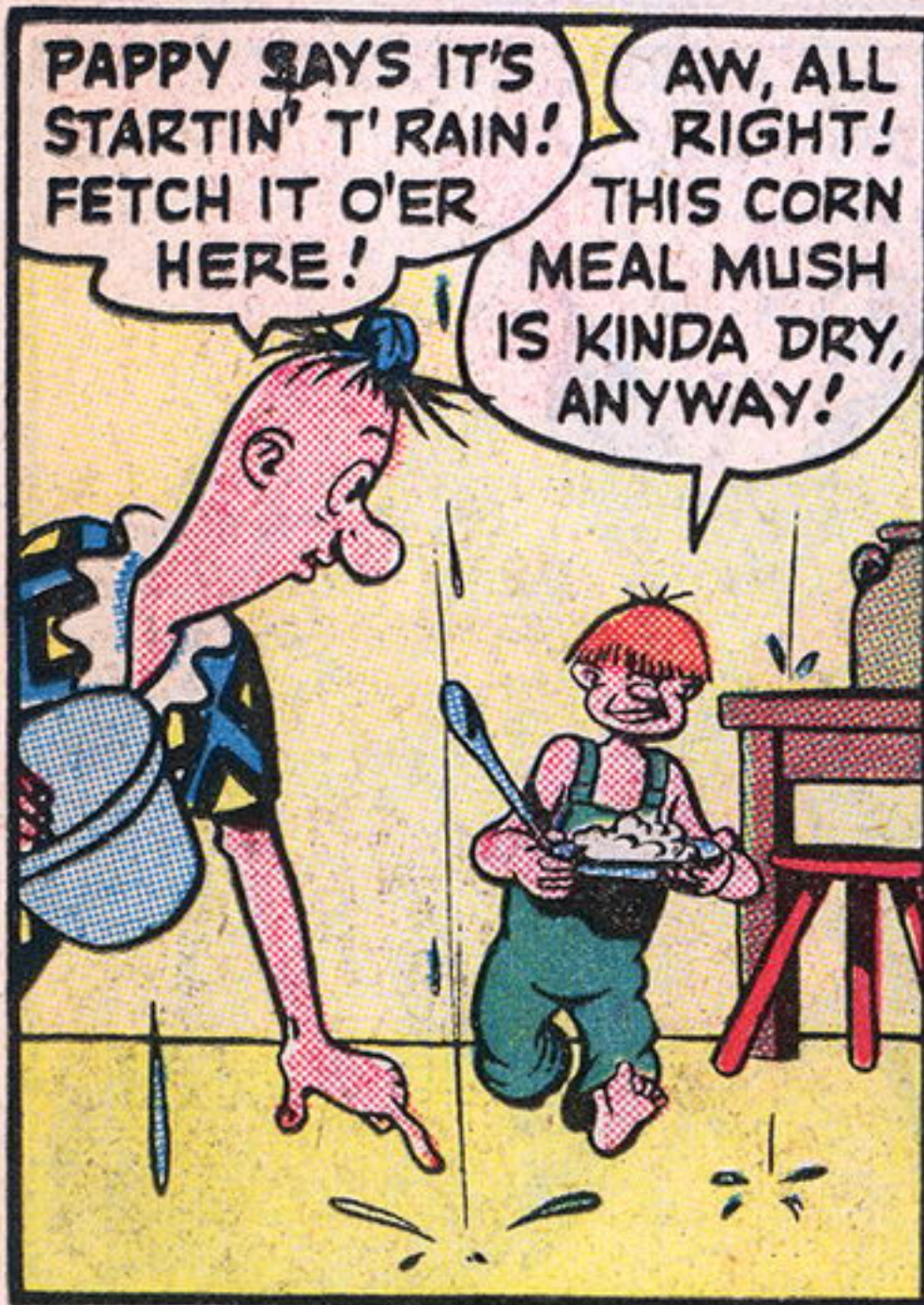
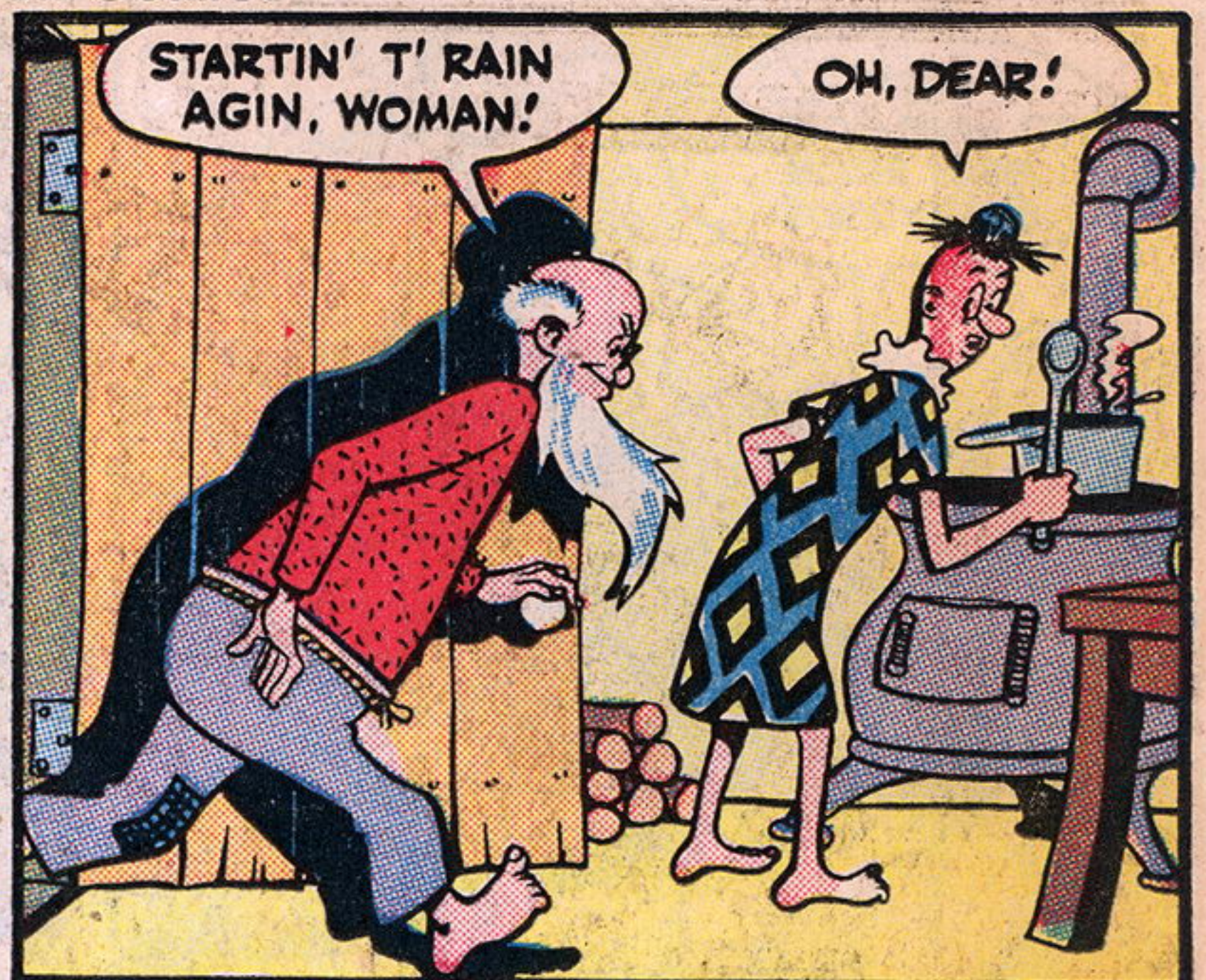
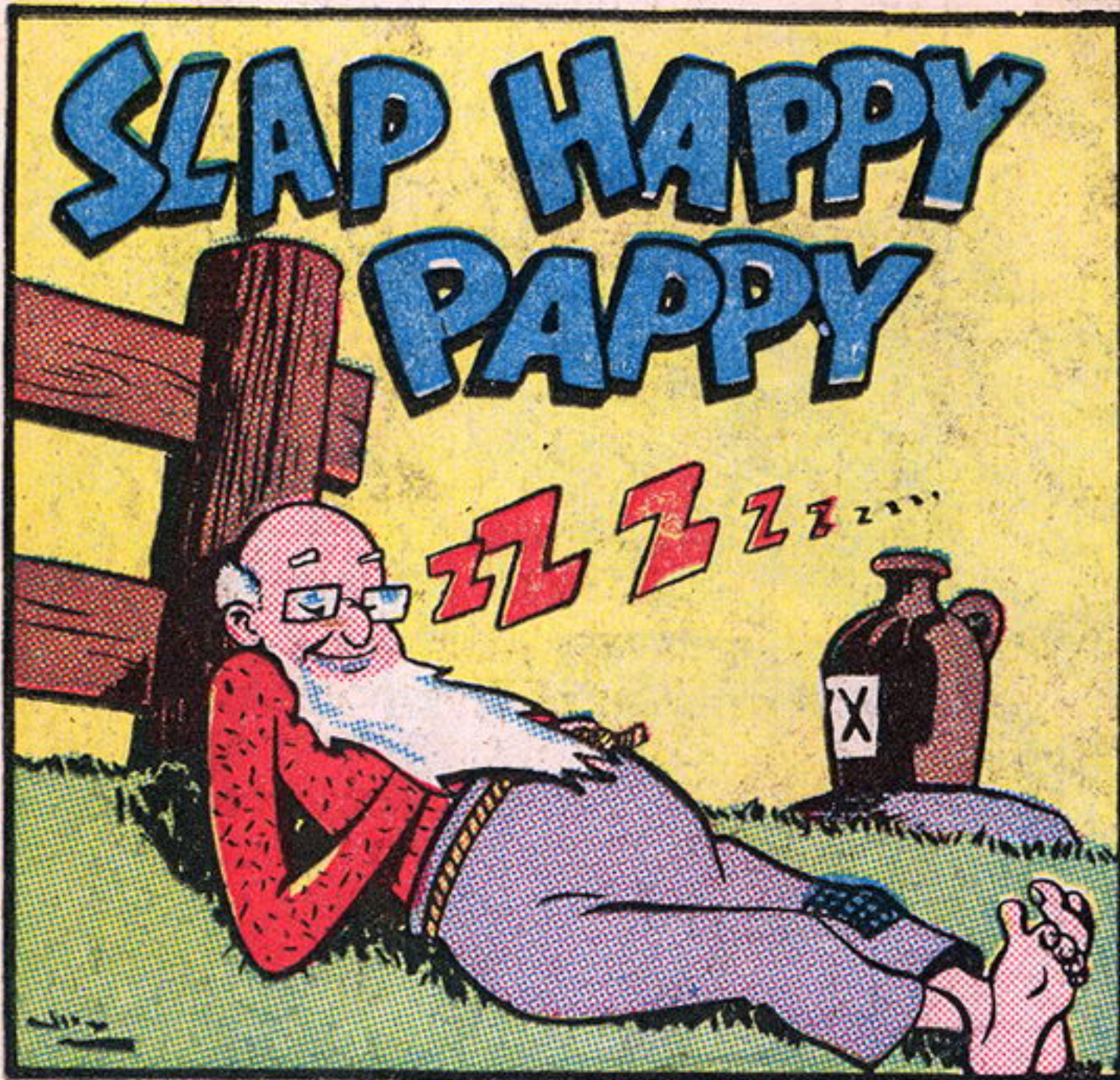


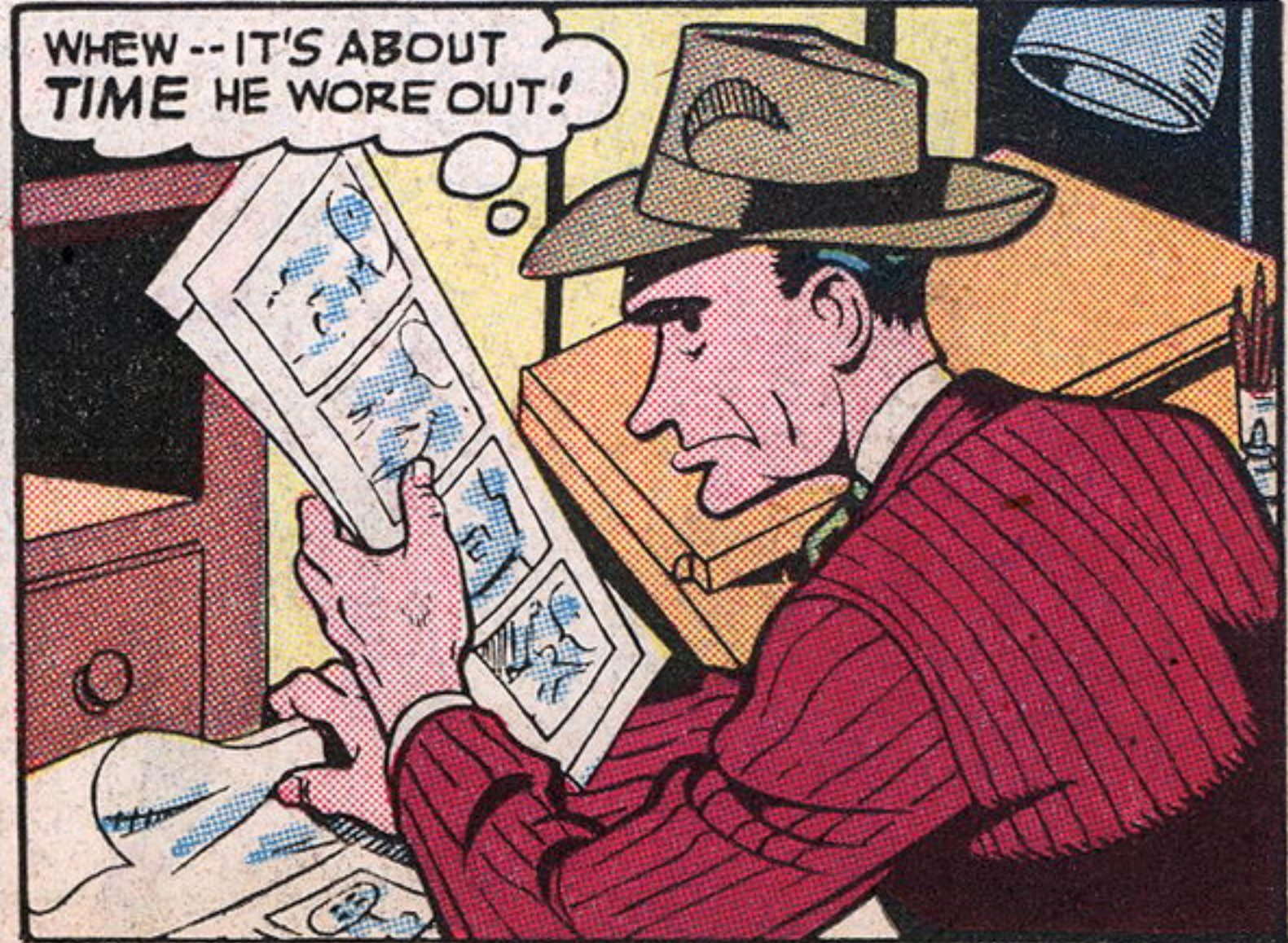
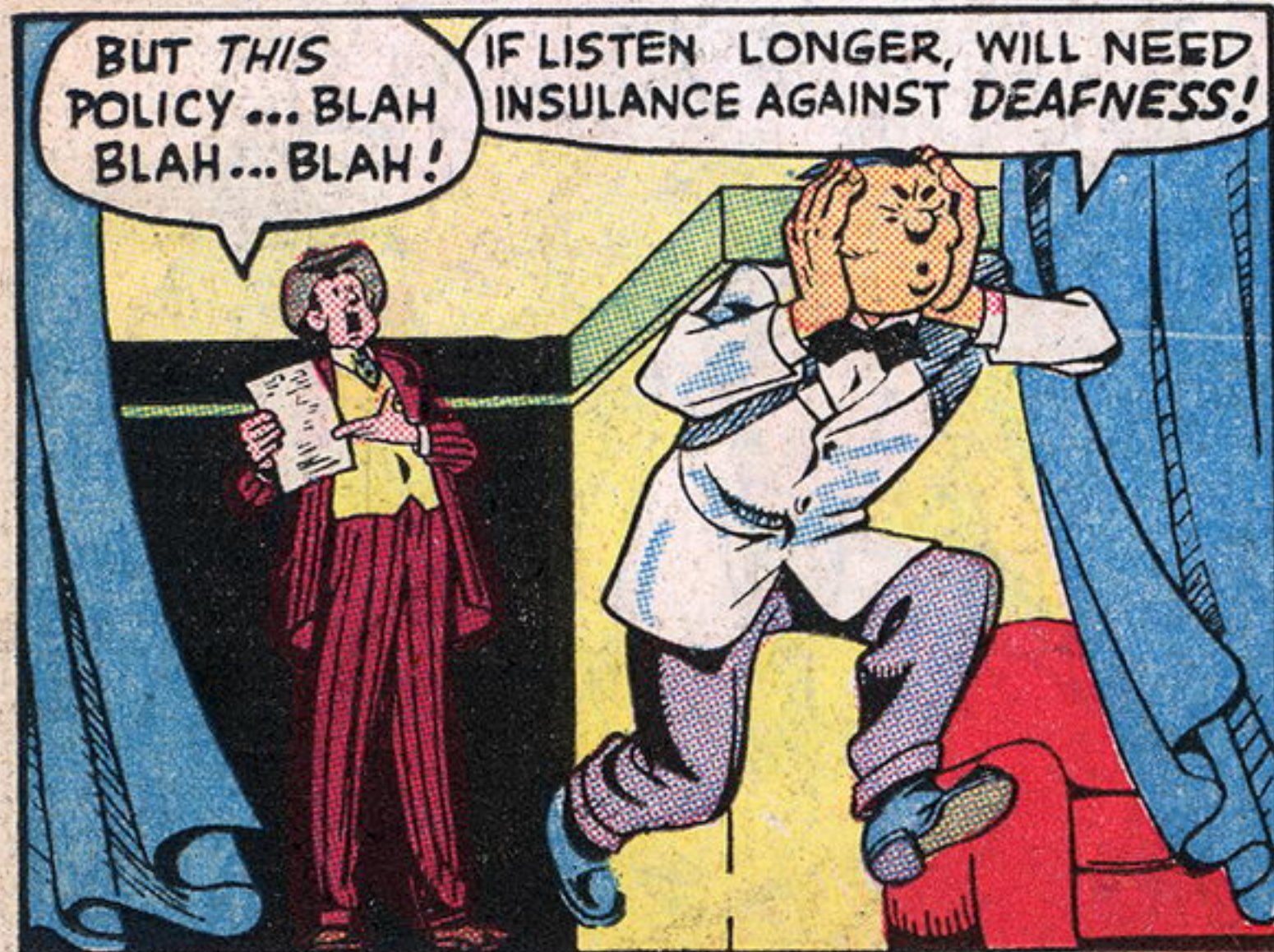
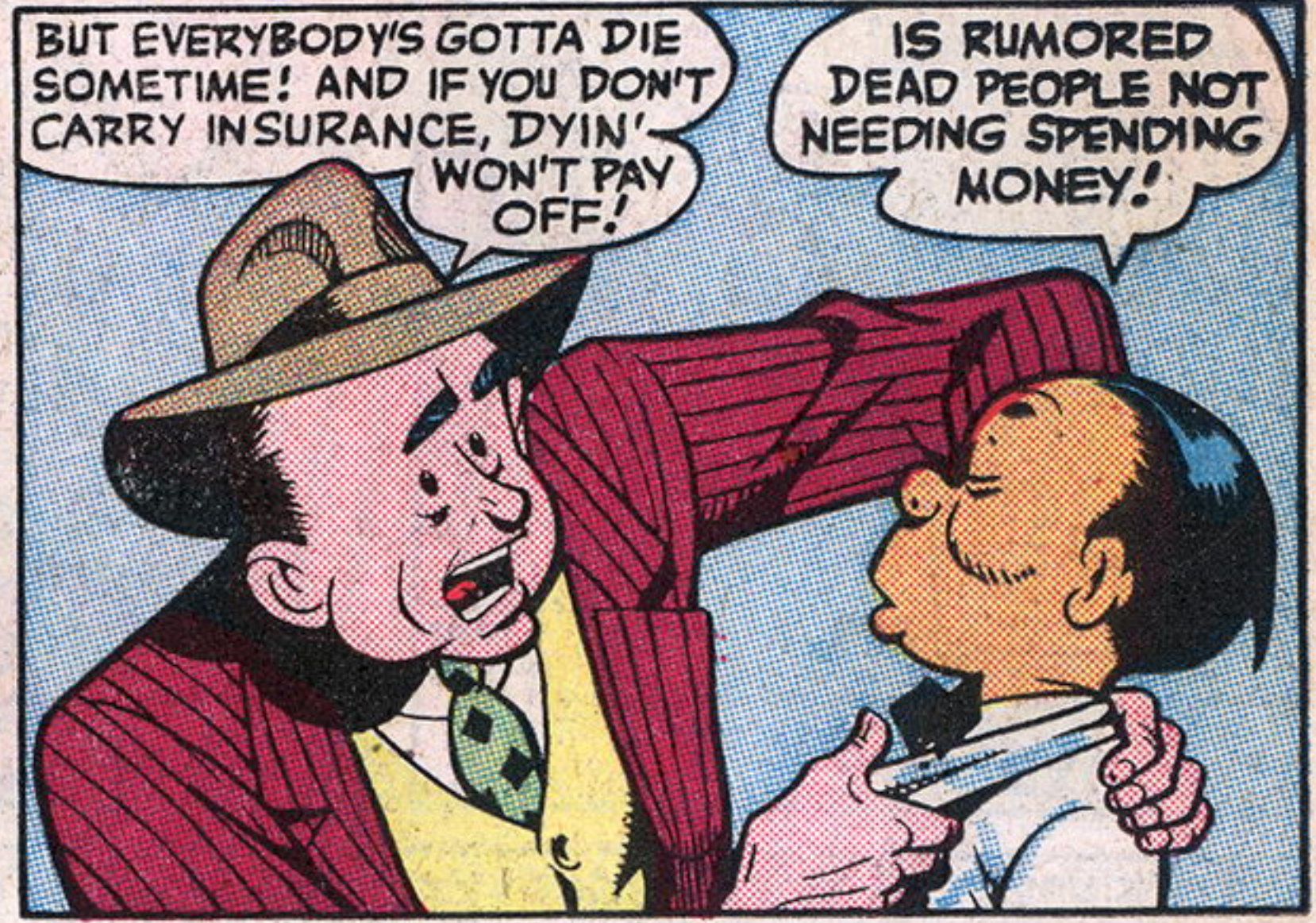
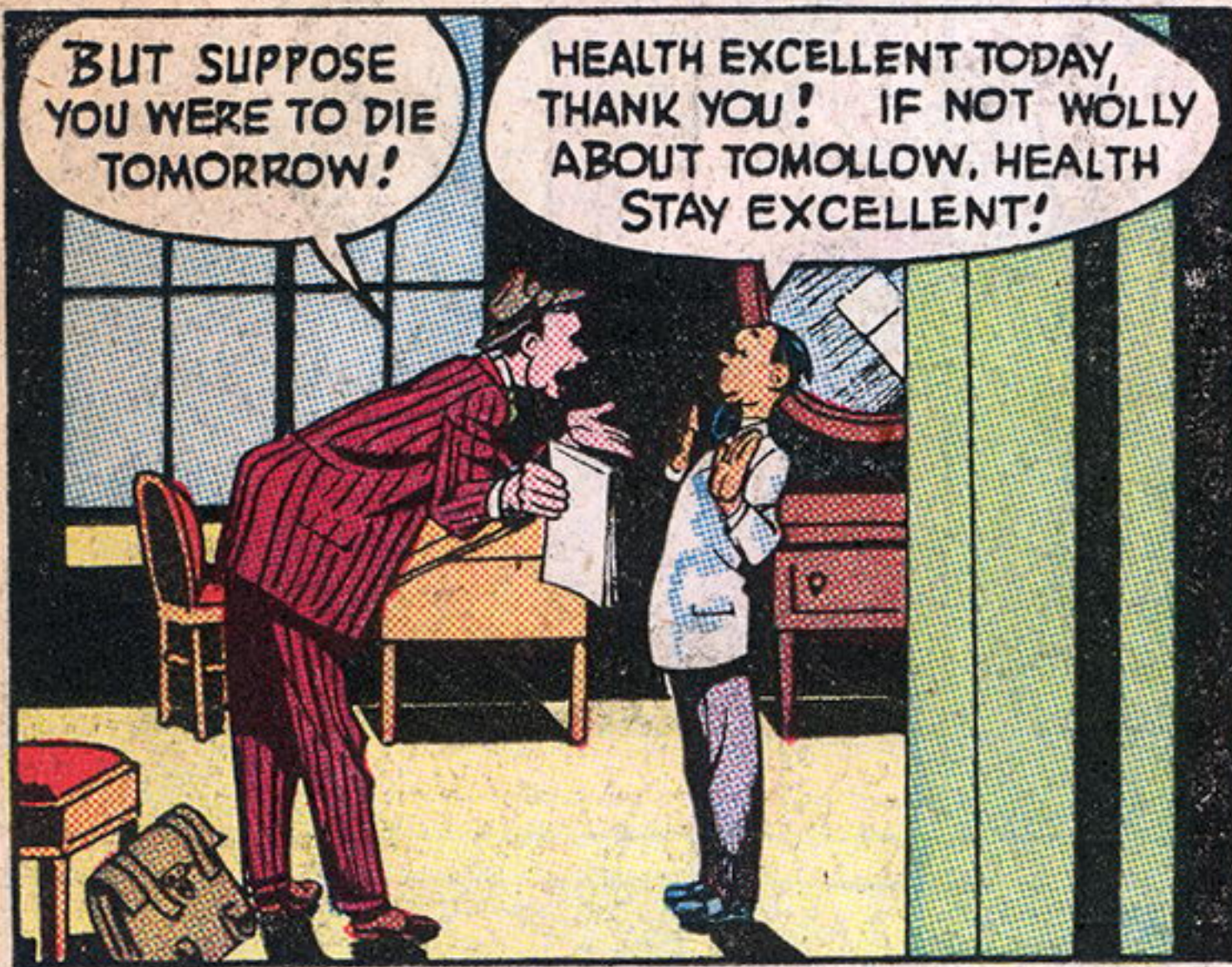
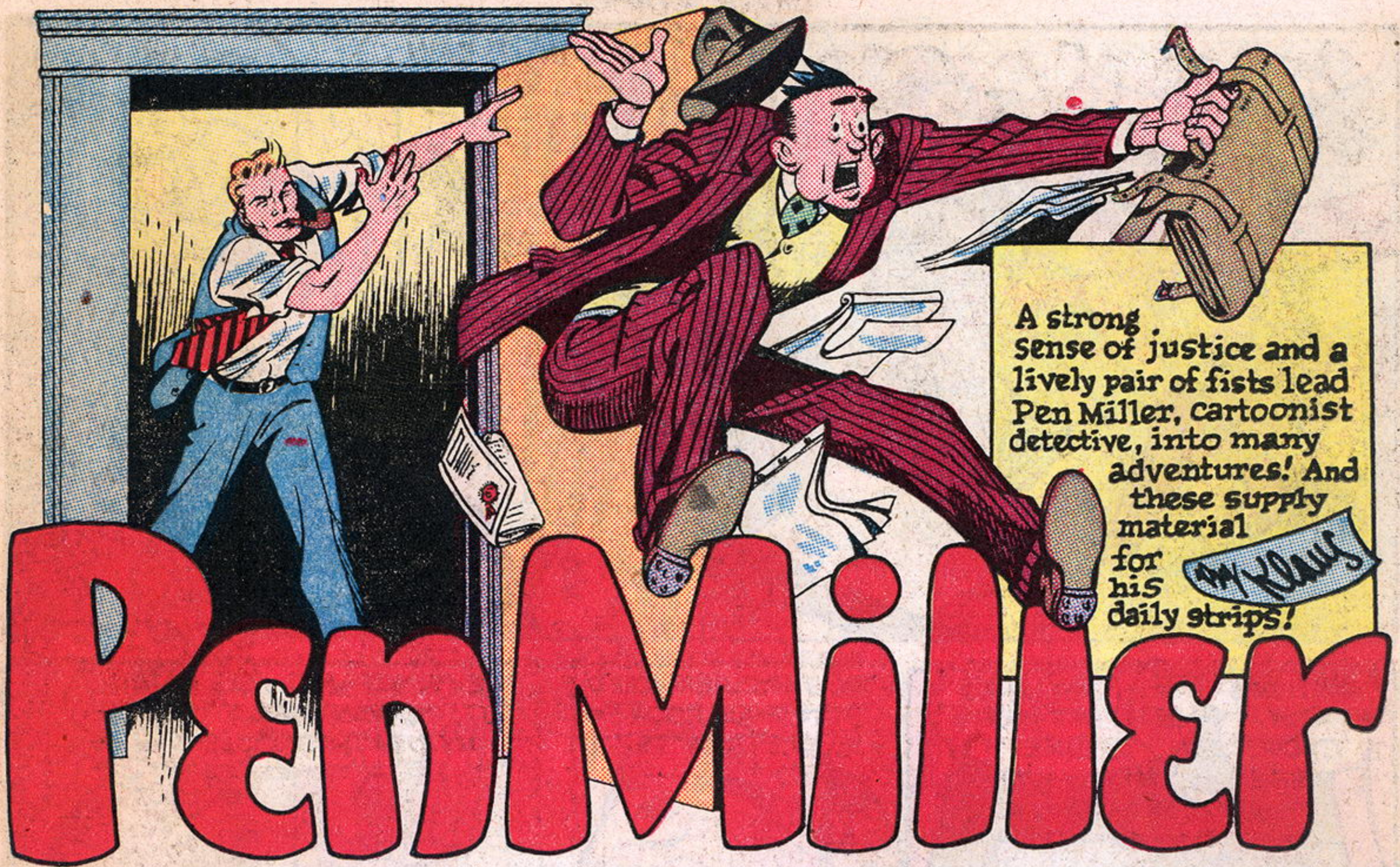


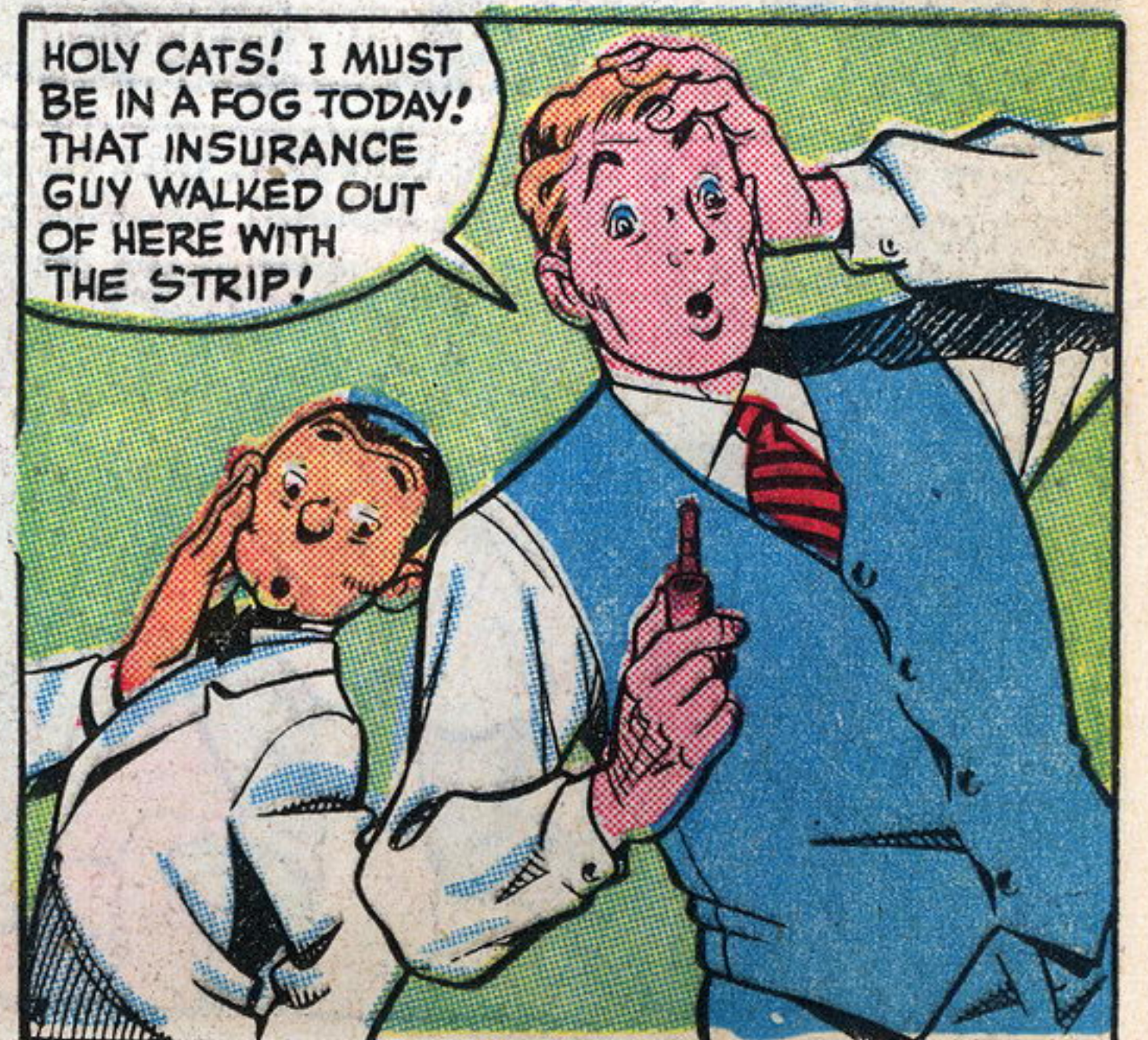
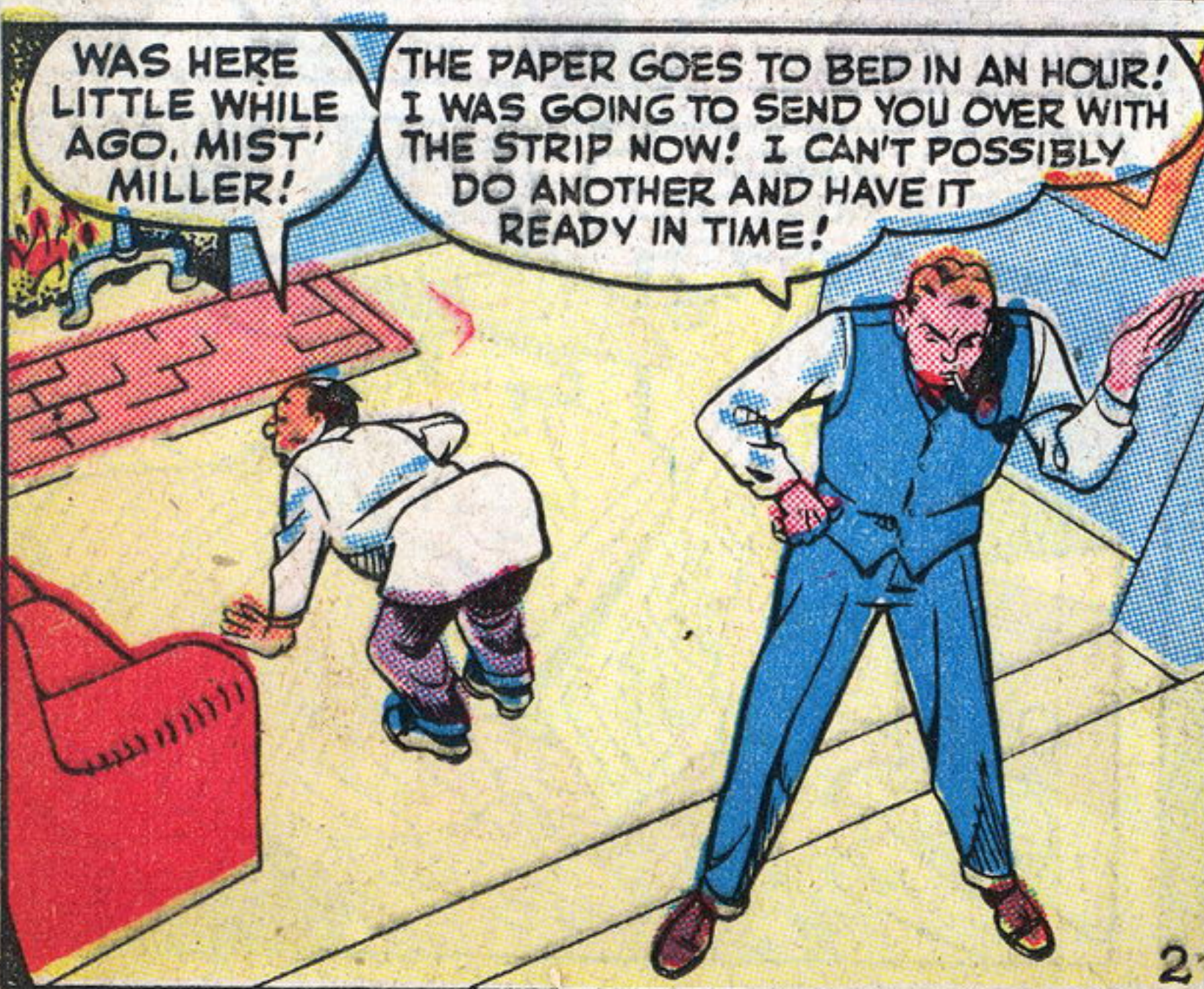
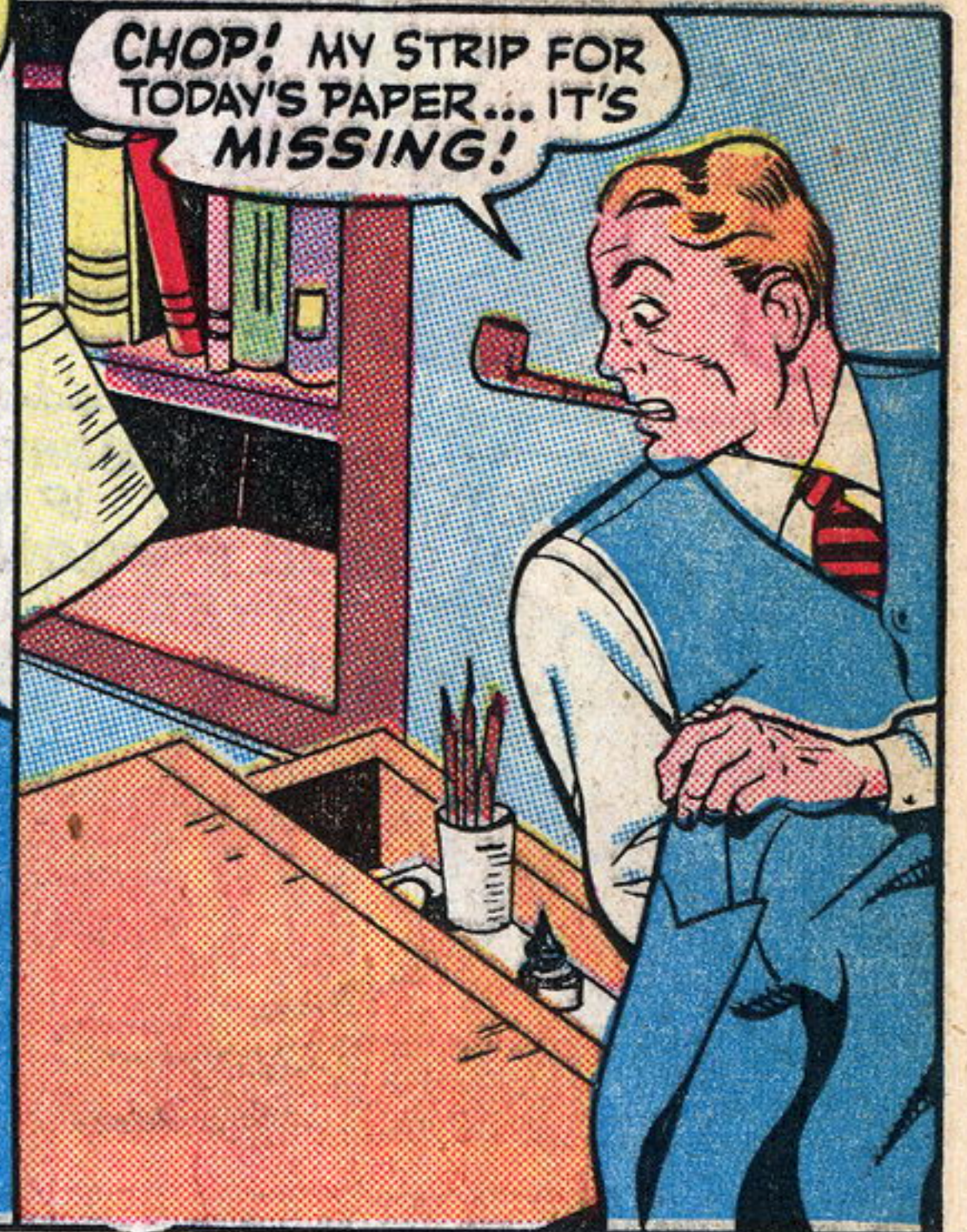
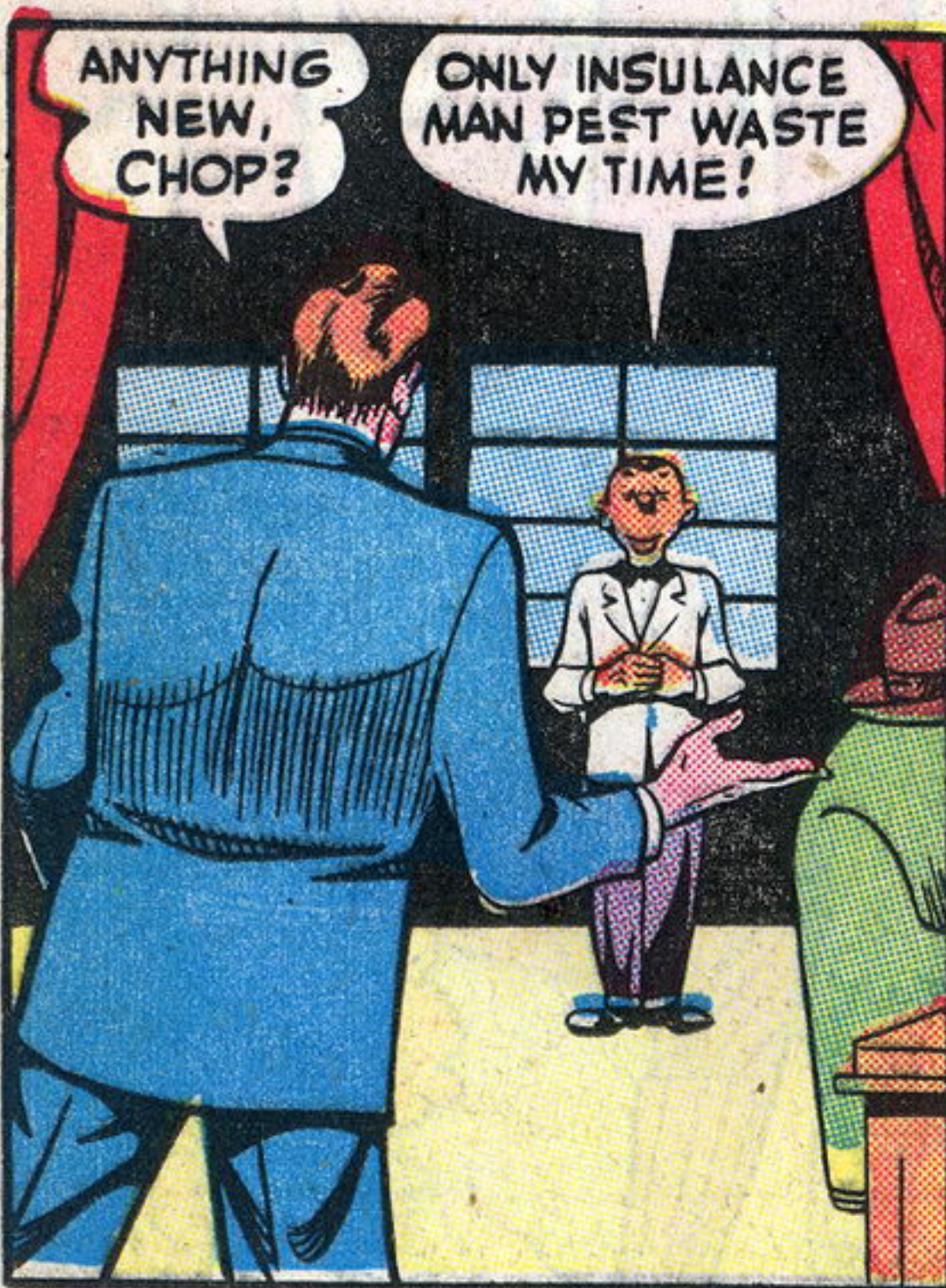
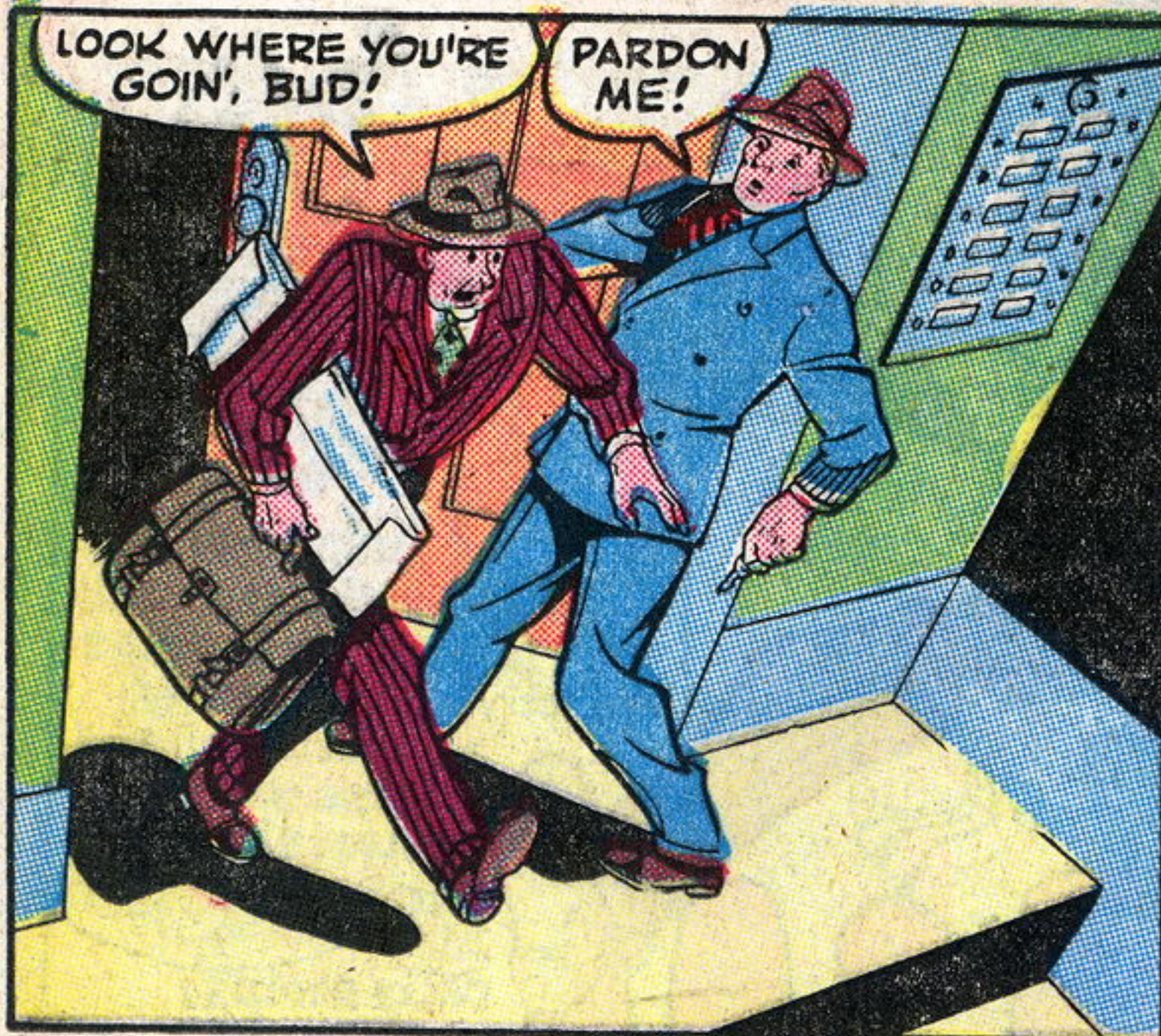
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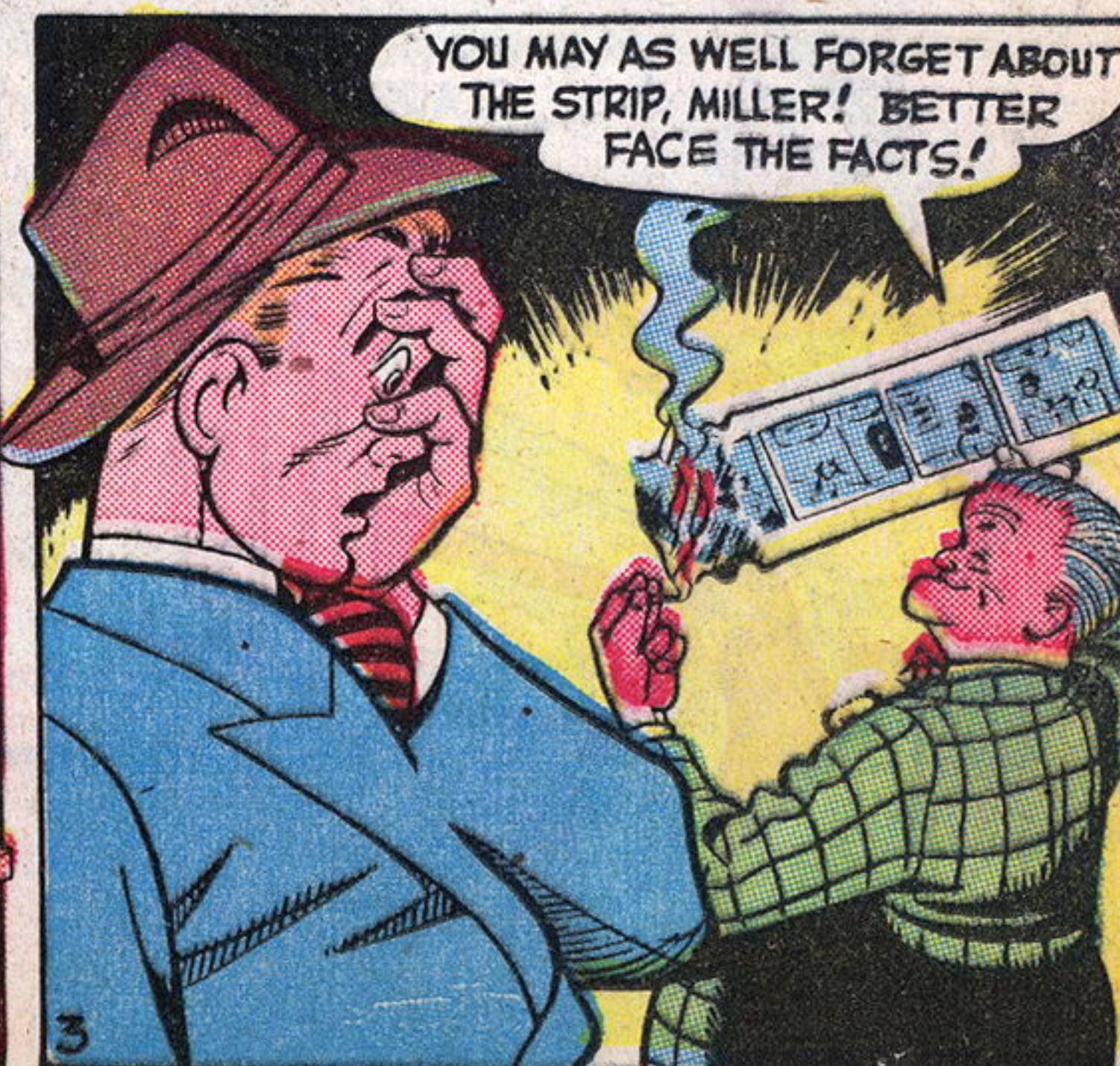
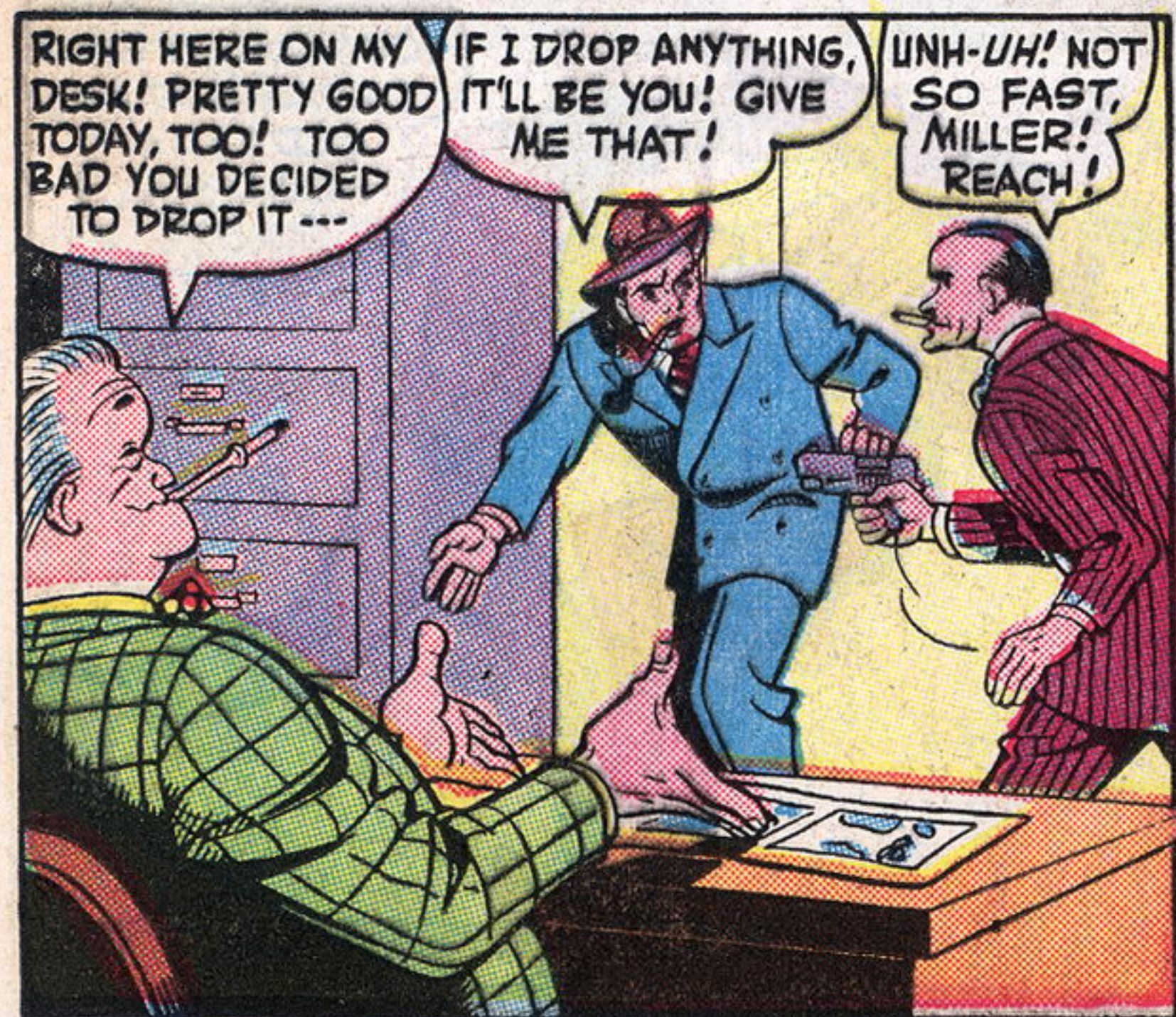
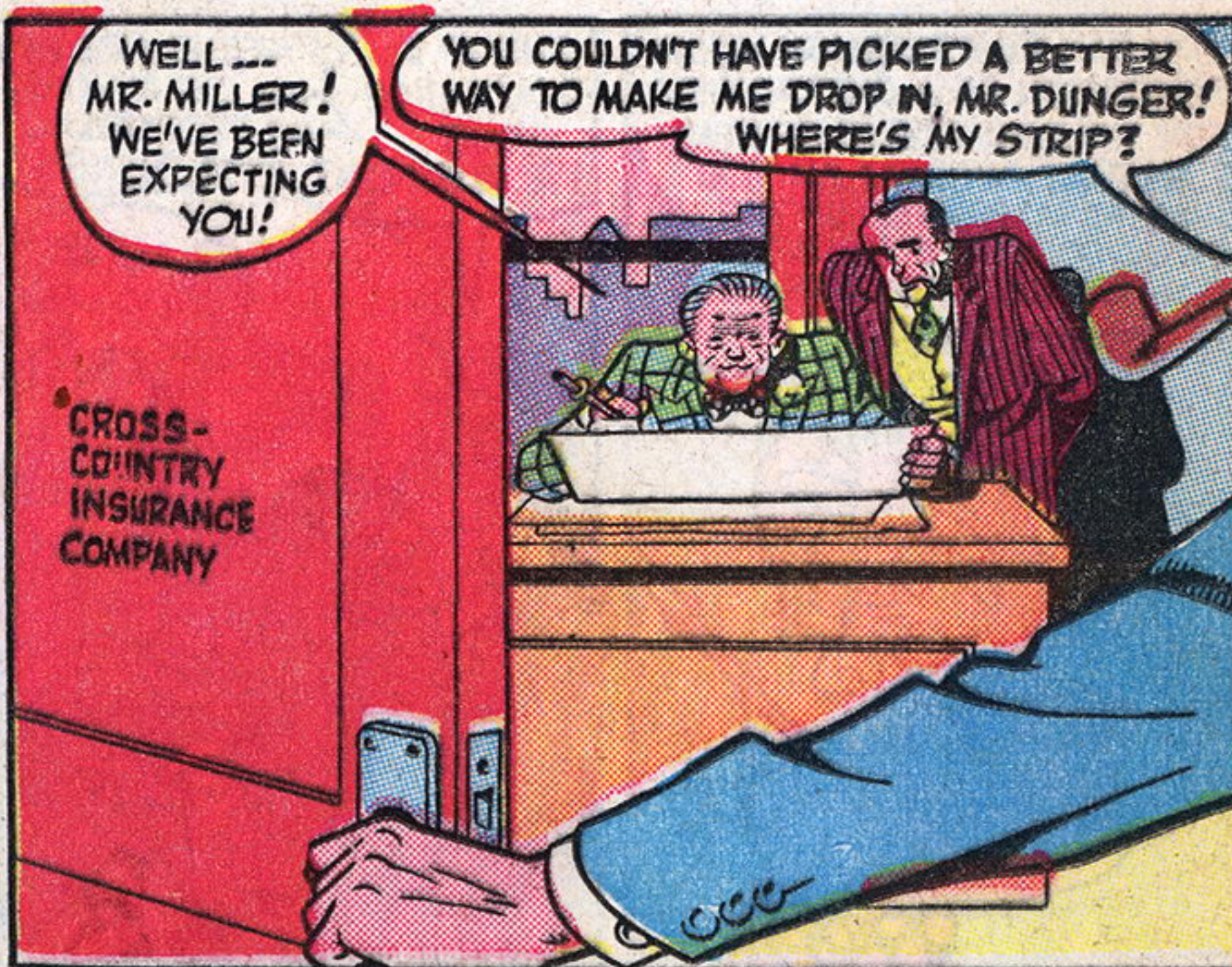
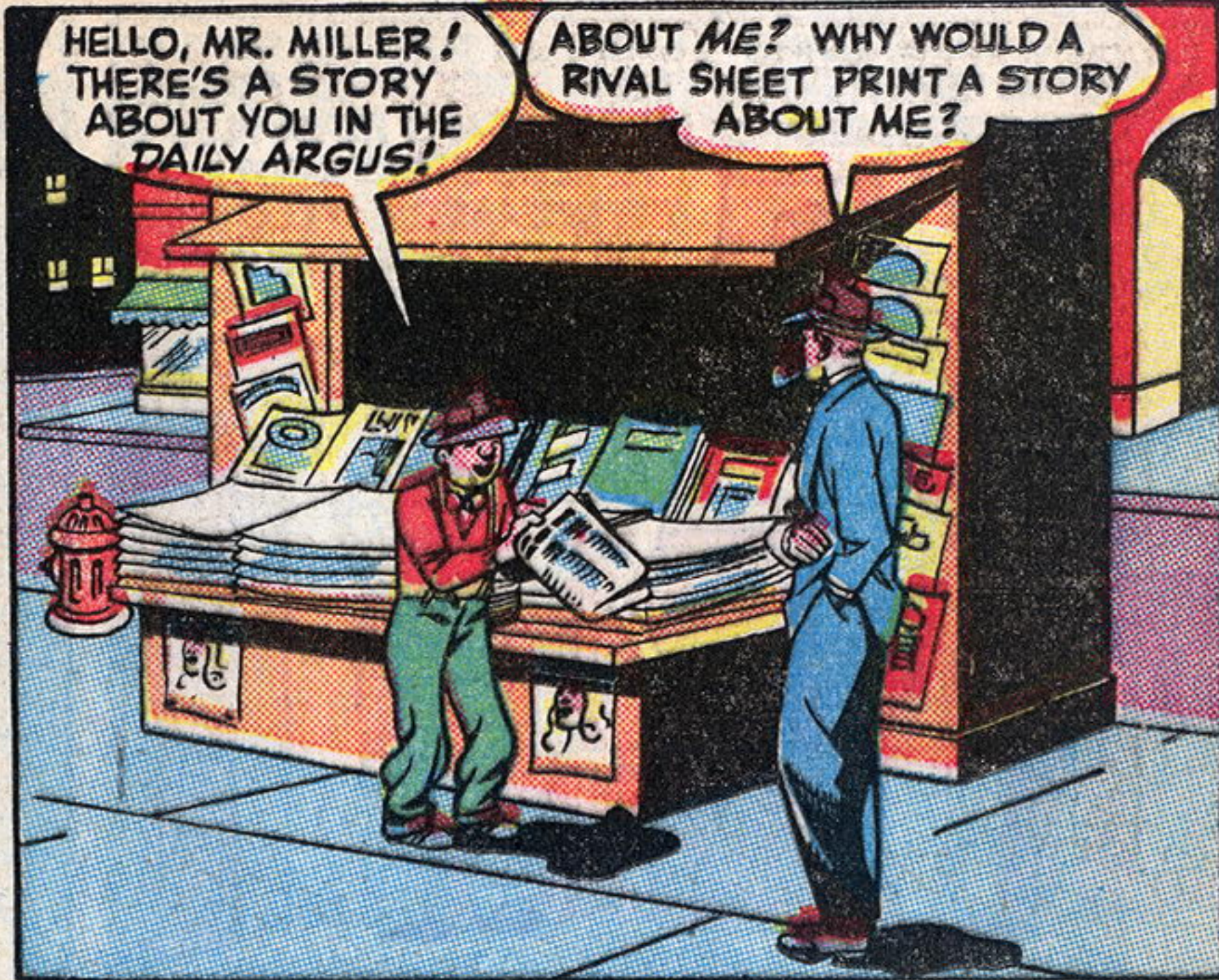
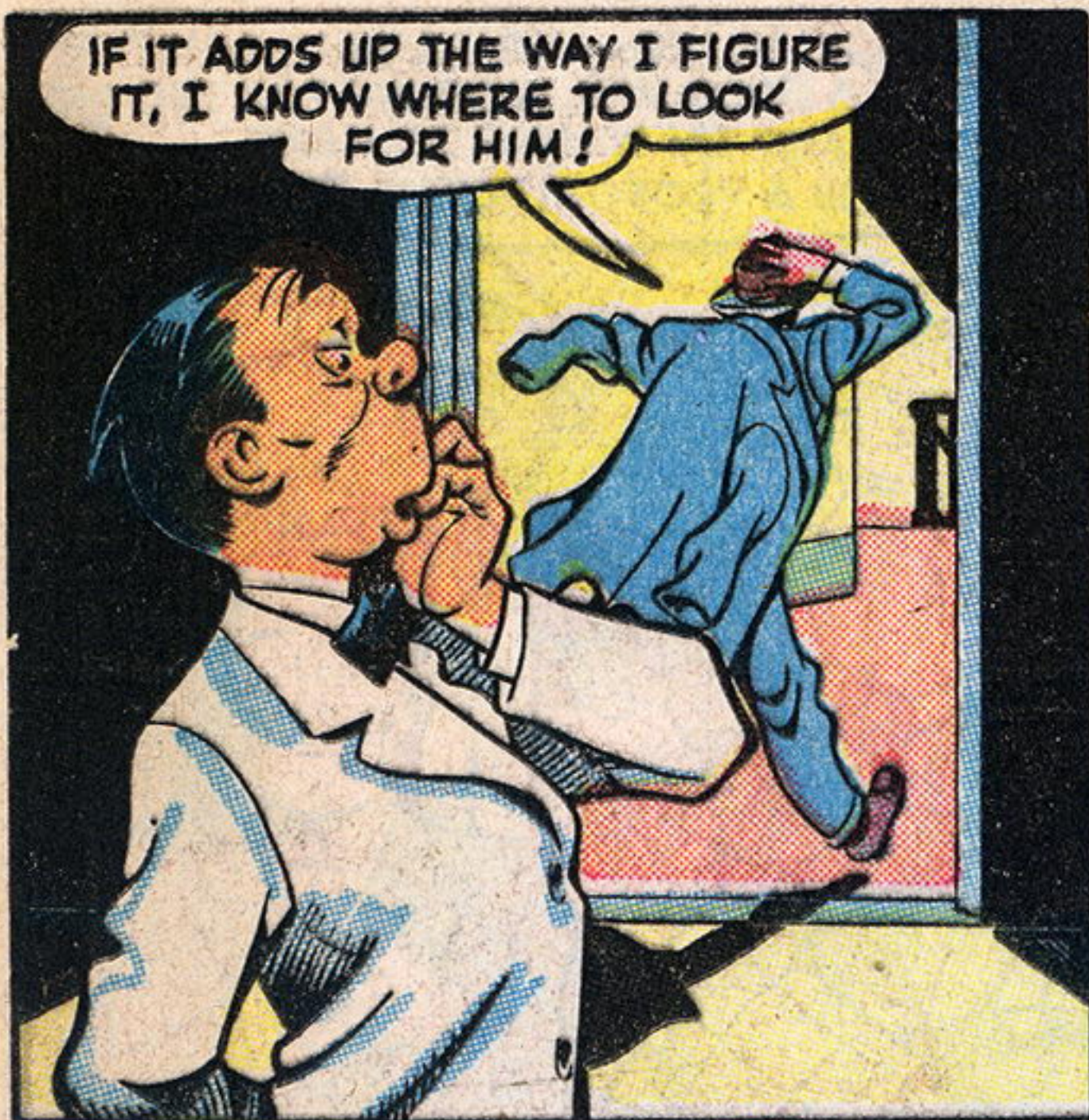


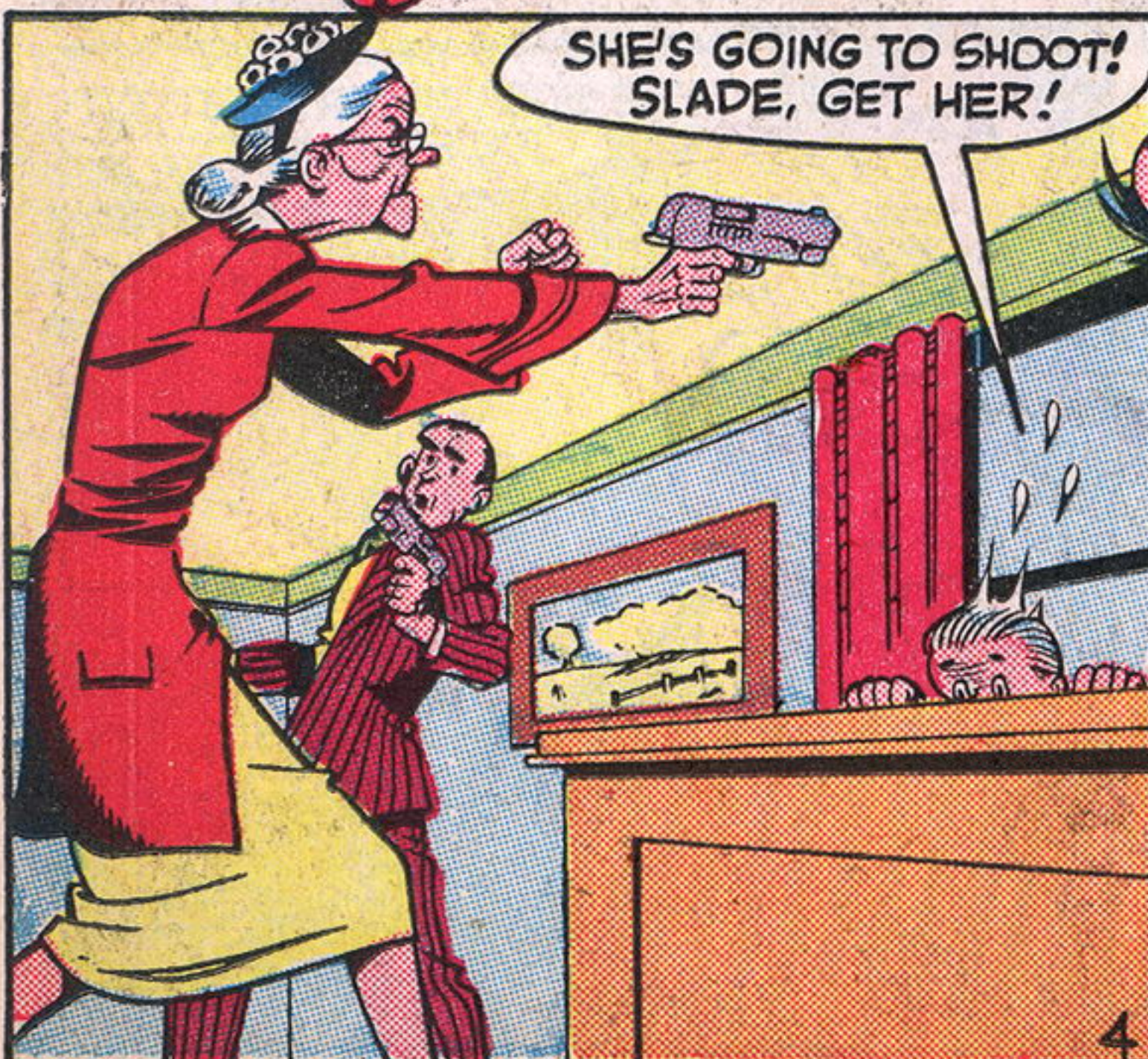
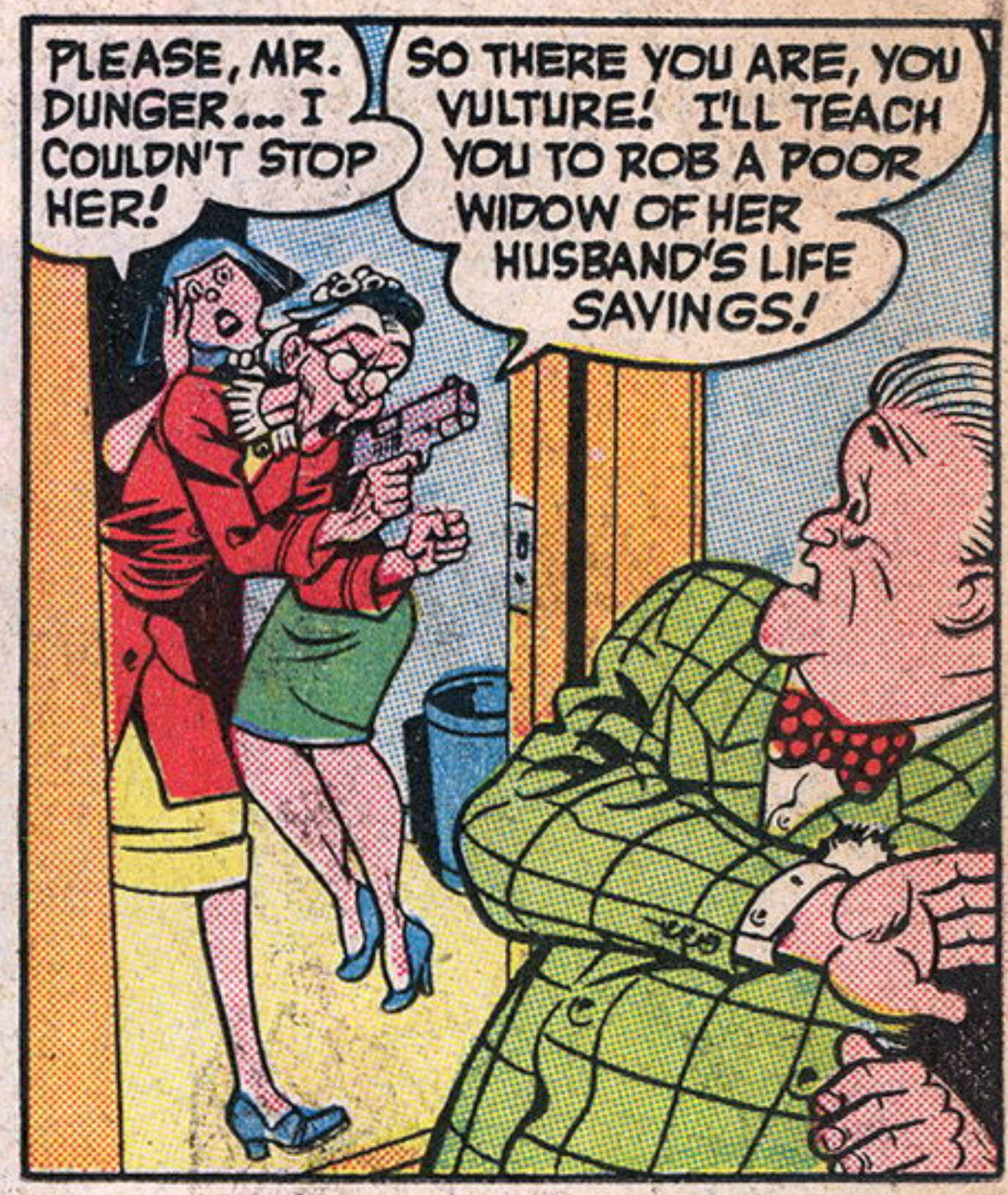
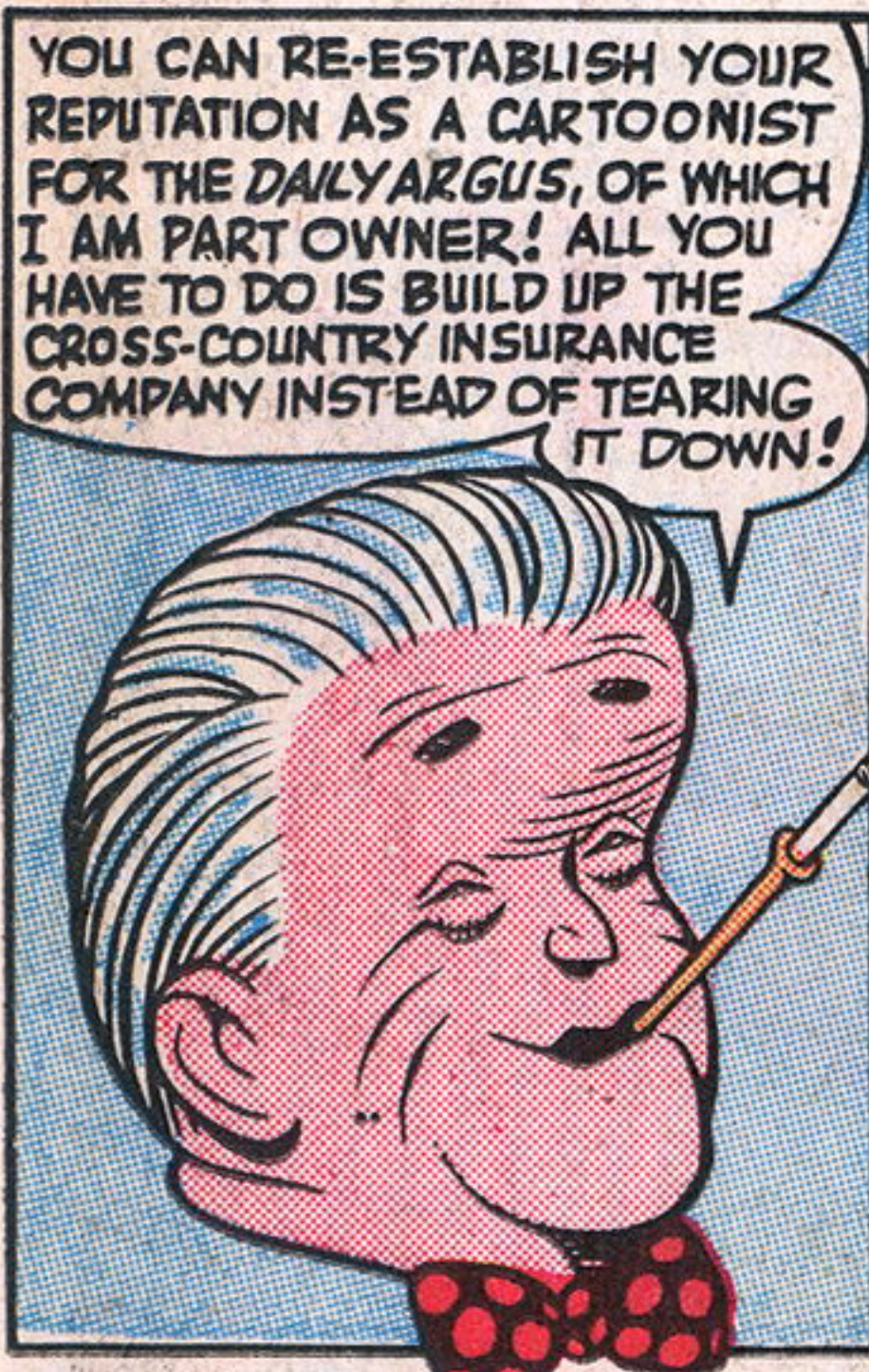
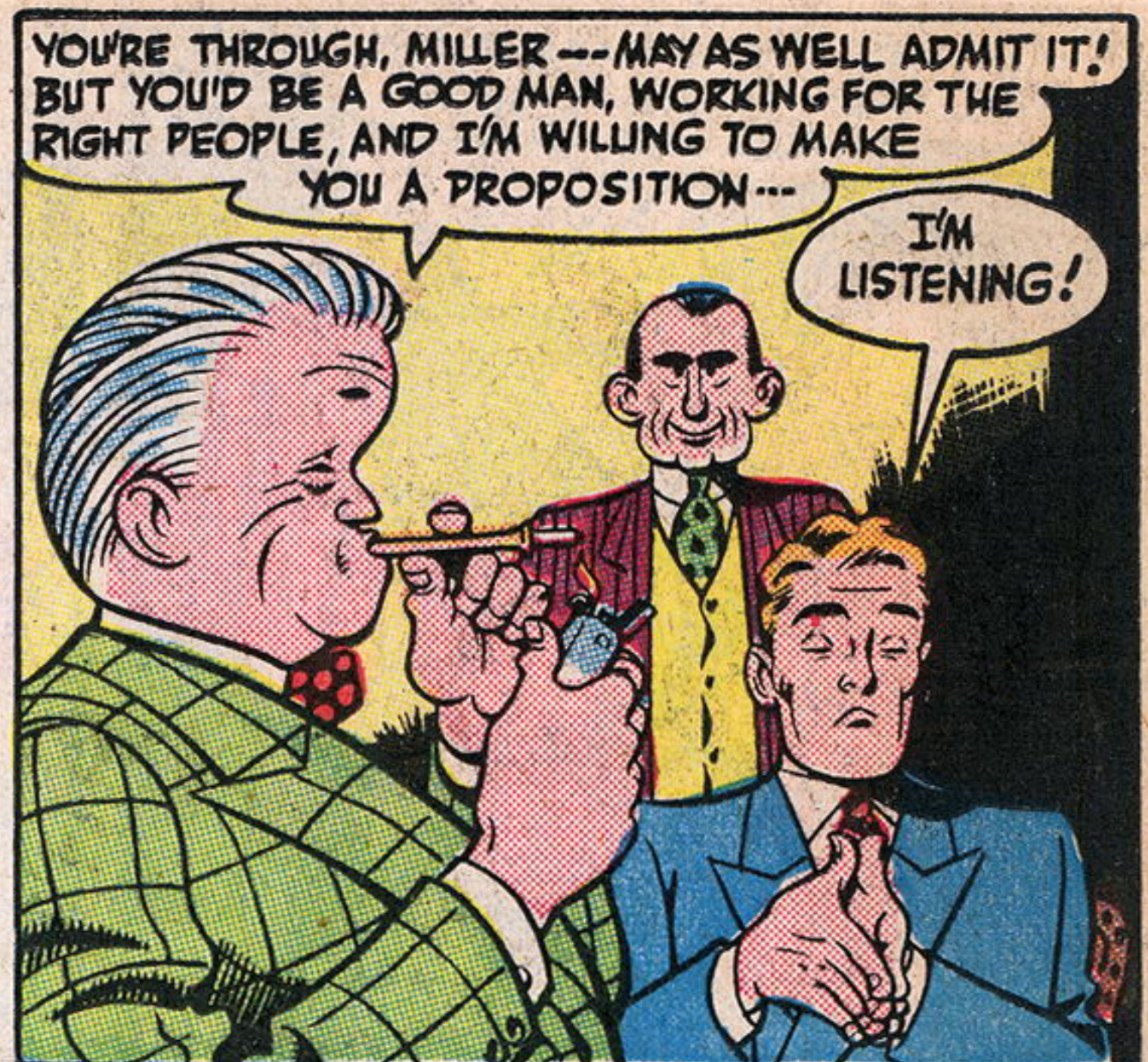
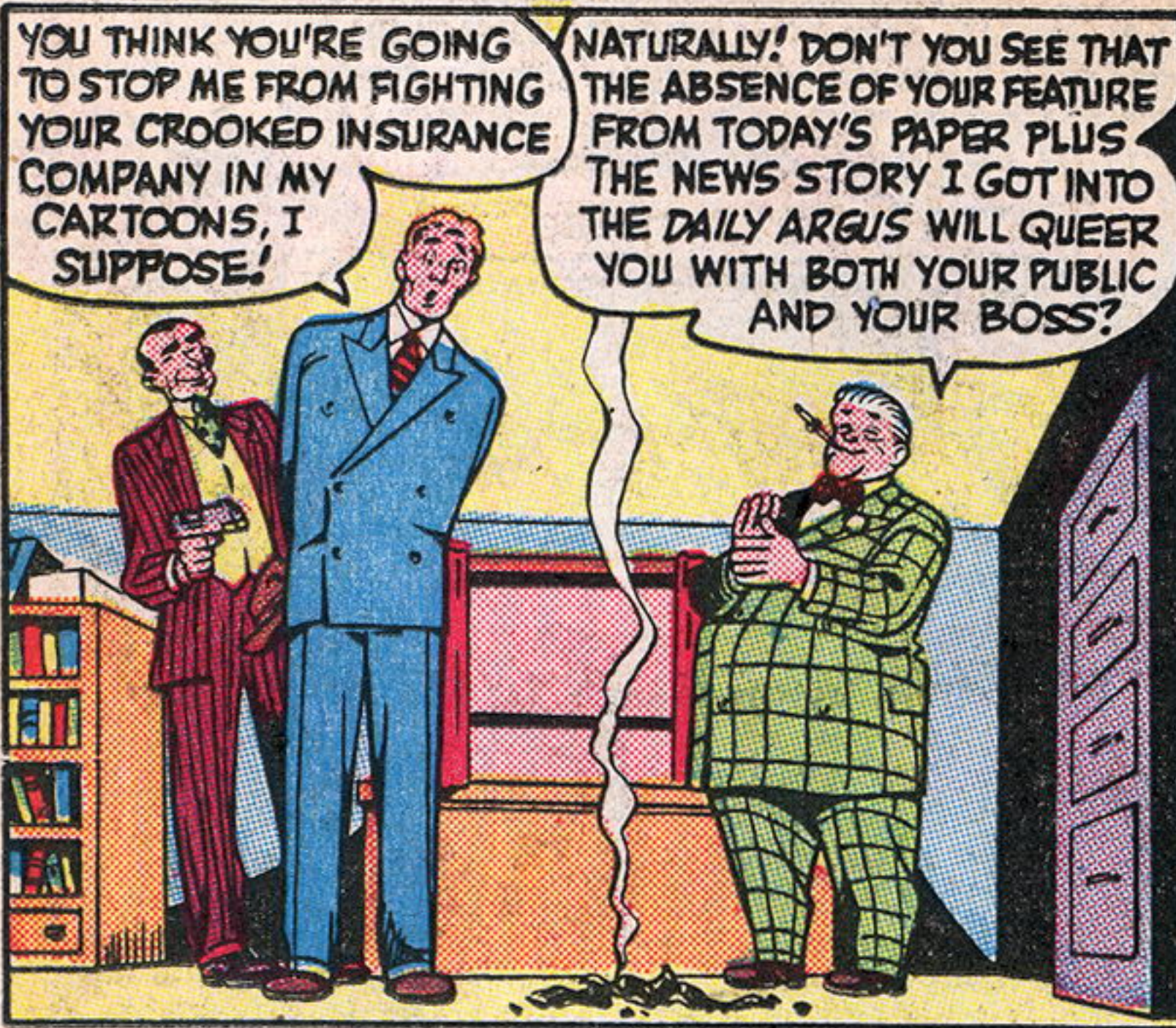


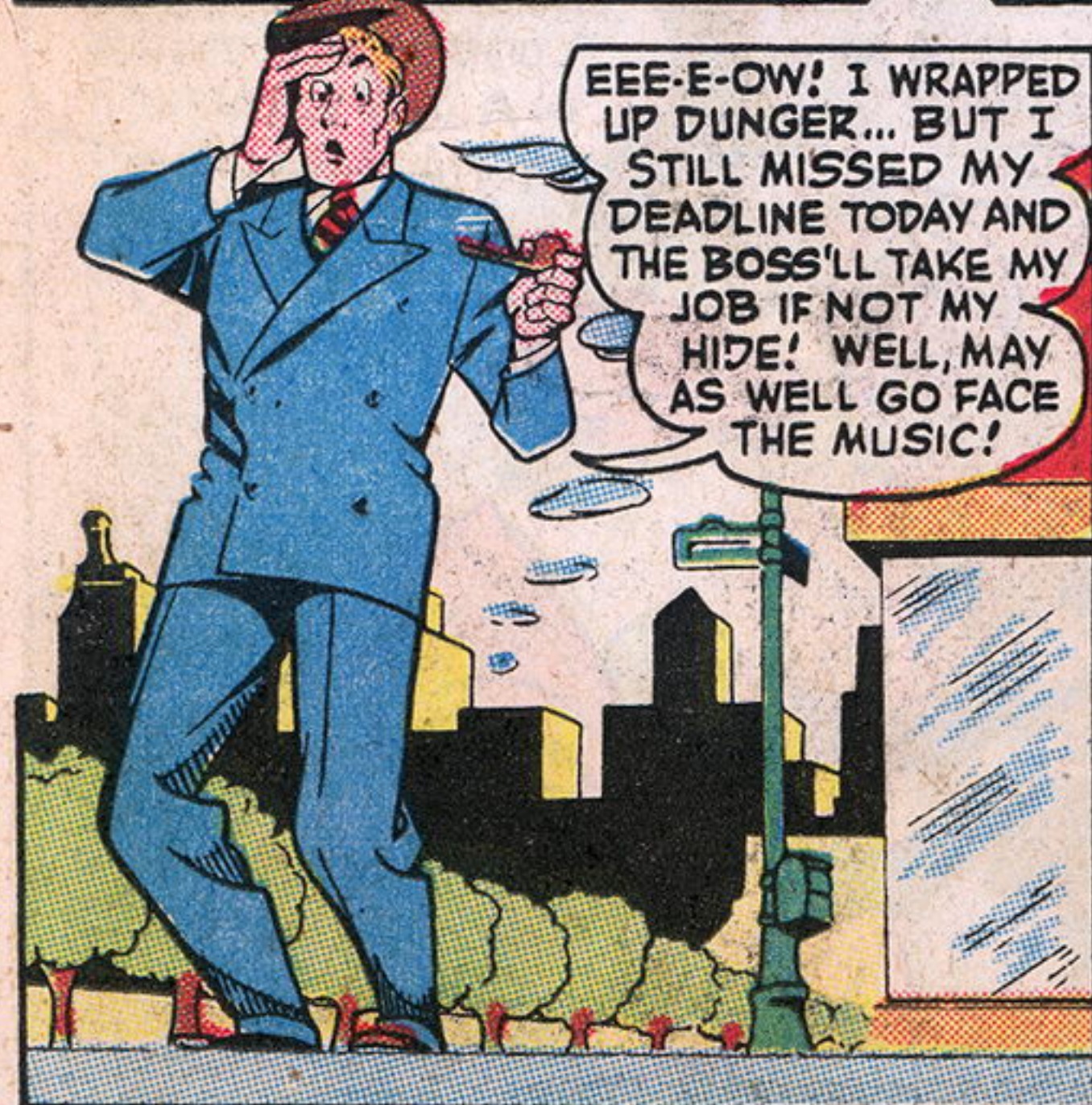
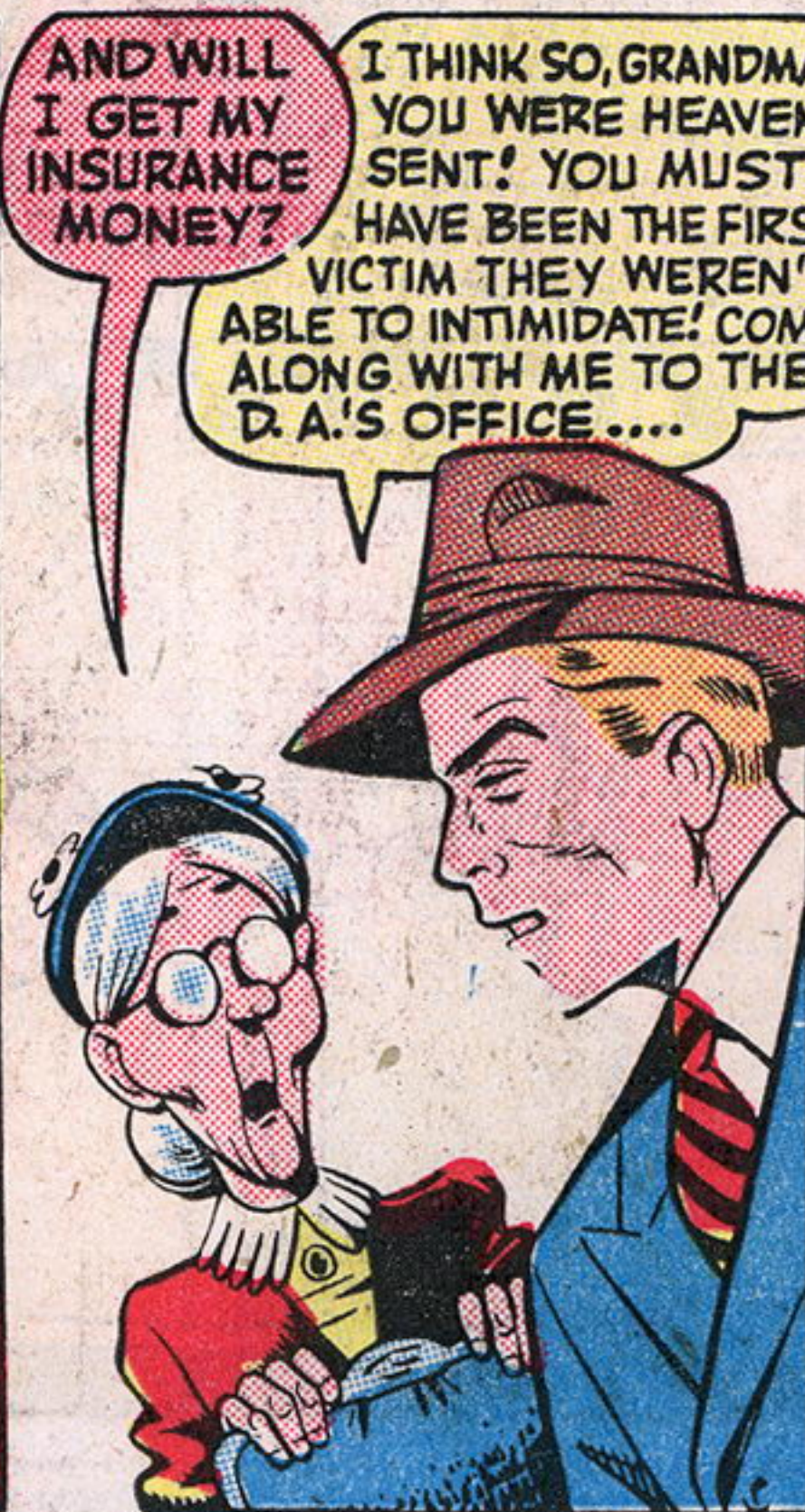
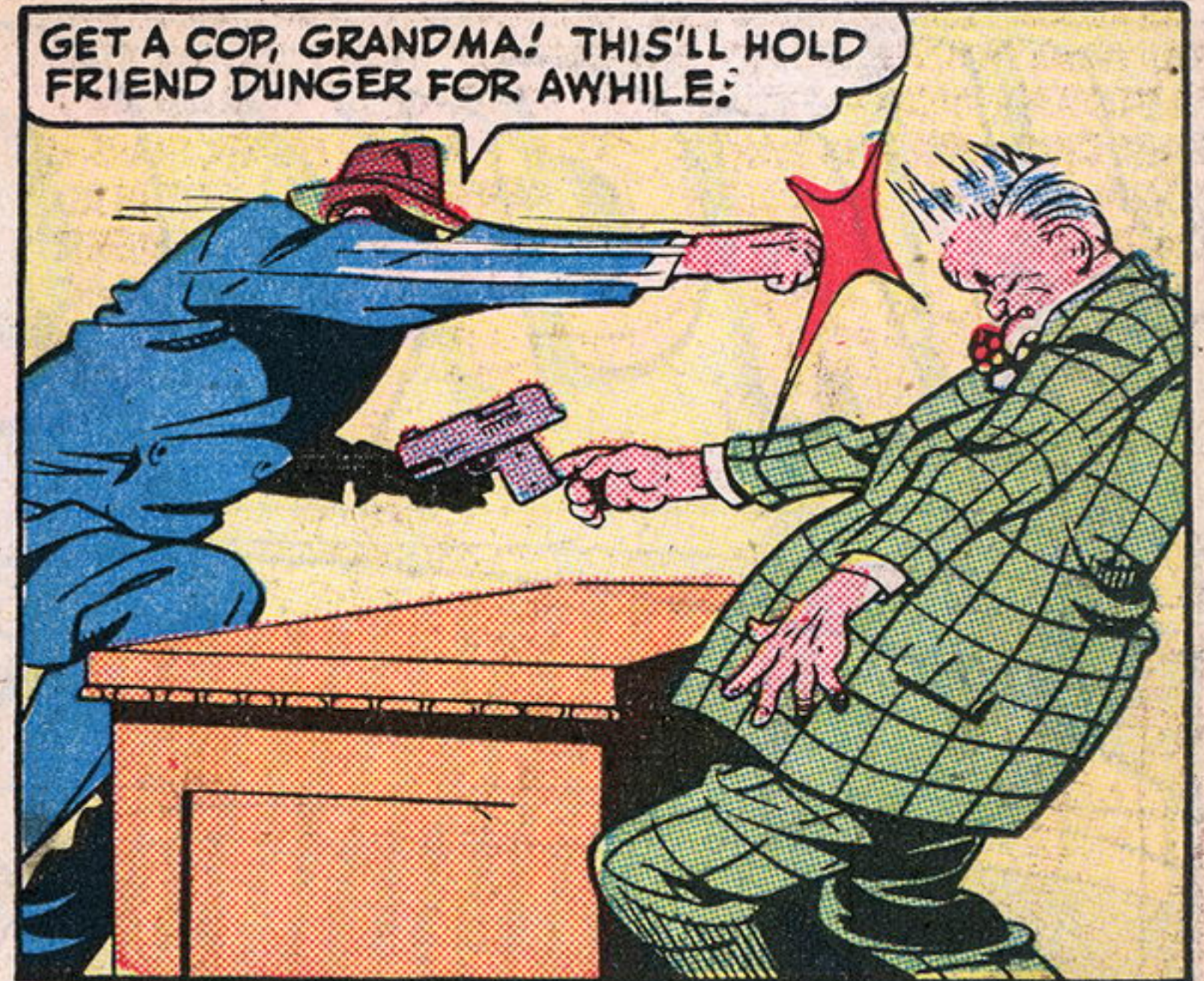
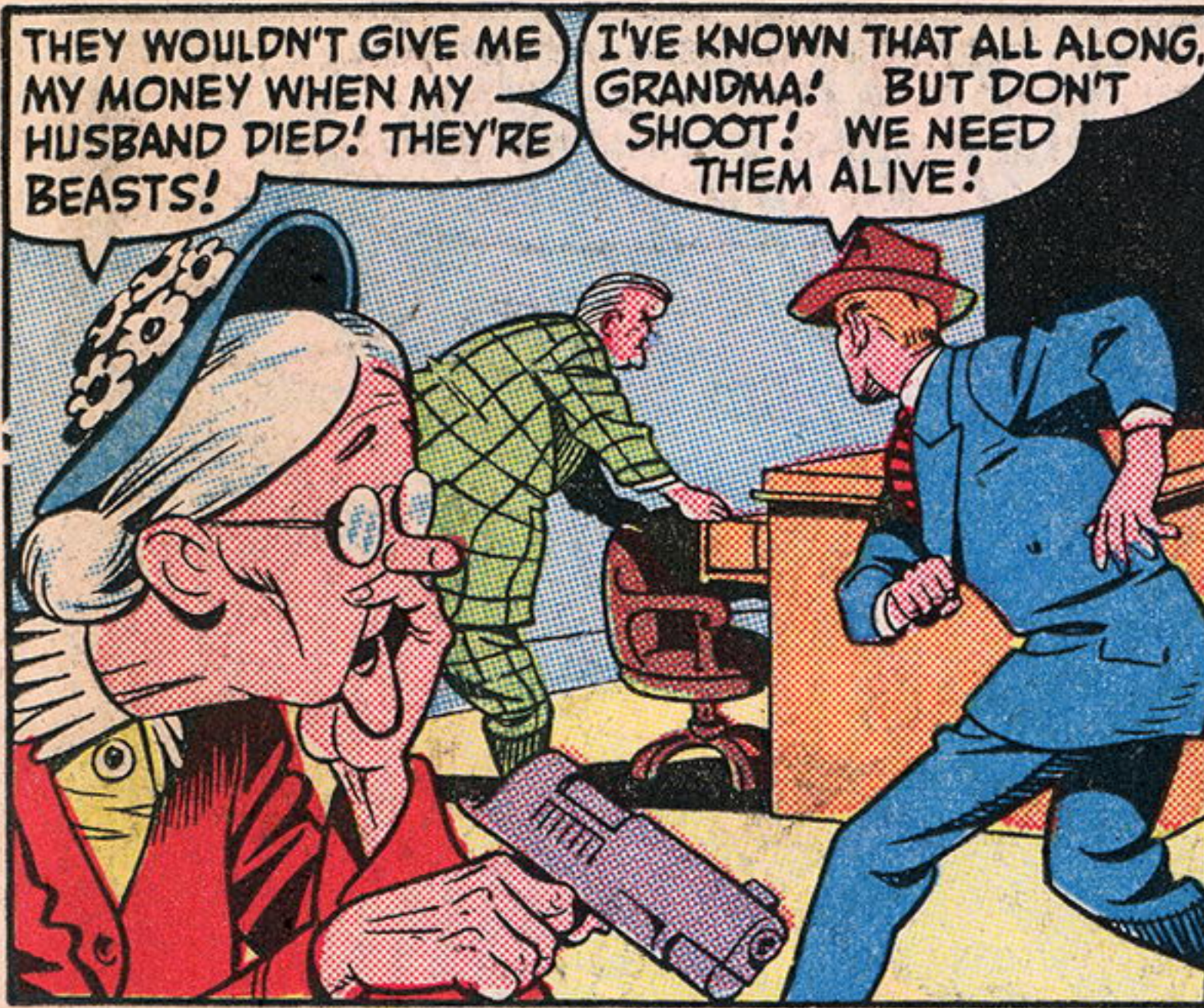




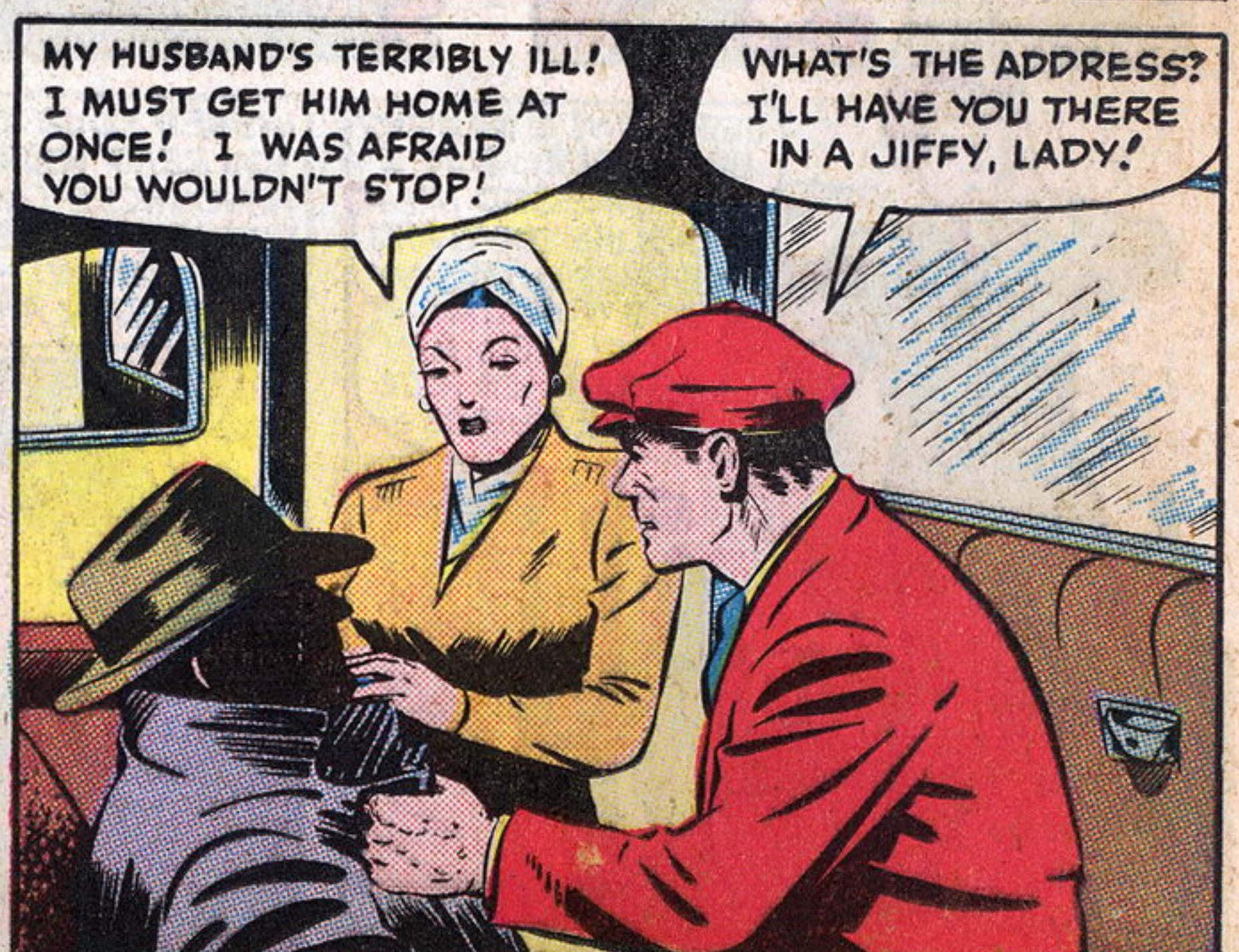
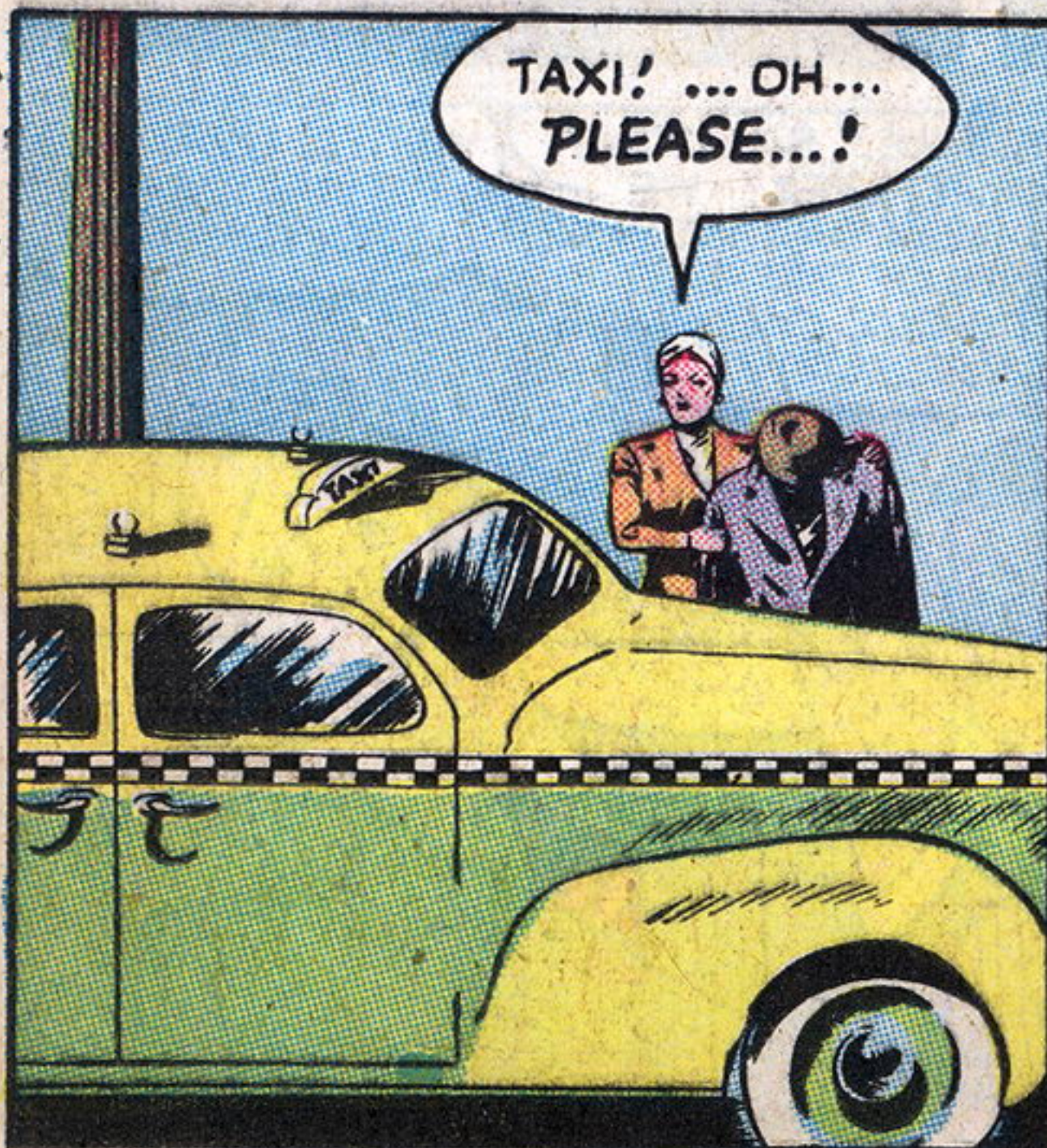
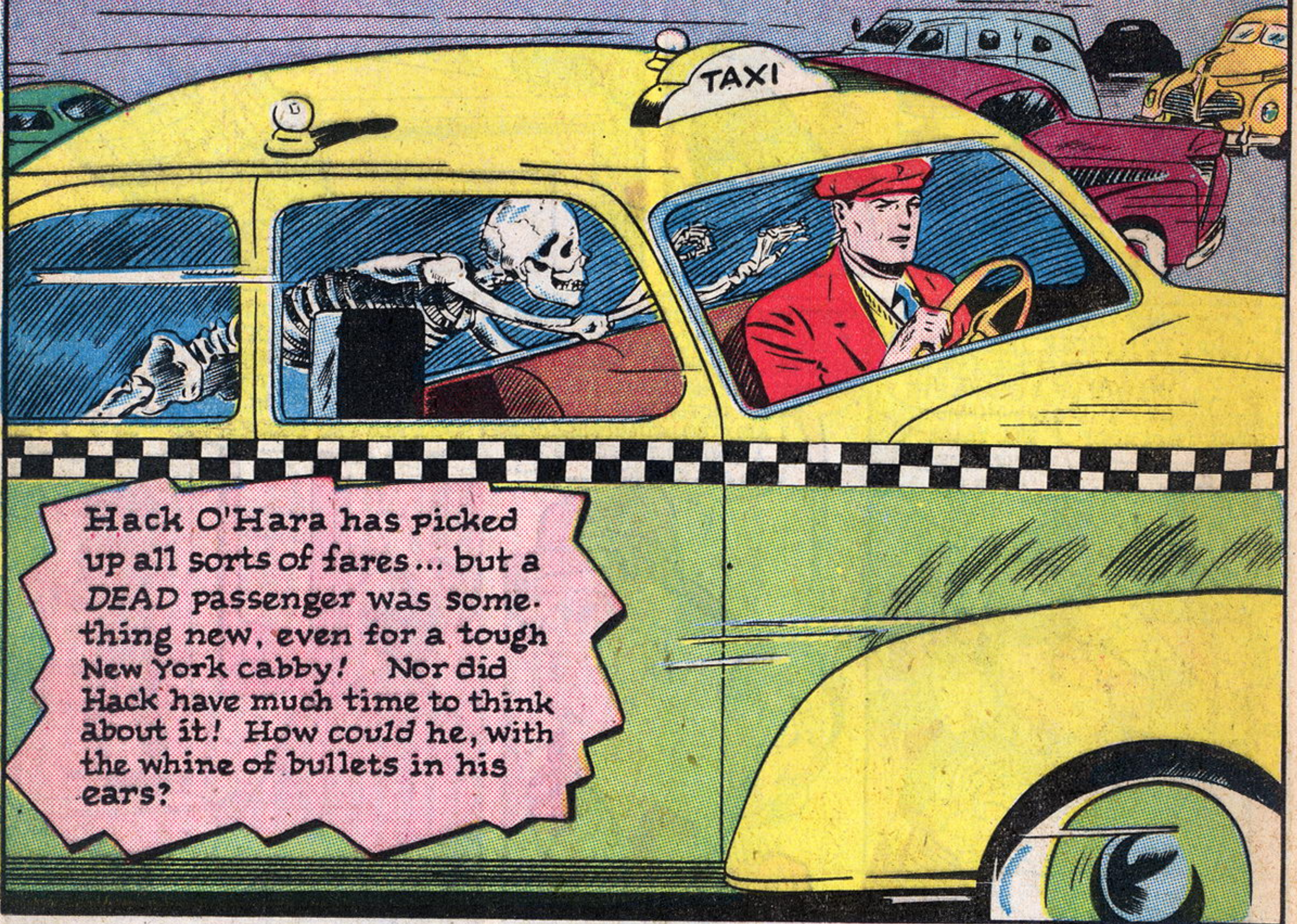


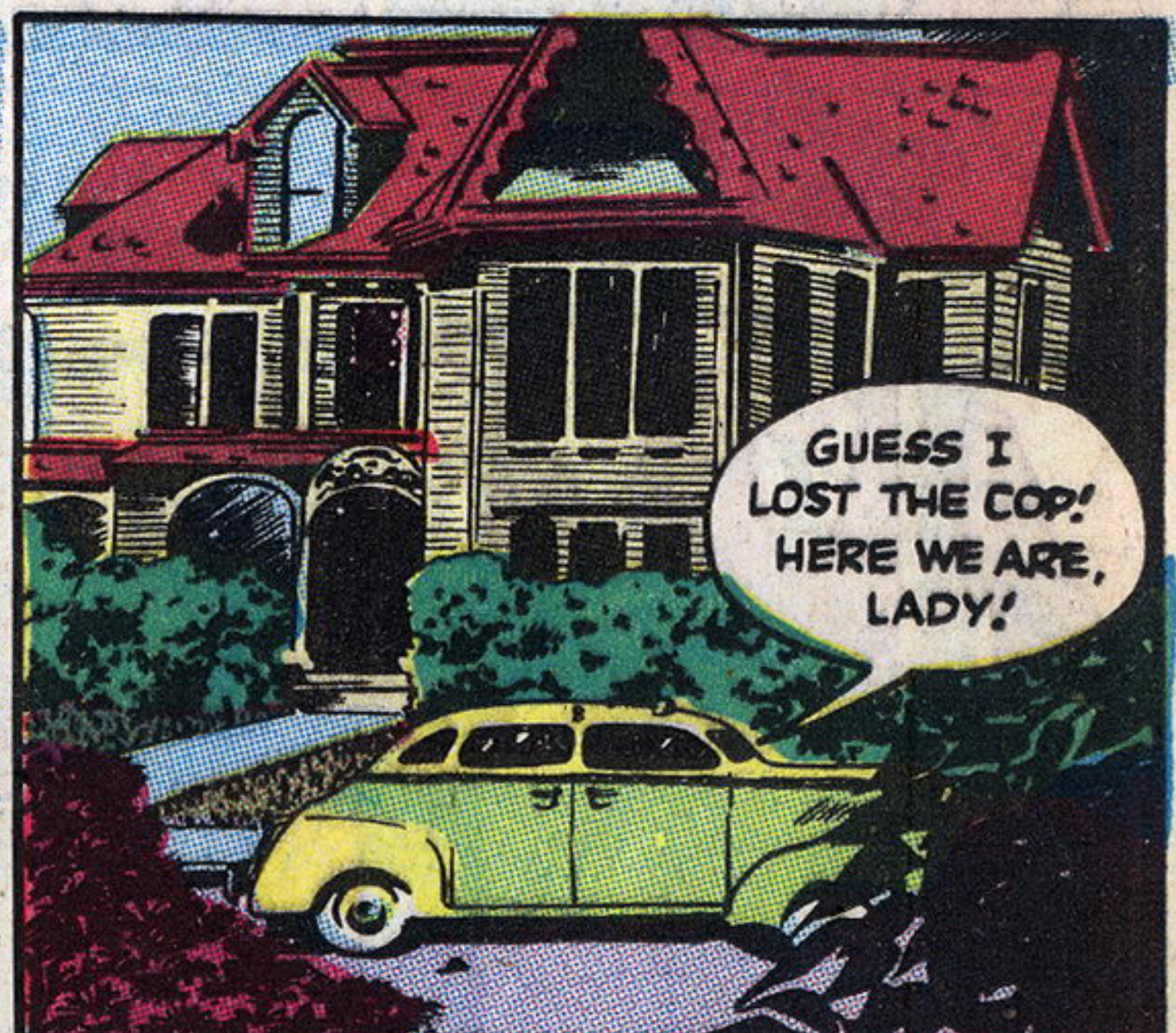
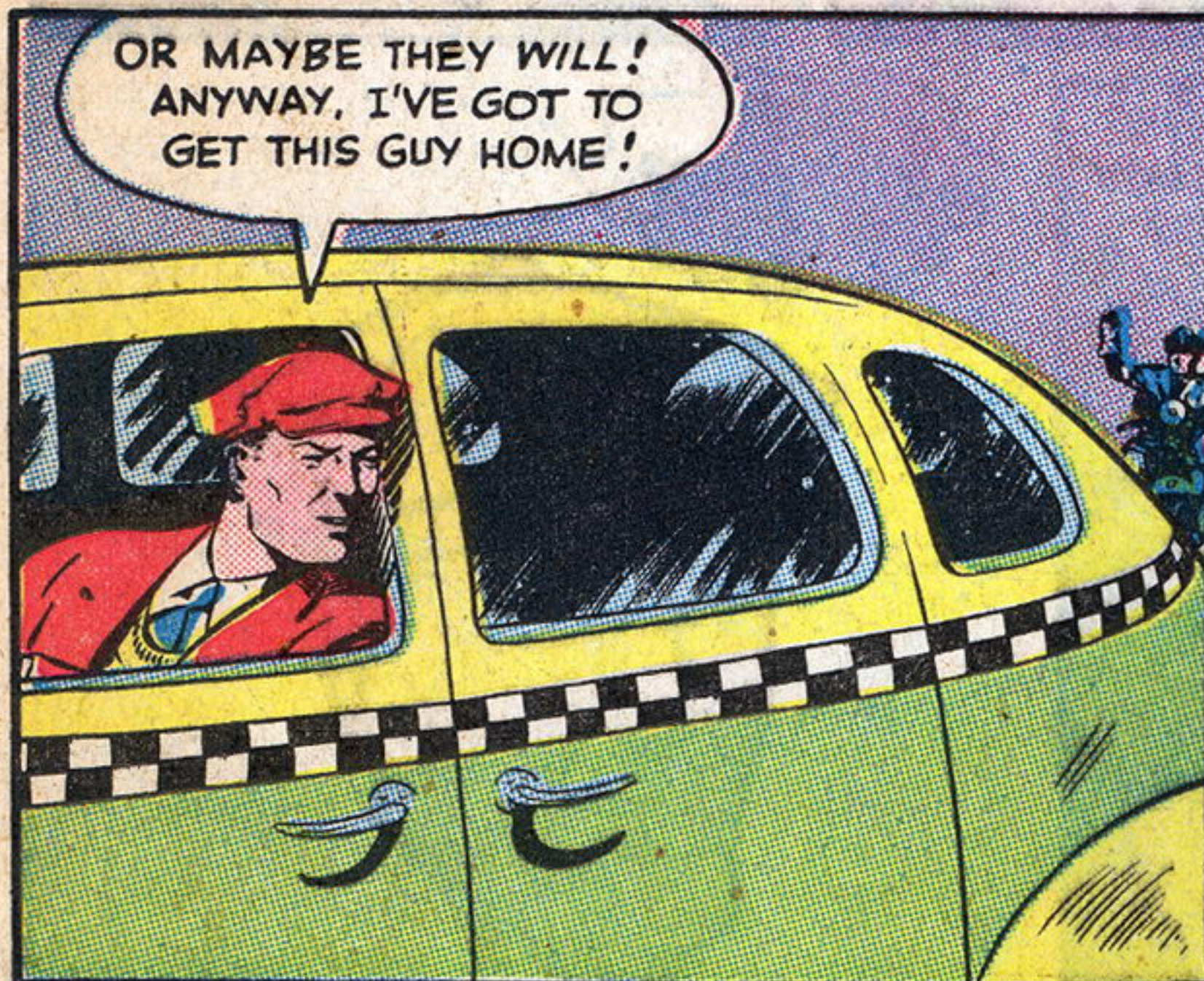
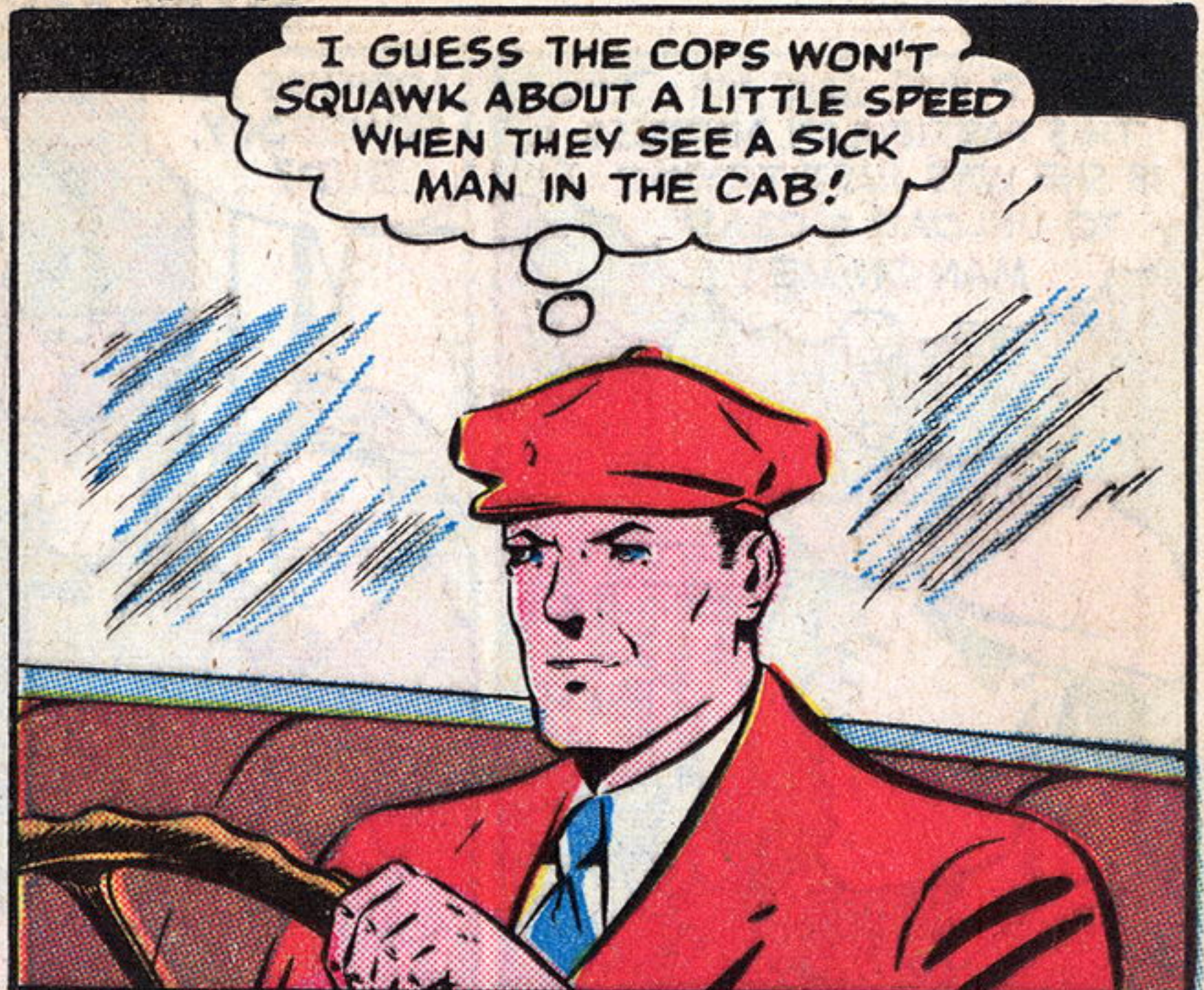


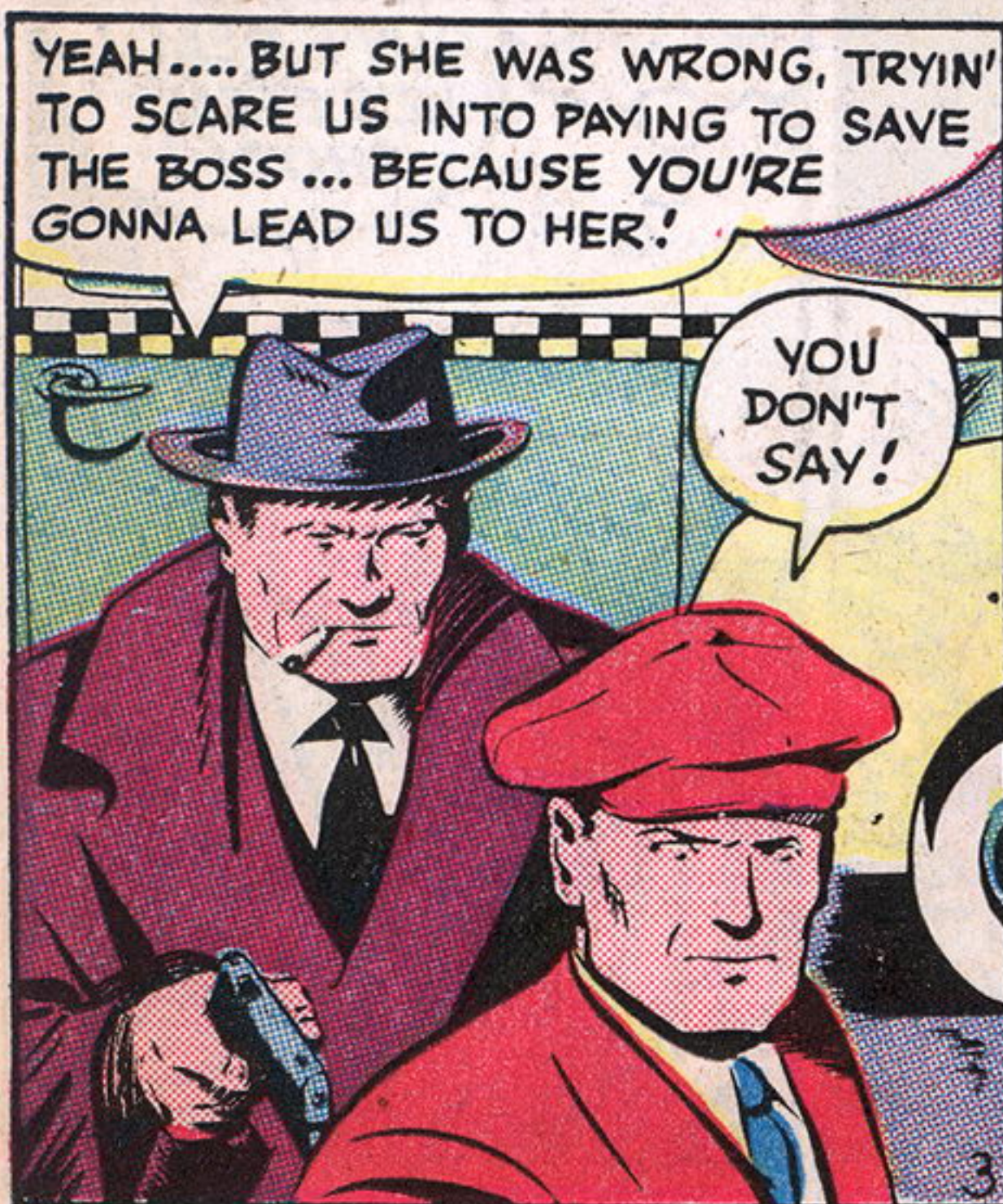
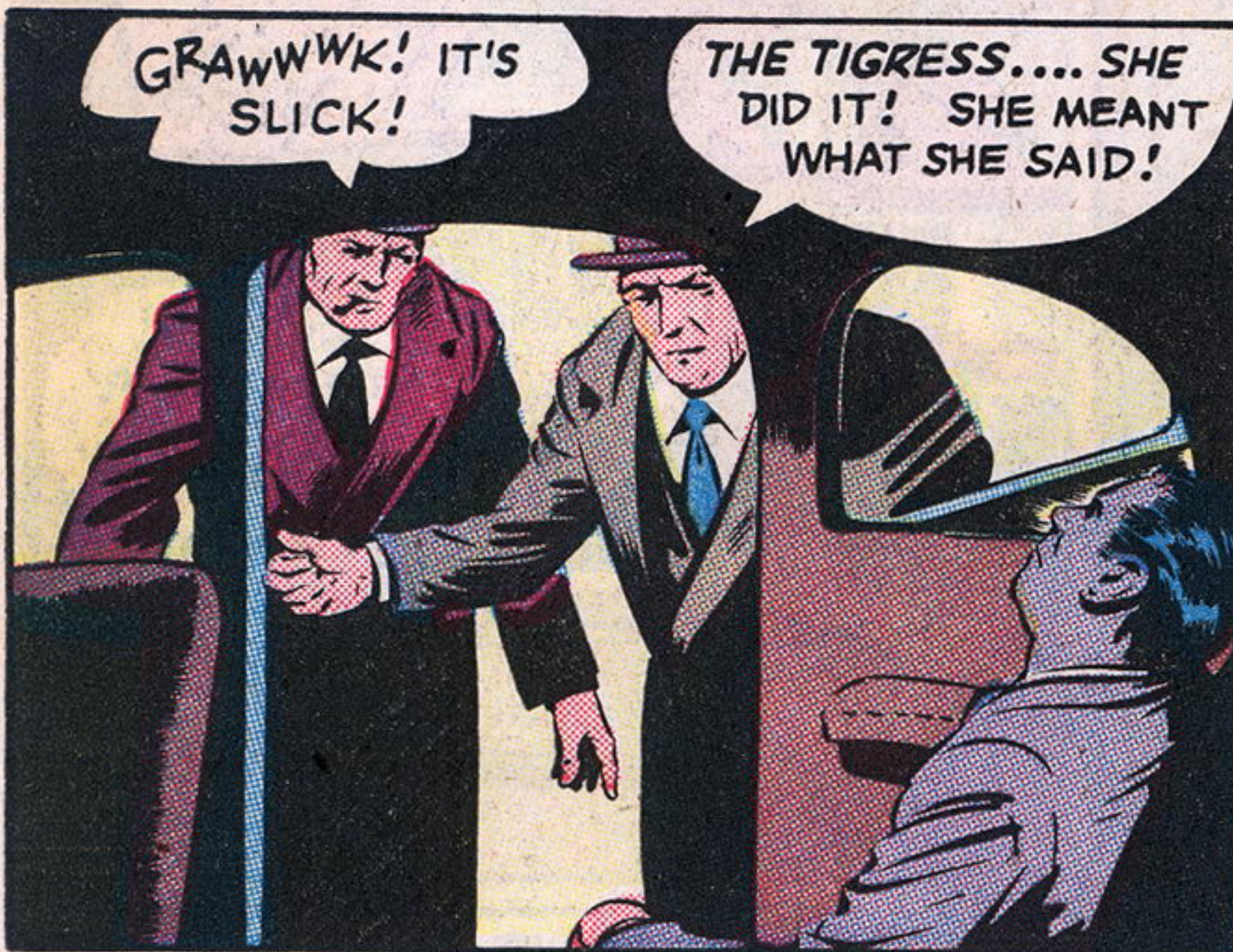


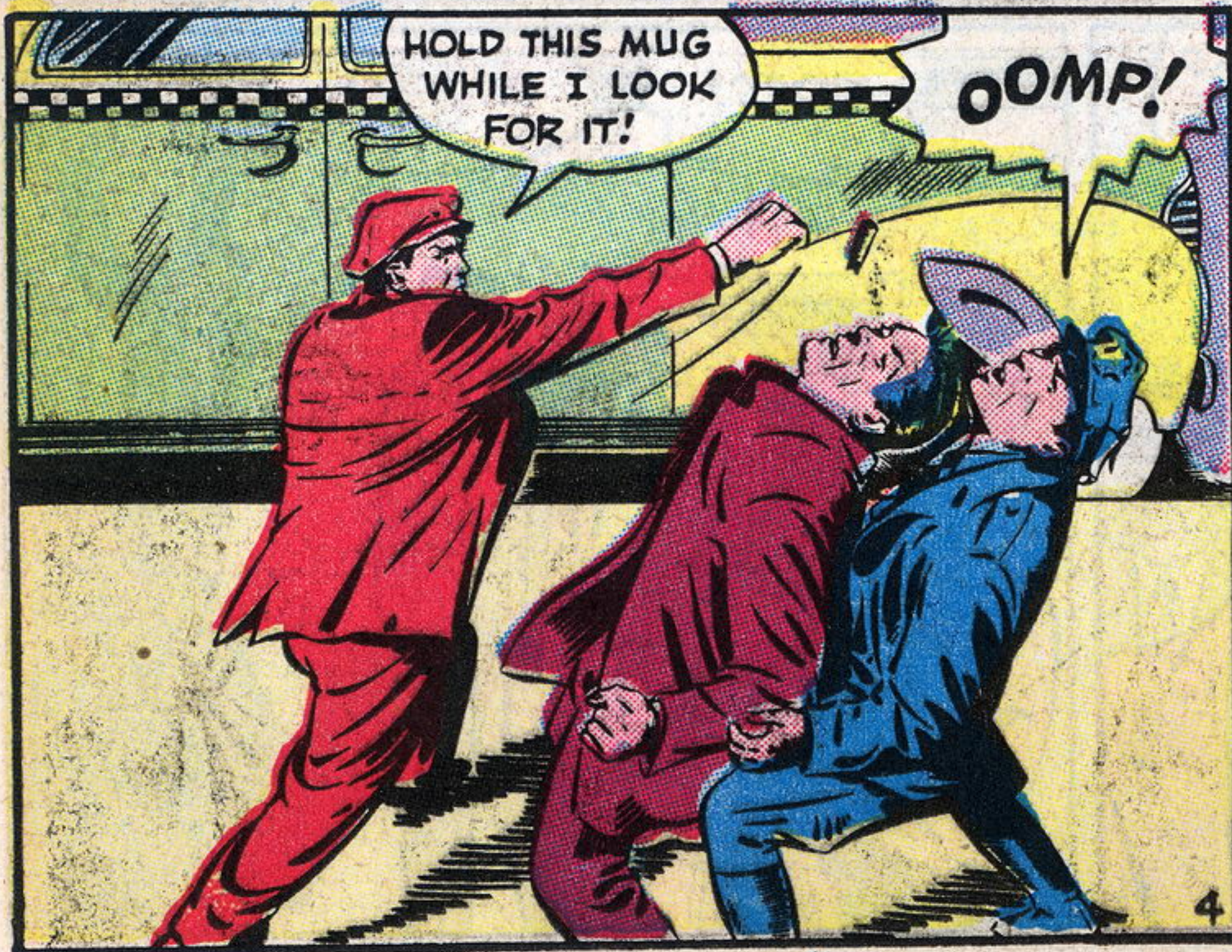
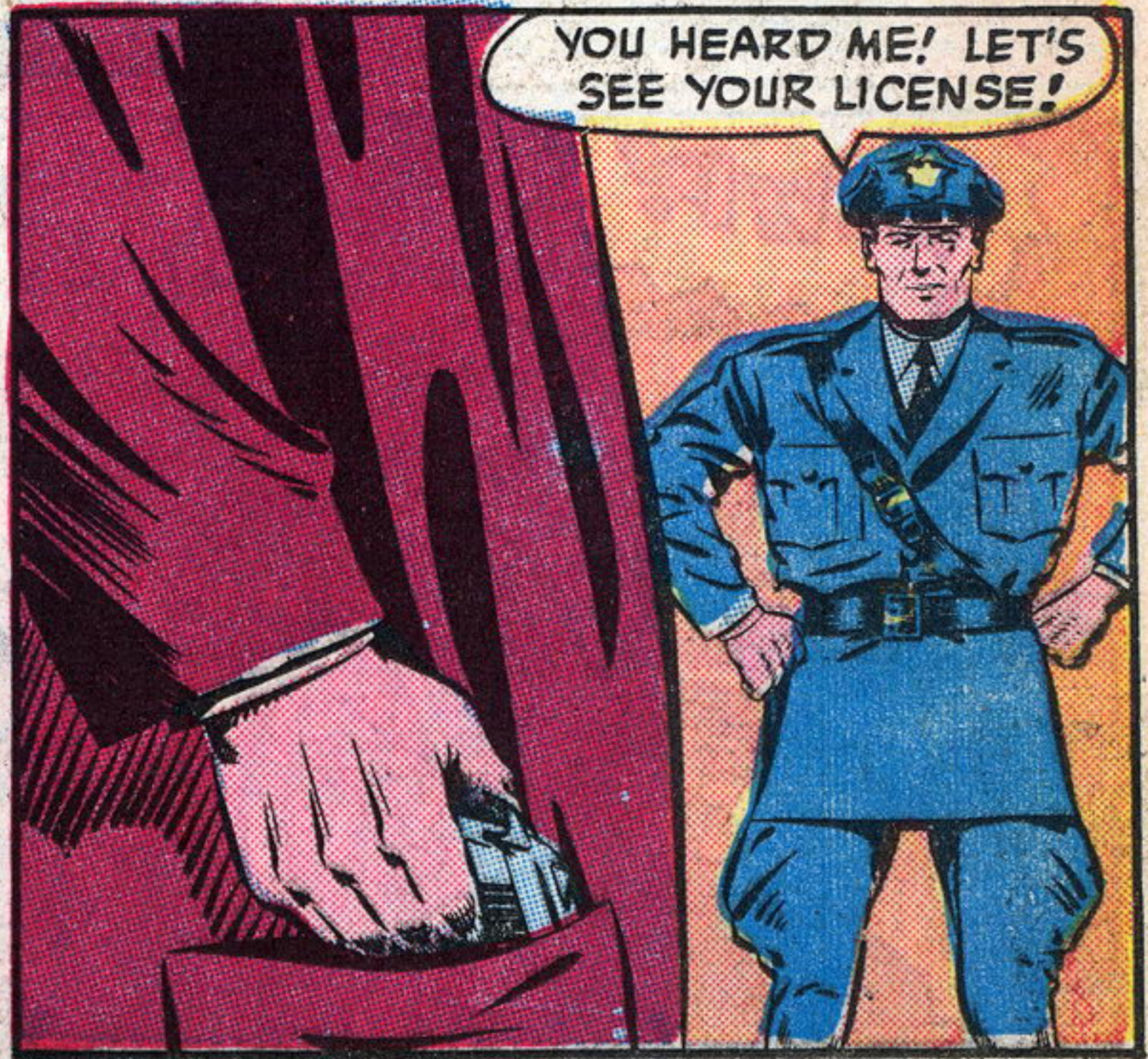
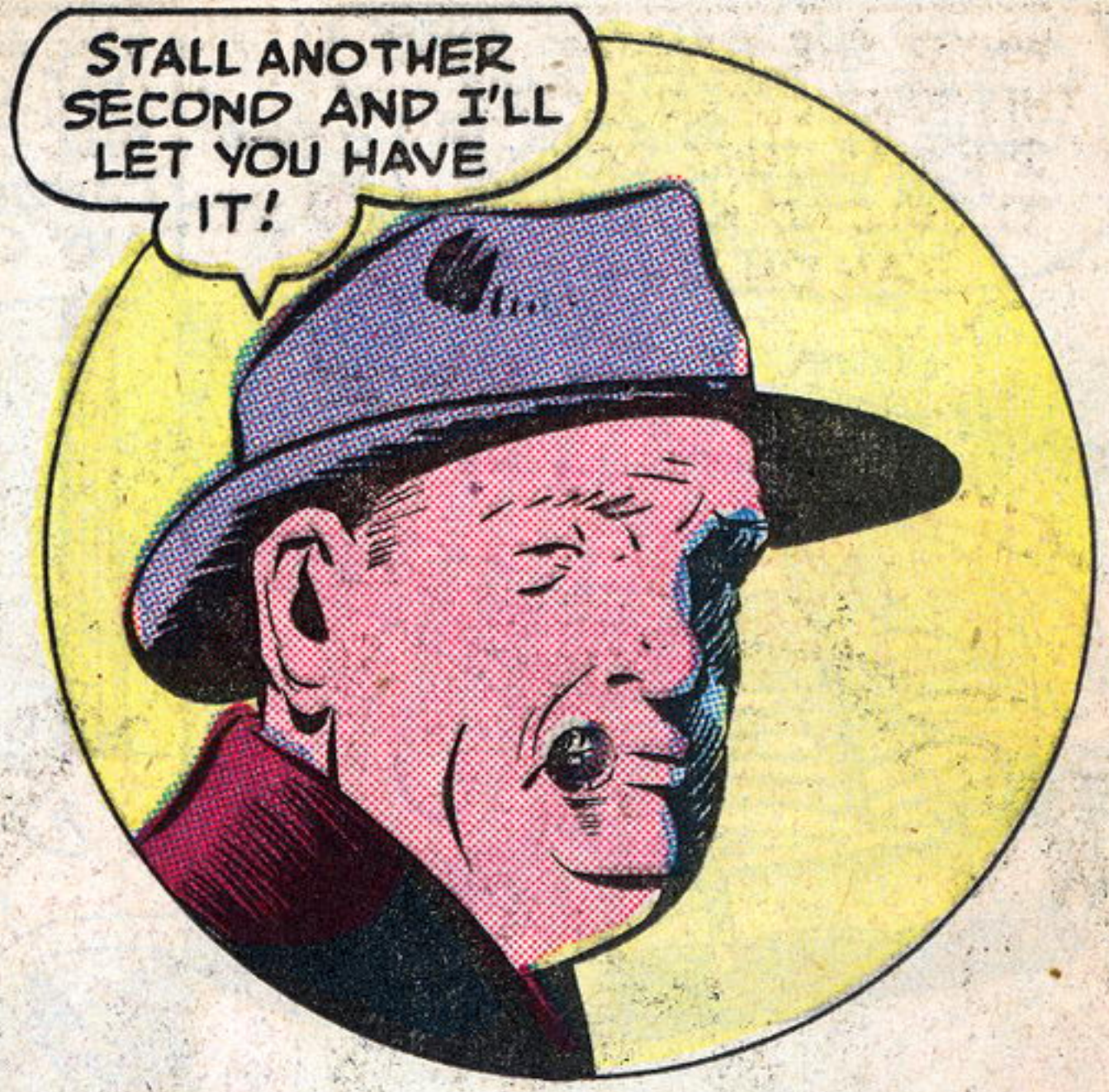
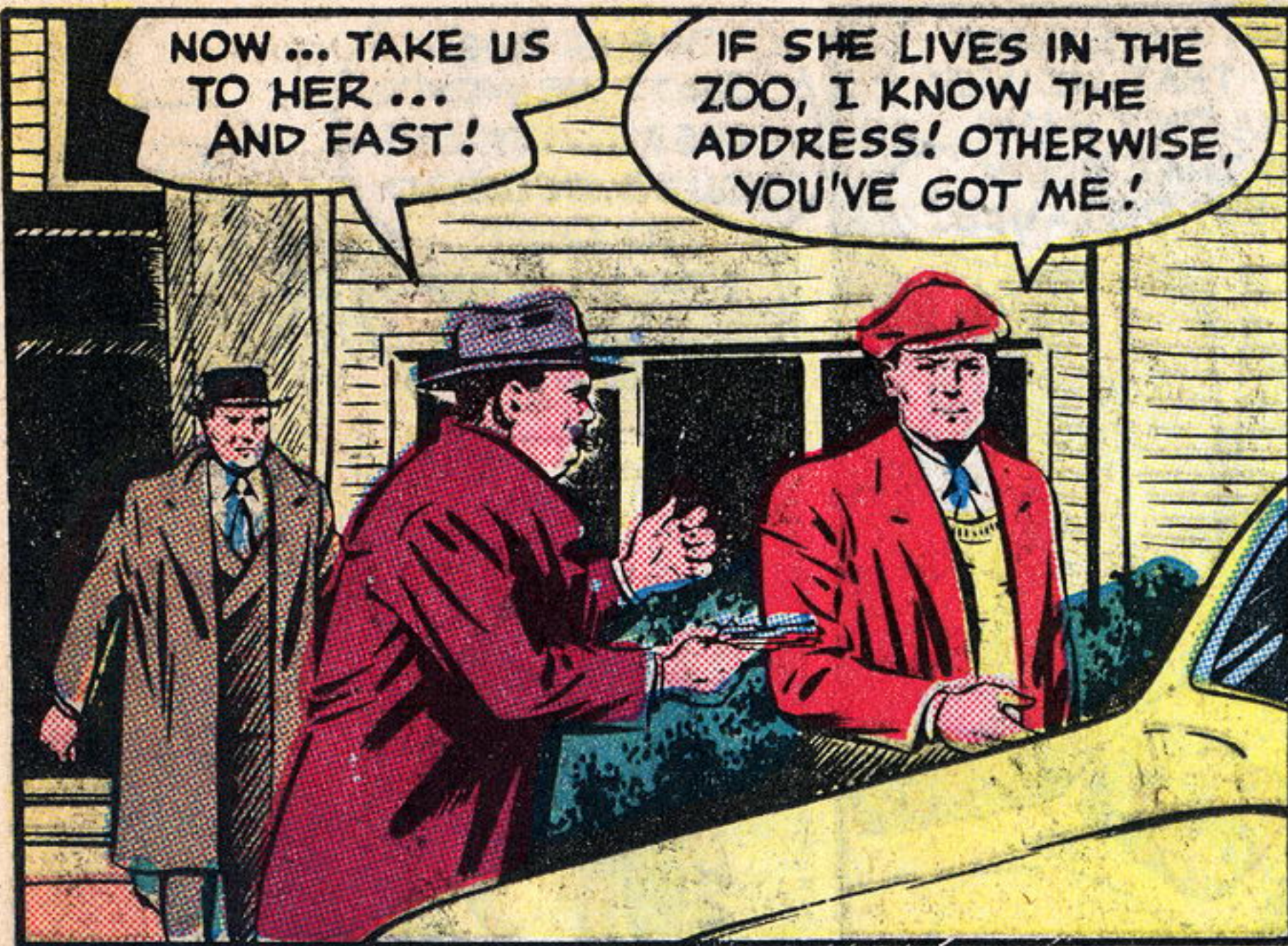


HACK O'HARA

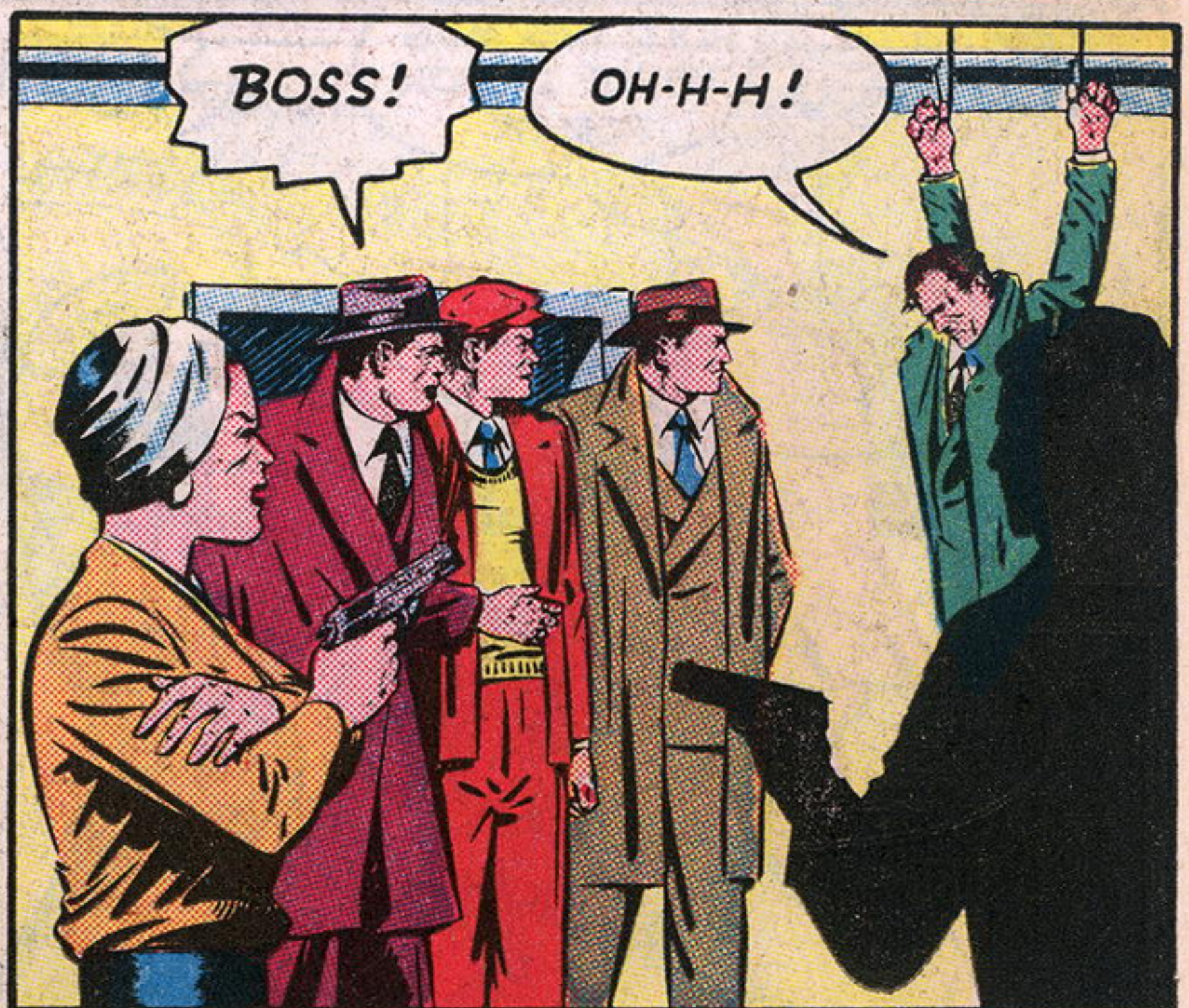
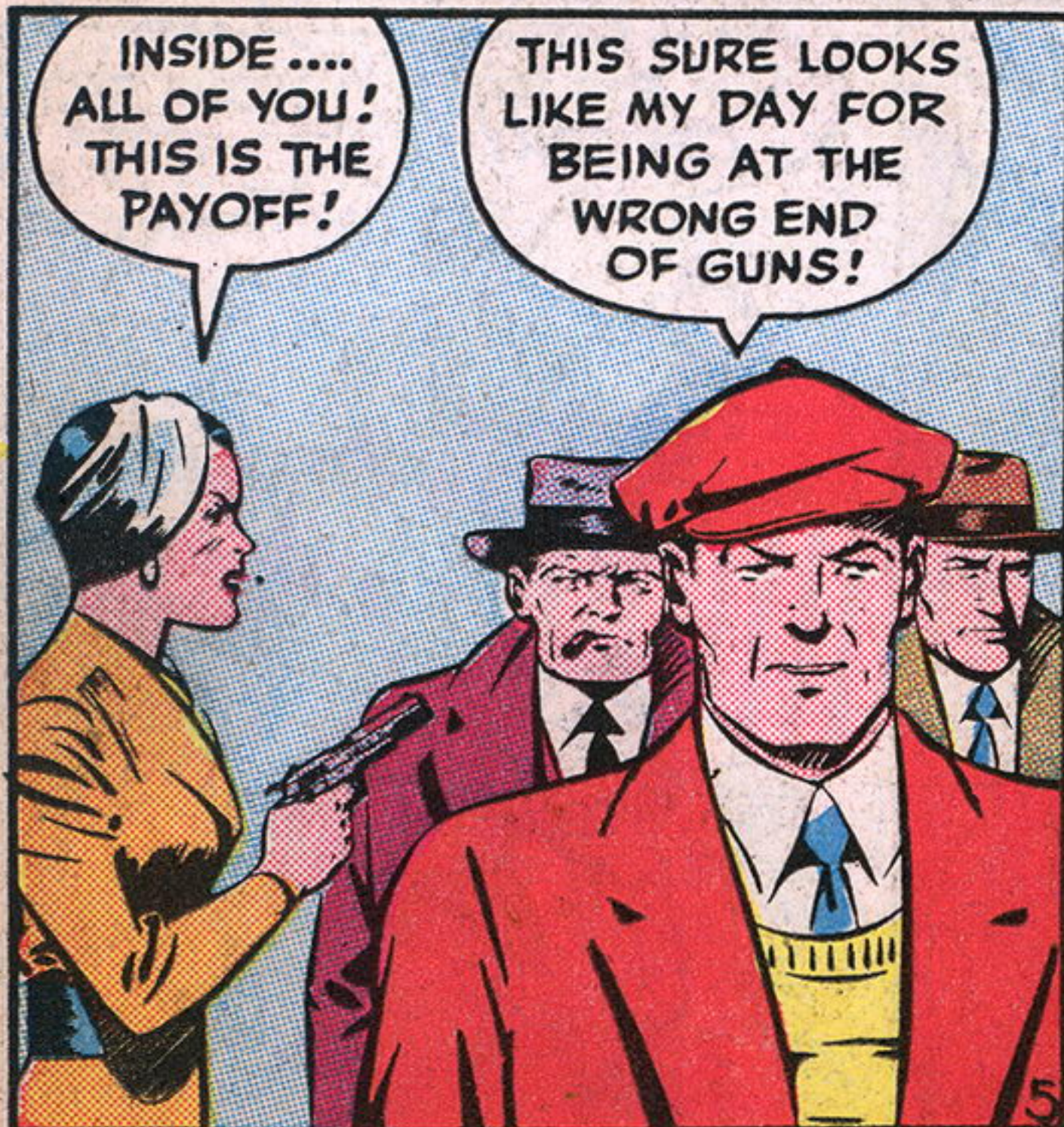
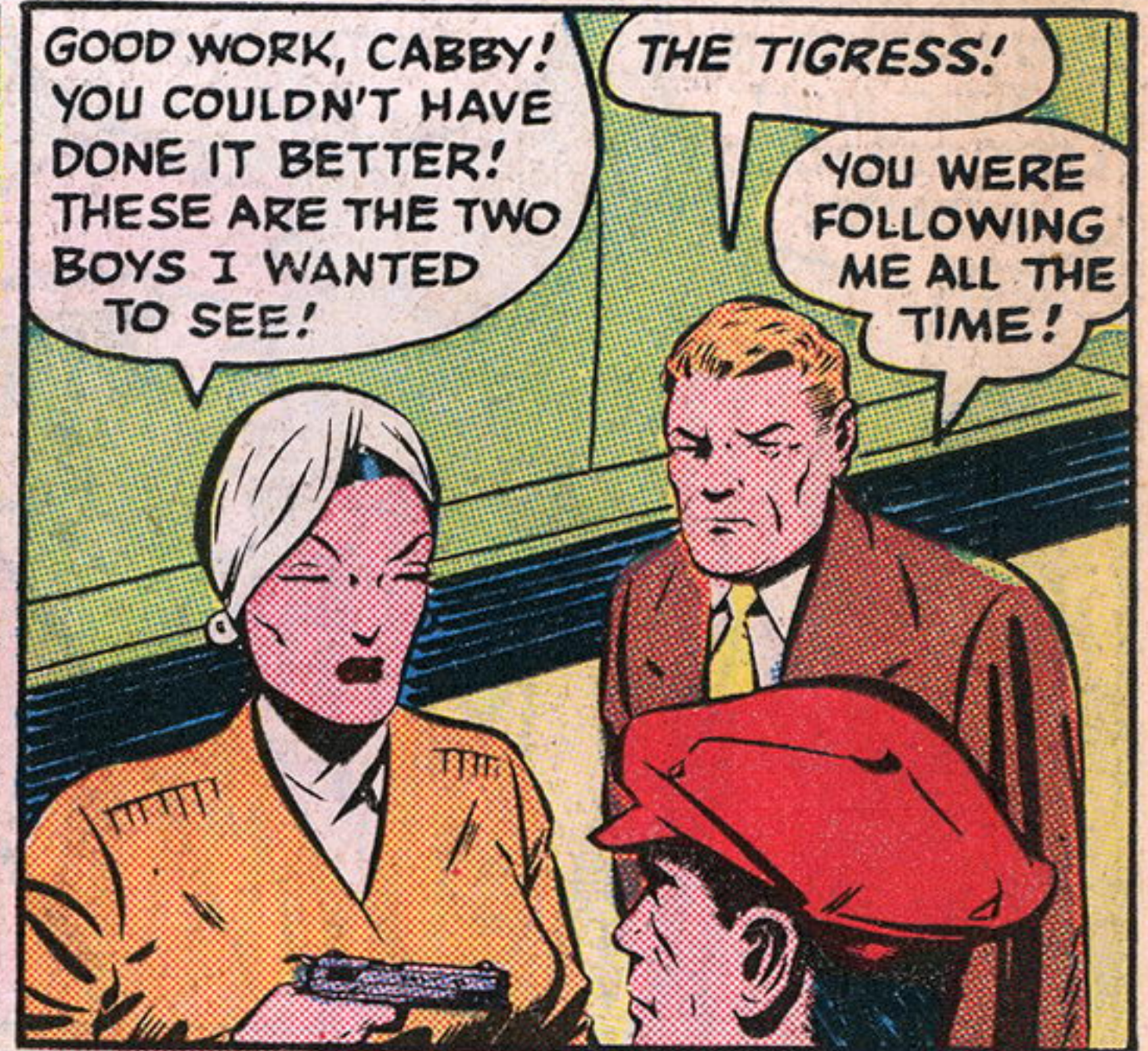
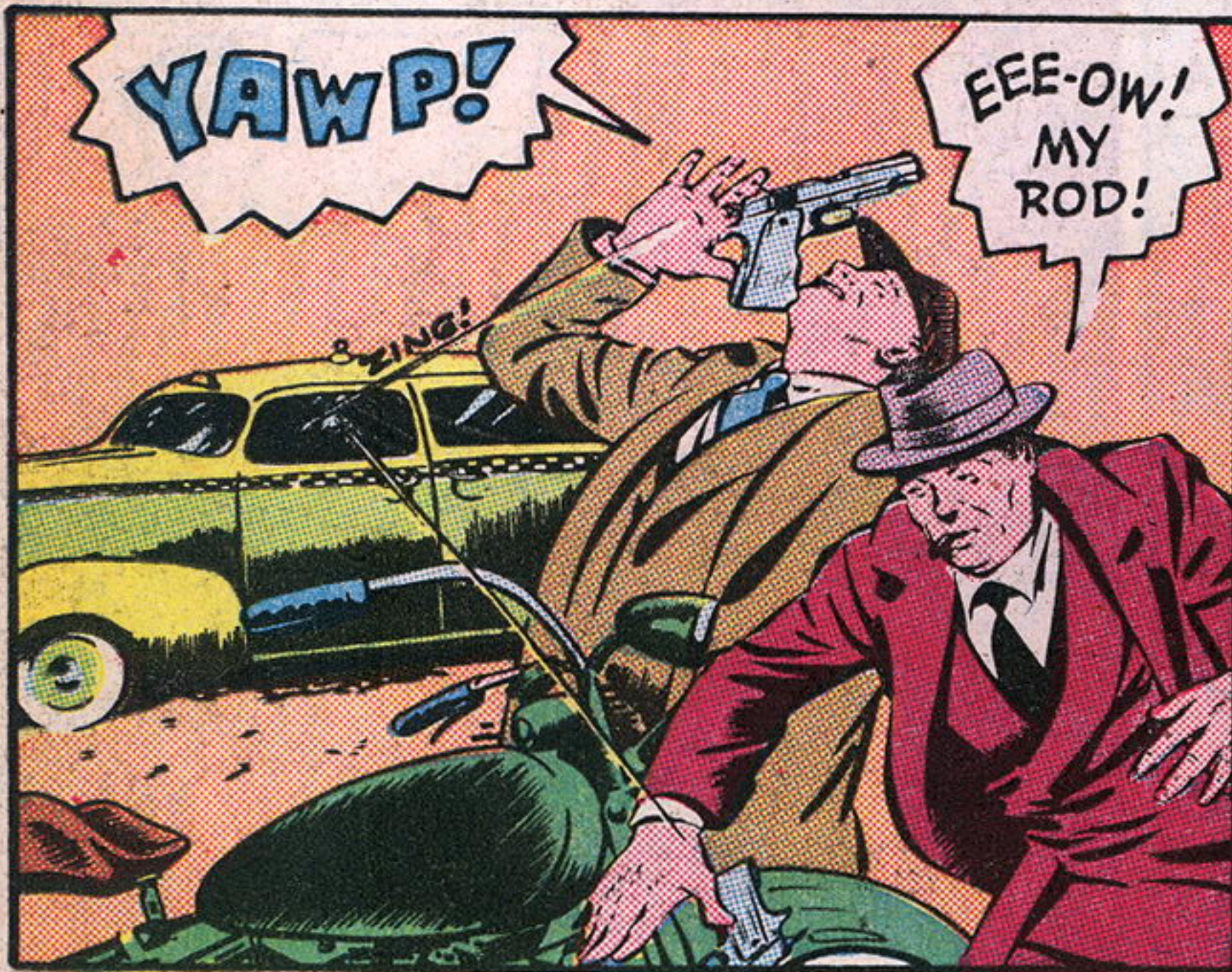
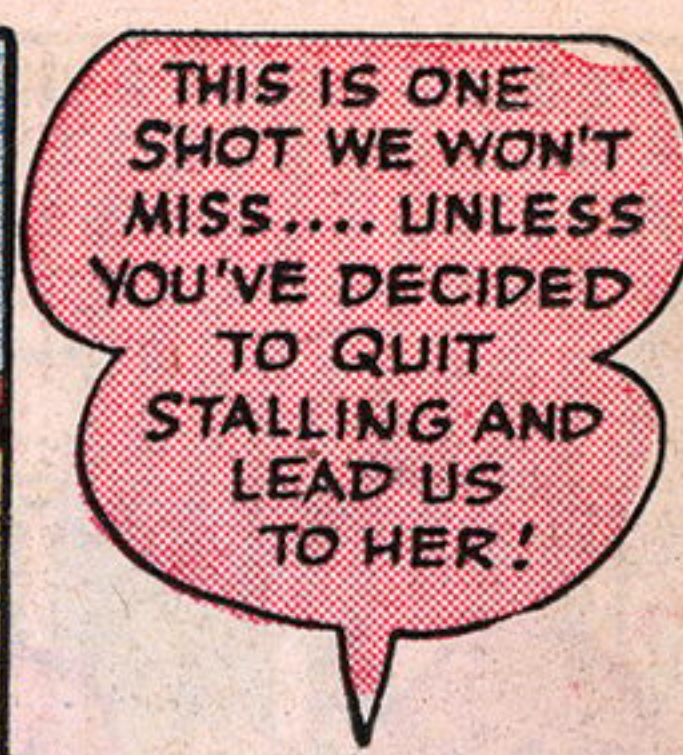
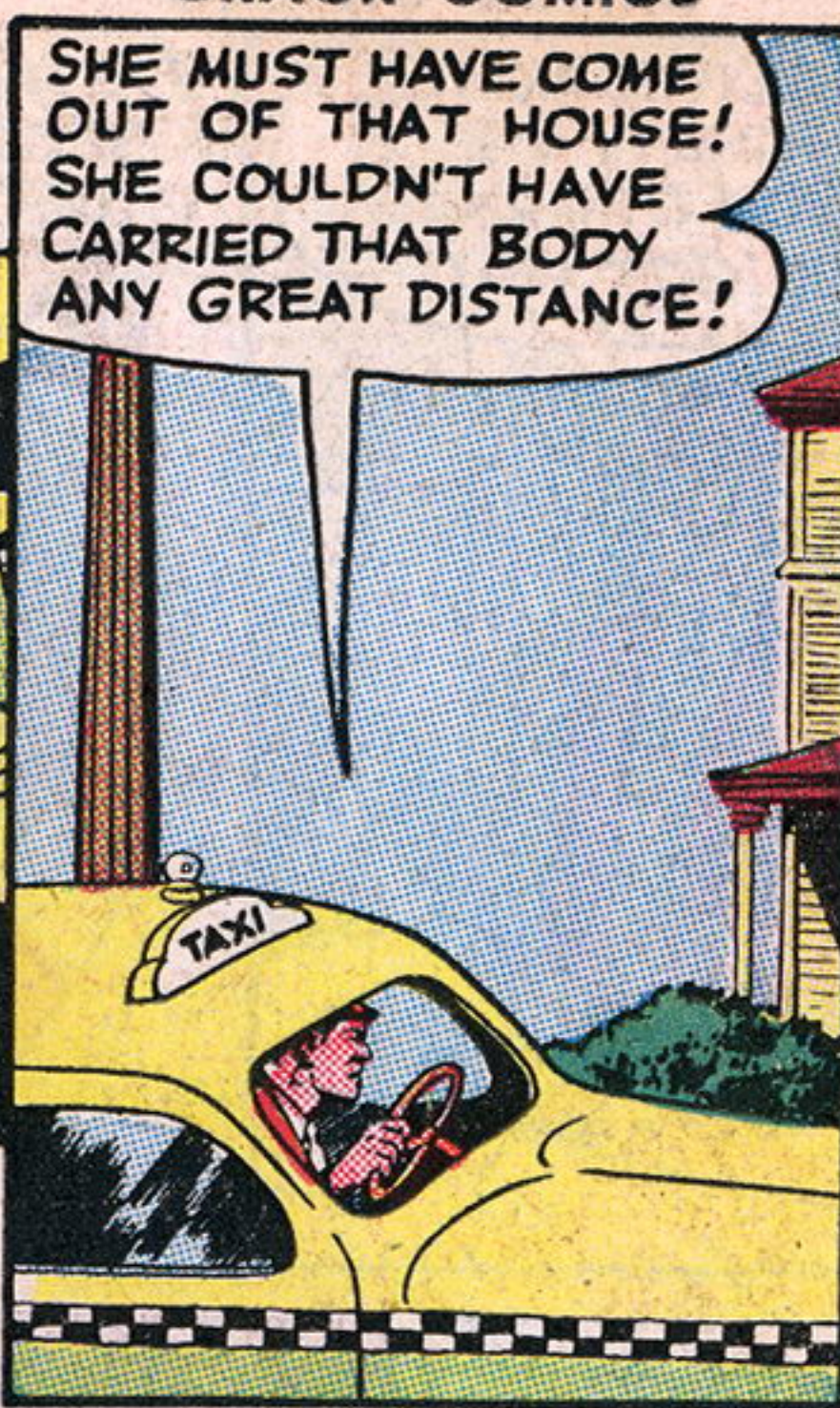
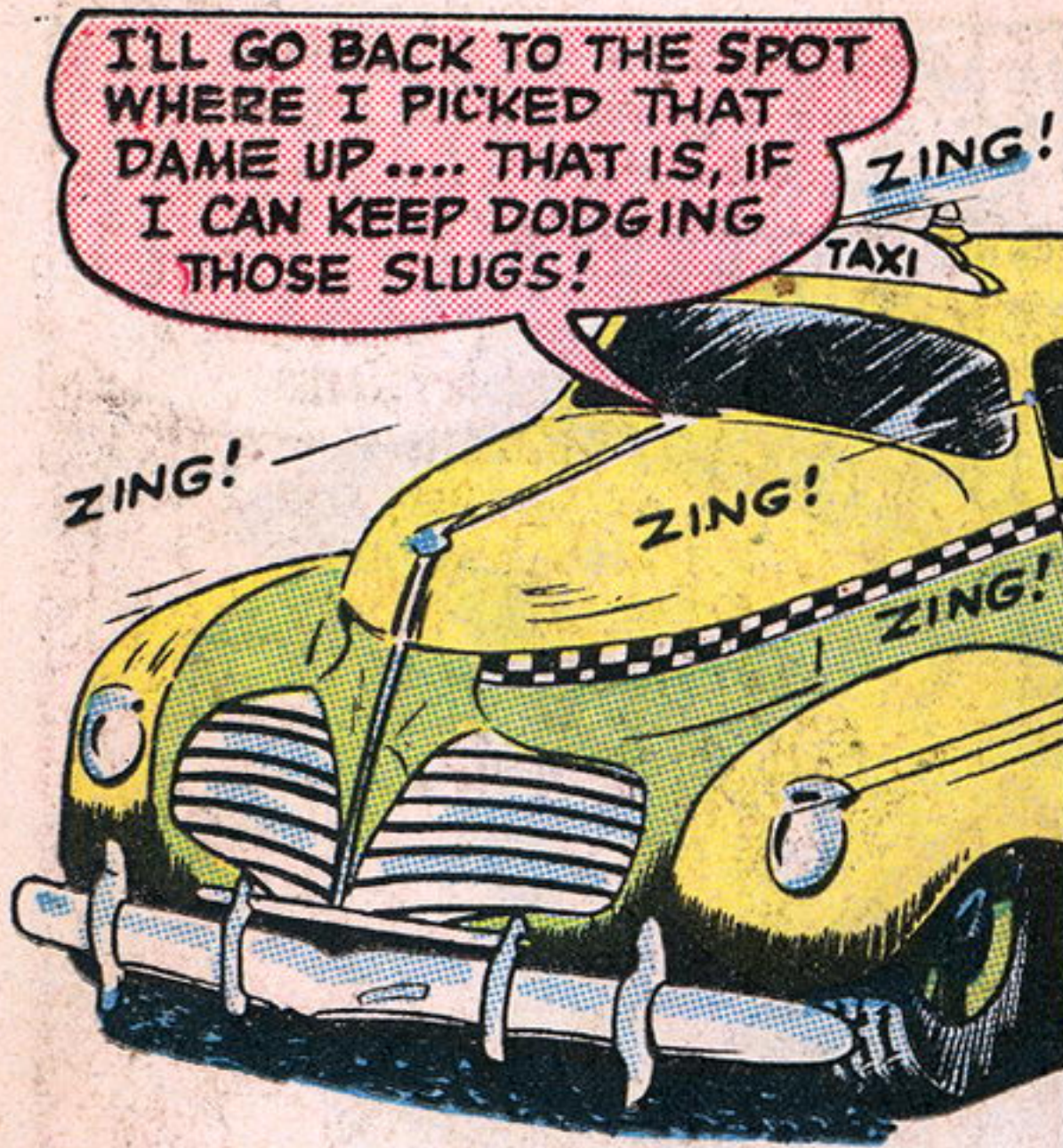




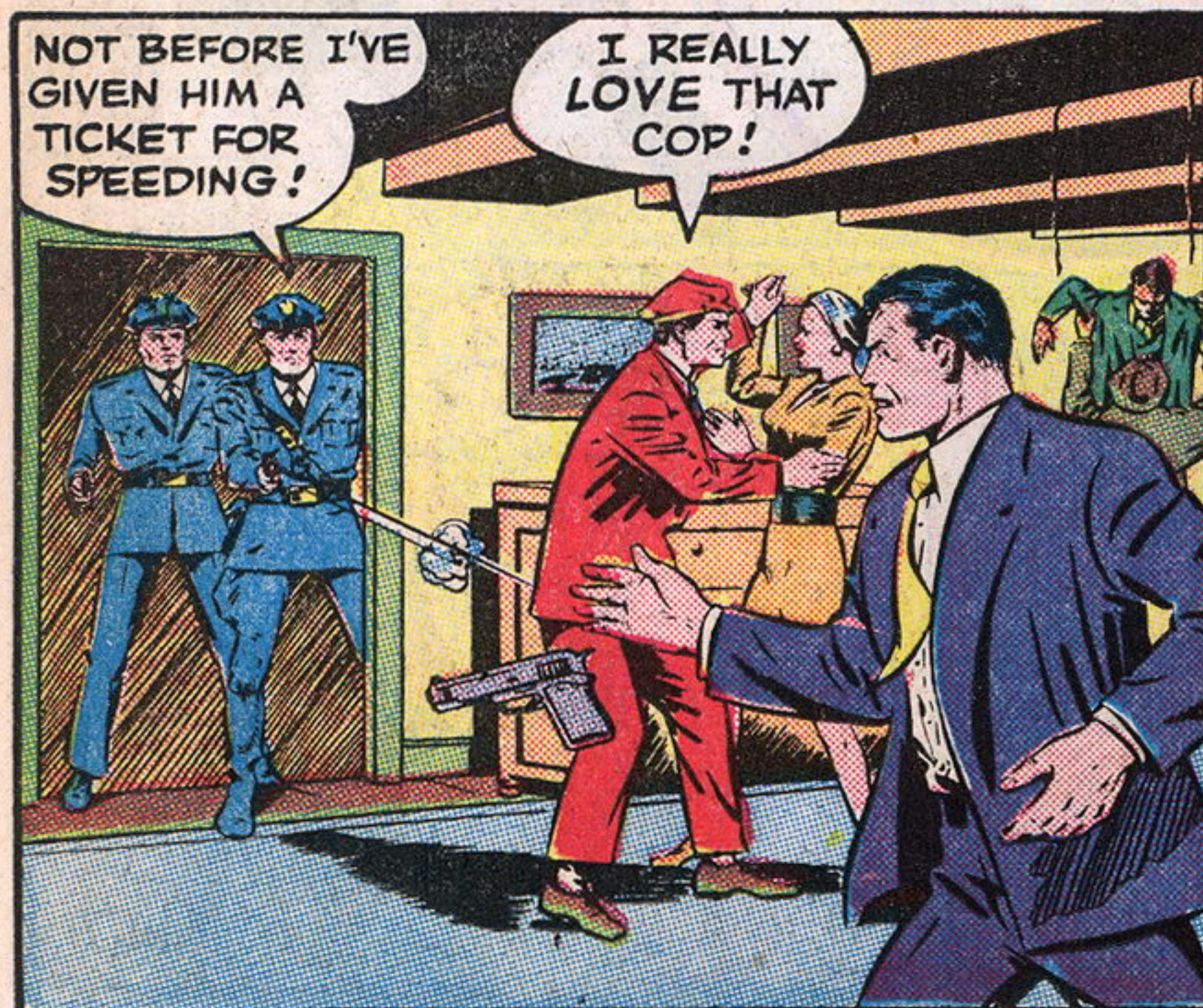
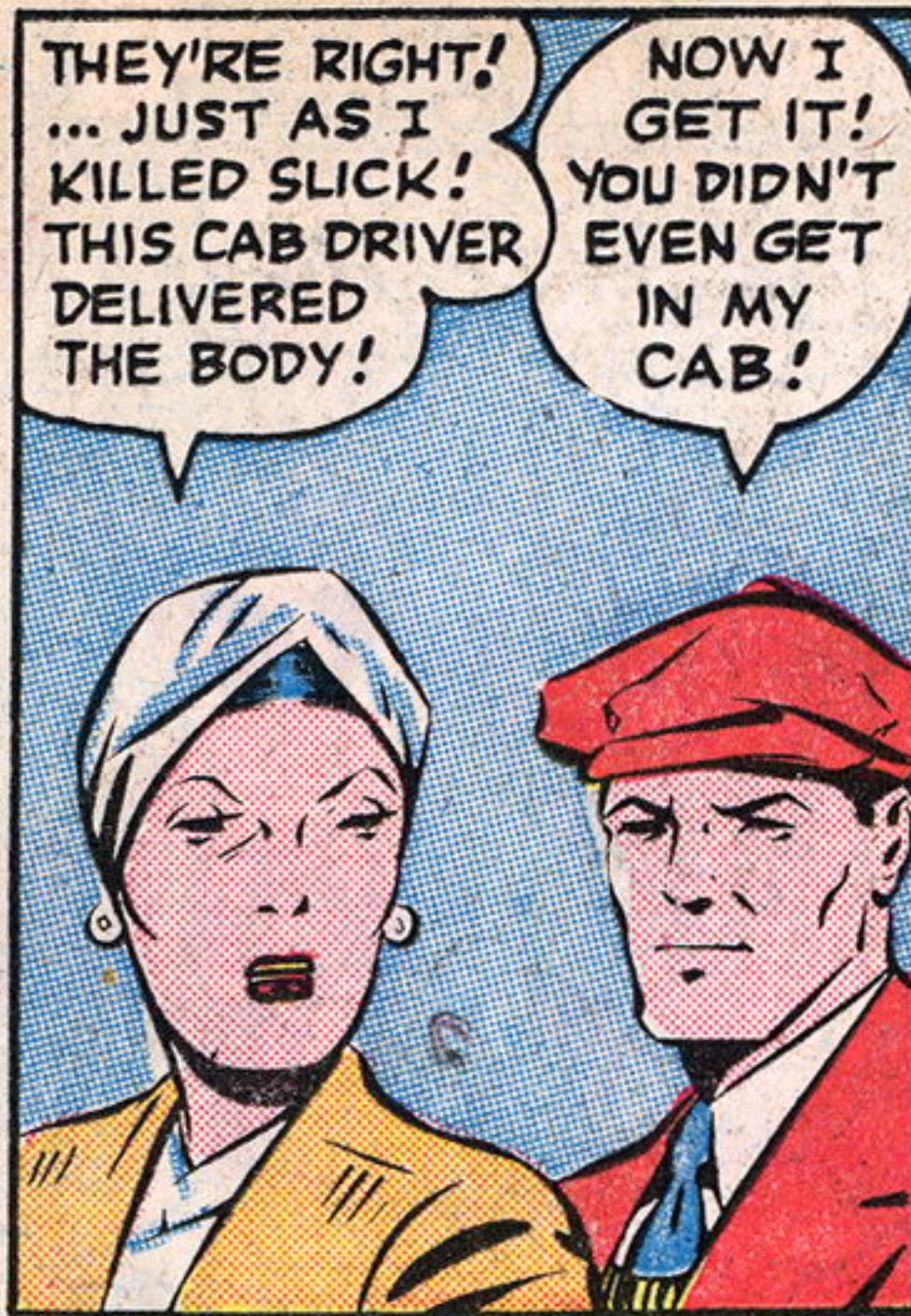




CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



MOLLY THE MODEL

MEES MALONEE -- MOL-LEE ---
I HAVE COME TO A DECISION!
MY MIND-- SHE IS MADE UP!

I AM MAD
FOR YOU ---
LUF YOU!

I, JEAN FRANCOIS BEAUCOUP
BARLEDUC PIERRE POUPOU,
AM SUFFER FROM LUF AS
NEVAIR BEFORE IN
SIX--TEN--TWELVE
MONT'S!

GOOD
GLORY!

ON BENDED KNEE I
PROPOSE MATRI-MONY
AS NEVAIR BEFORE!

WE SHALL BE
MAR-REE AT ONCE
--OUI? YES--NO
...YES!

NO!

AN WHAT IS
MAZZER WIZ
ME? NEVAIR
BEFORE HAVE PIPPLES
REFUSE ME OF SUCH
A SUDDENMENT!

MY BOY FRIEND
WOULDN'T LIKE IT...
HE'S SUCH A FUSS,
YOU KNOW!

NOW-- I
REALLY HAVE
TO GO -- HE'S
WAITING DOWN-
STAIRS---ER--
HE'S TAKING
ME FOR A
DRIVE!

SO! I MUST
SEE ZIS
BOY FRIEND!

GOODNESS! AND
I WAS ONLY
BLUFFING!

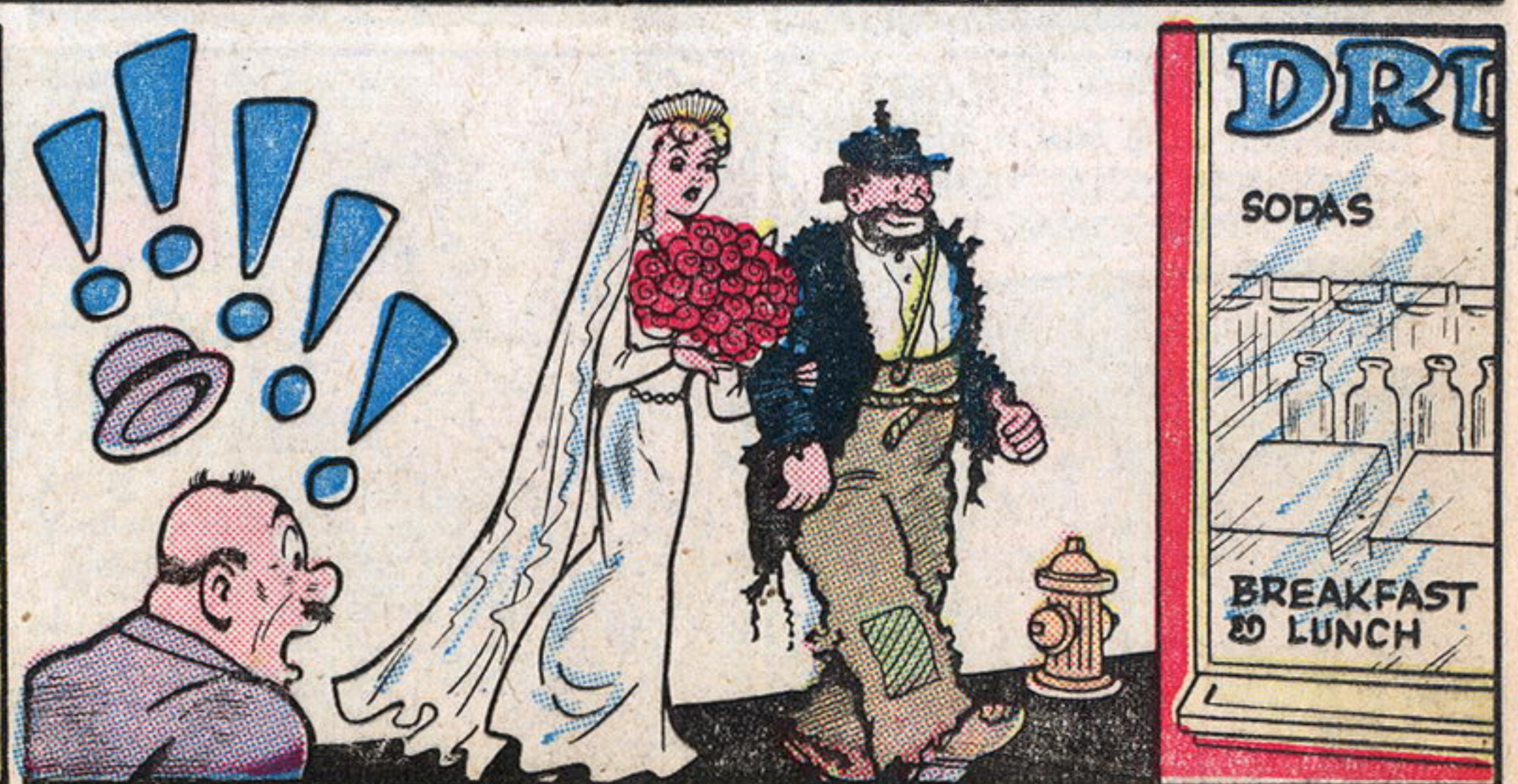
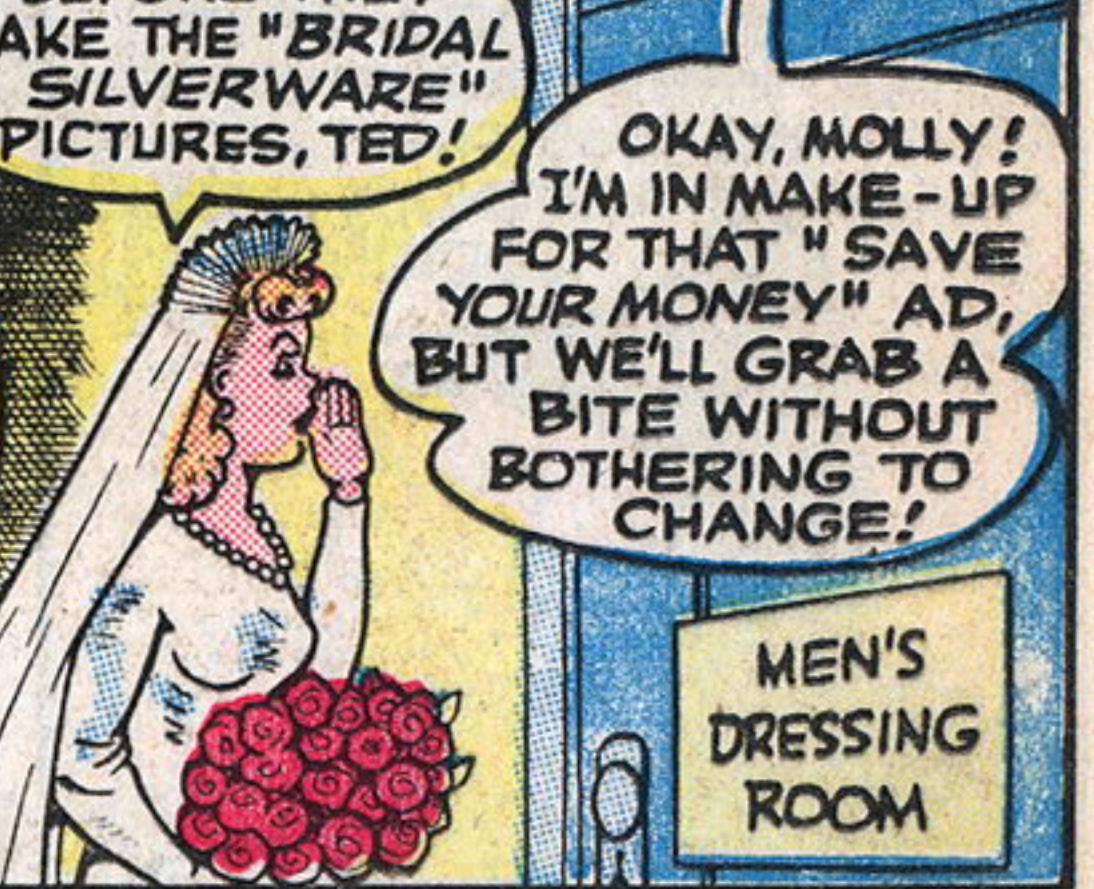
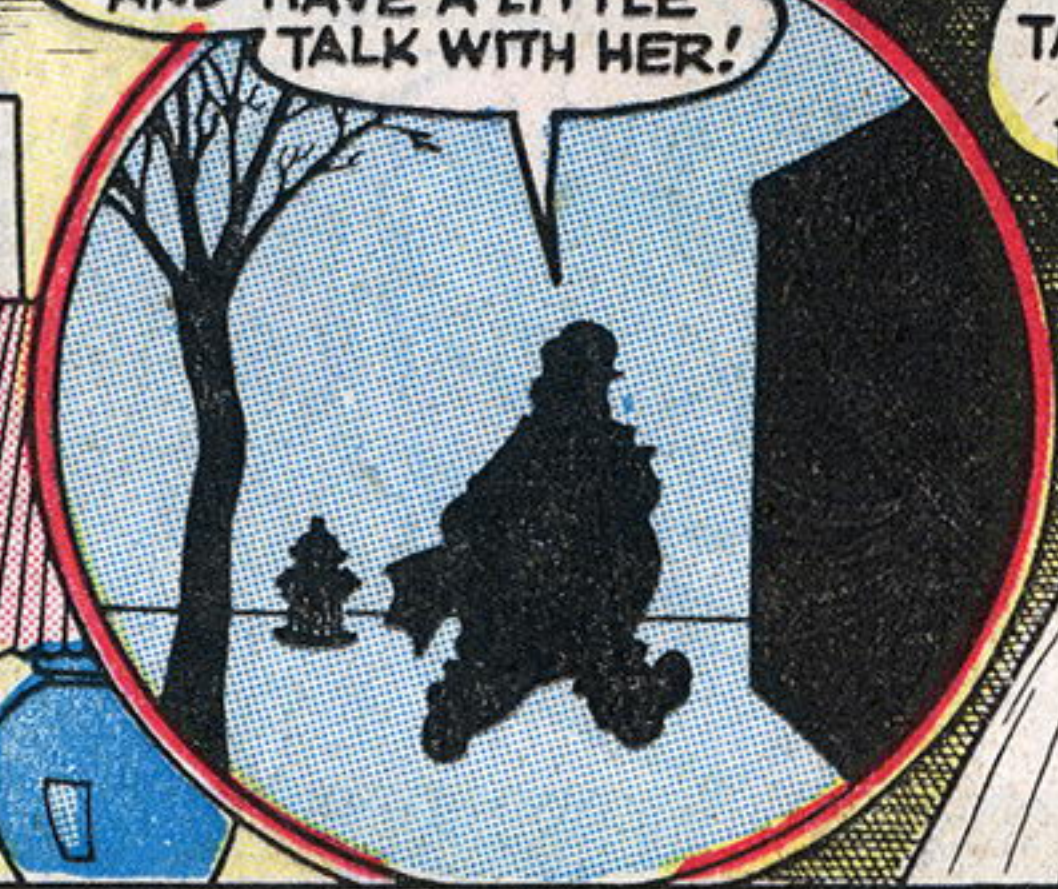
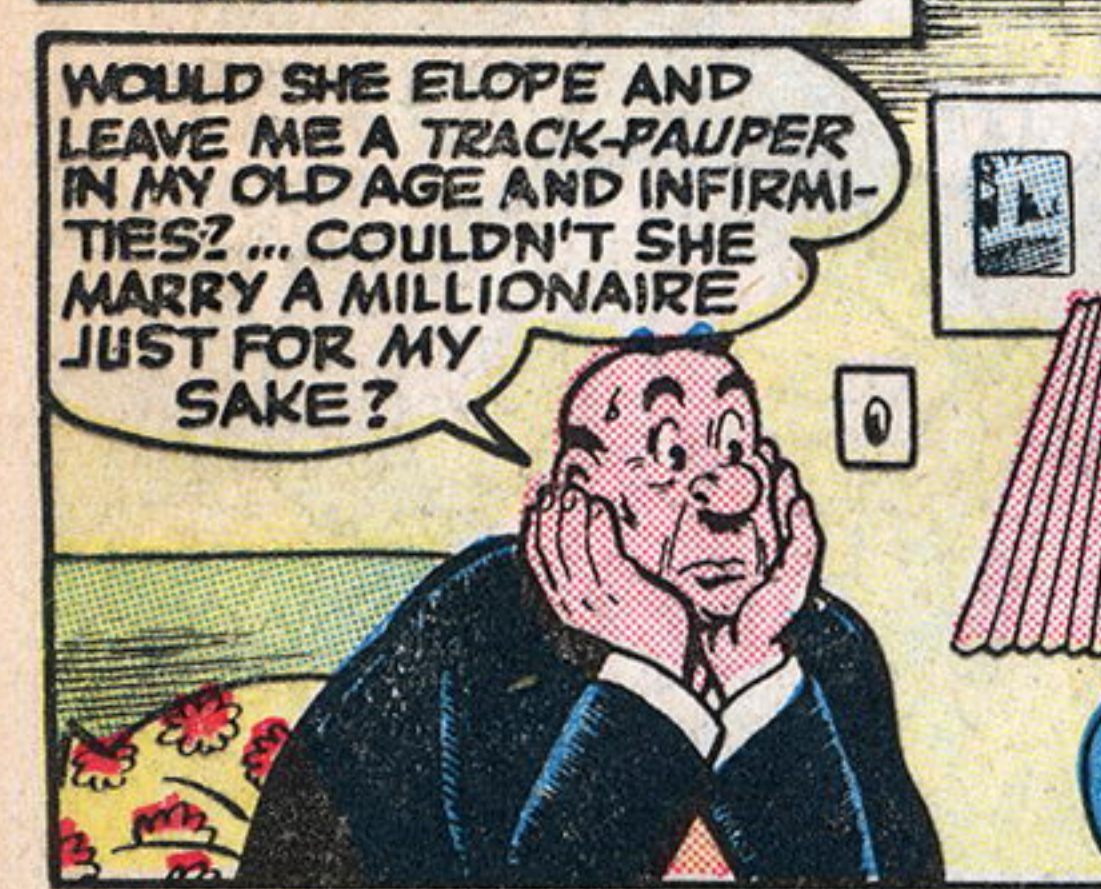
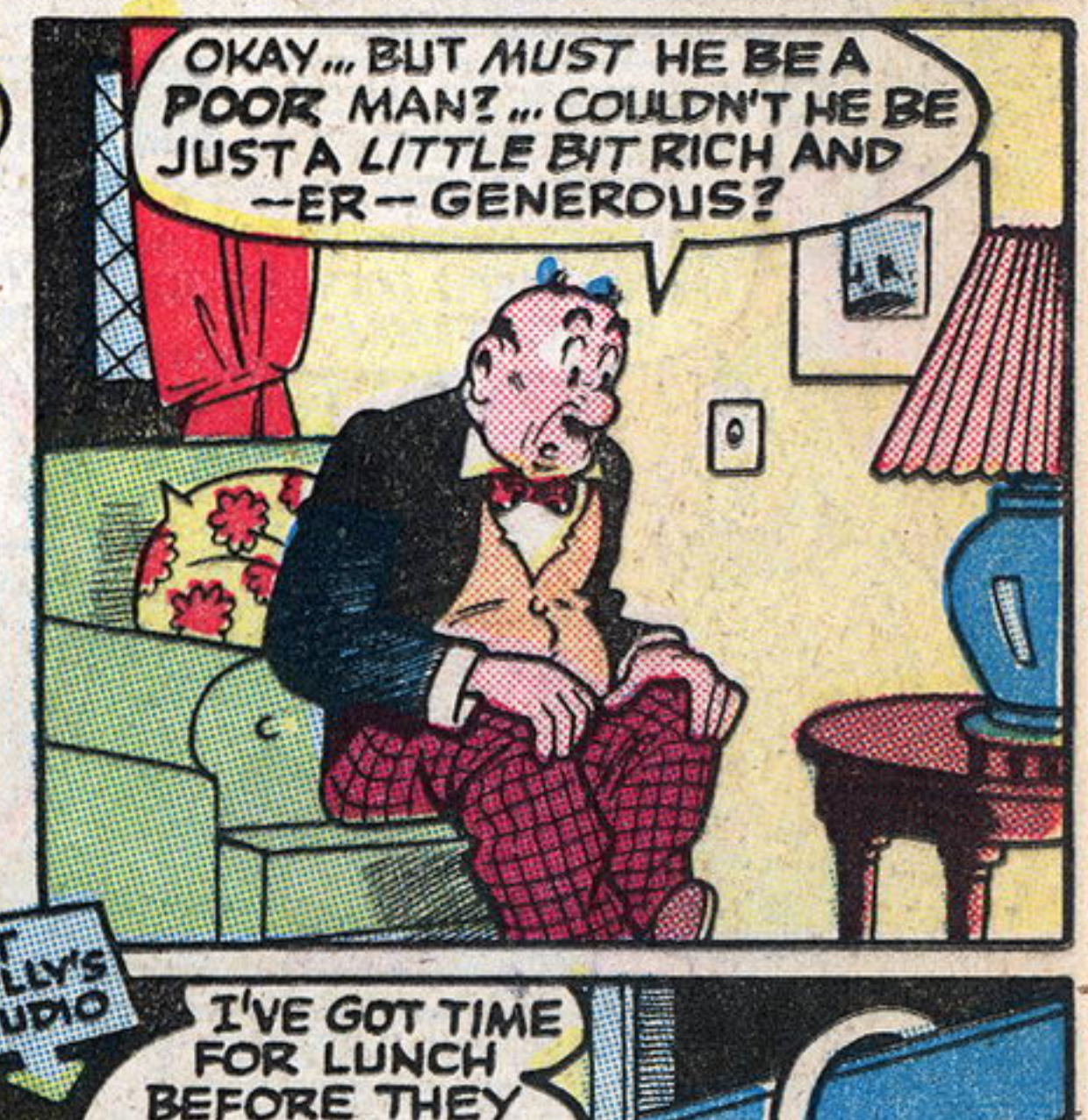
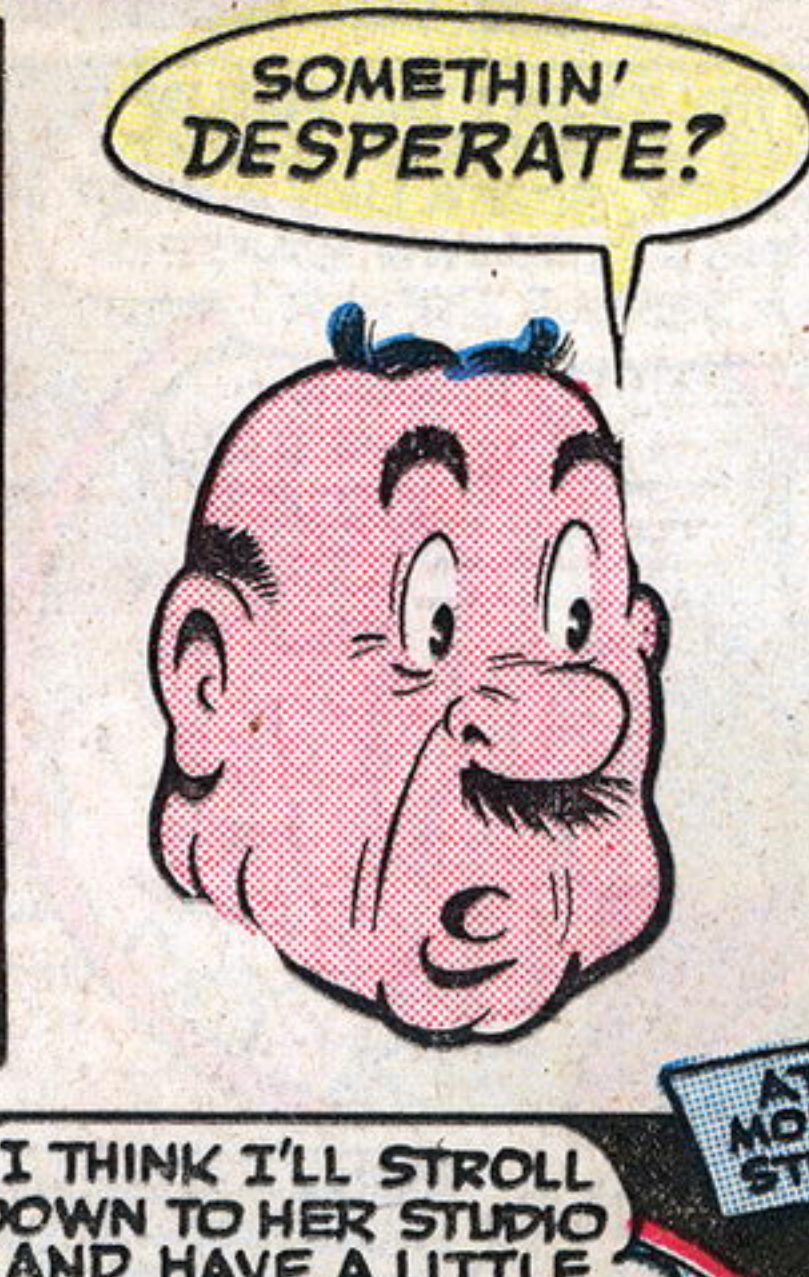
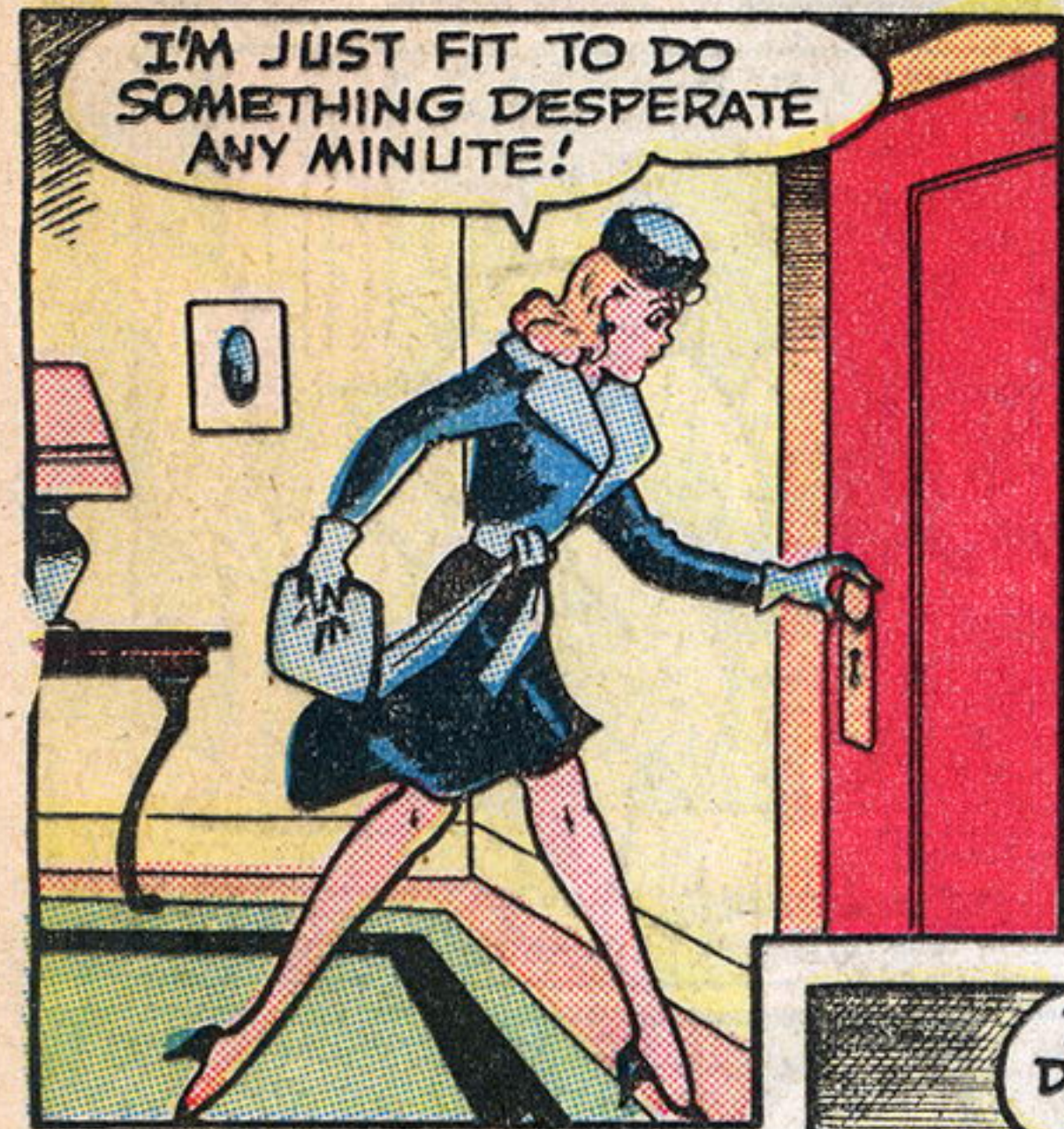
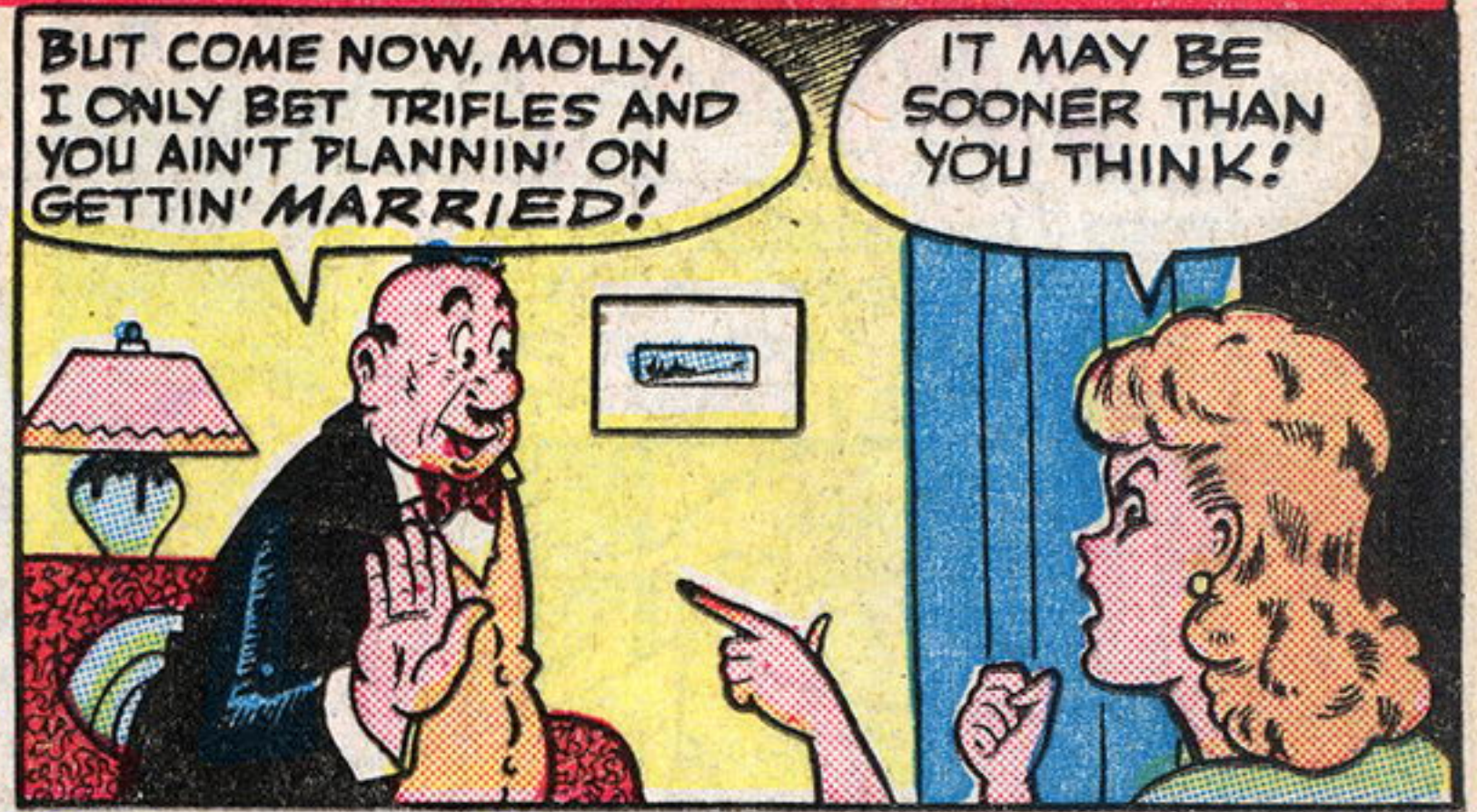
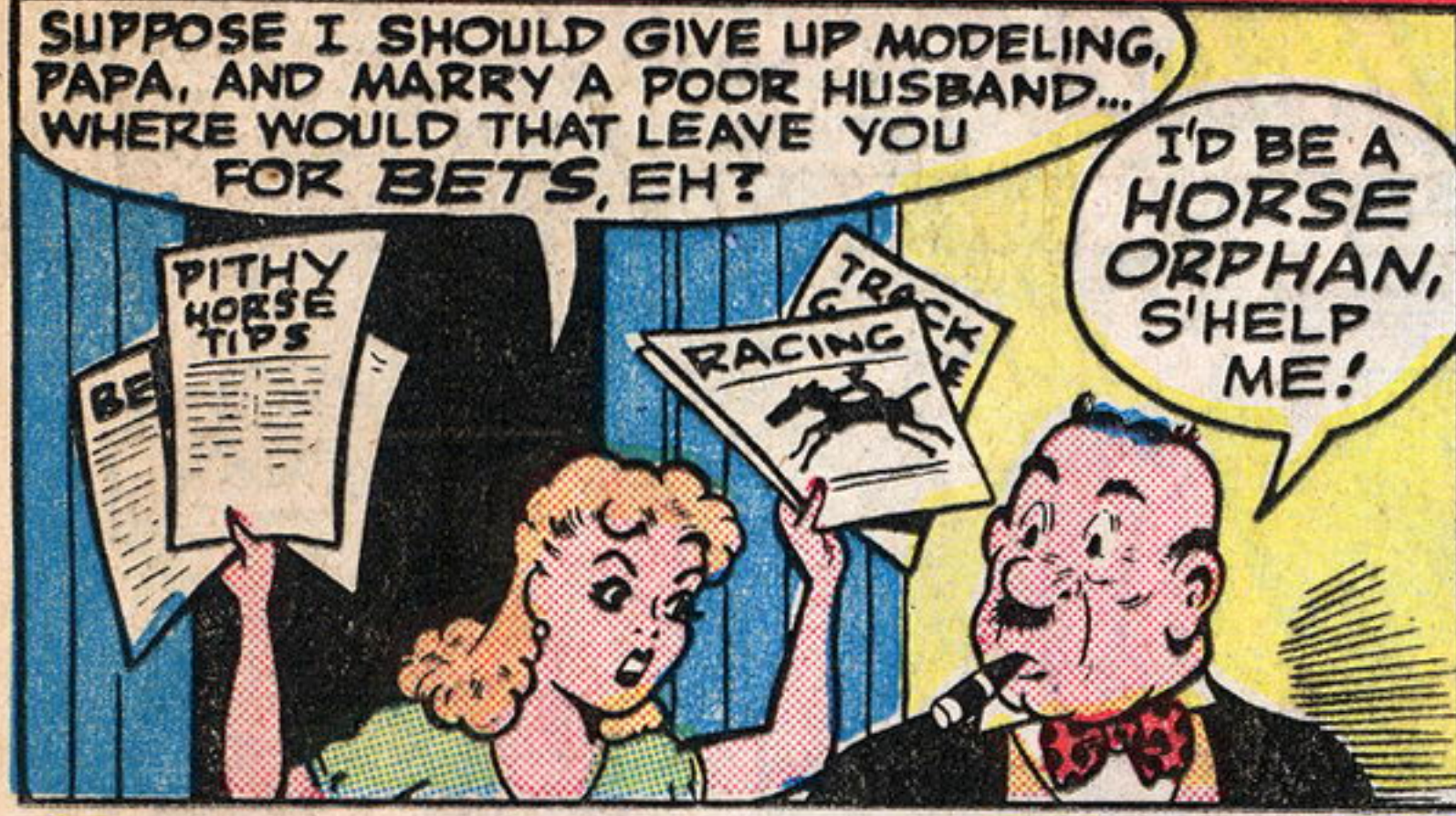
WELL, I'VE JUST
GOT TO FIND
MYSELF A
BOY FRIEND!

-AND
FAST!

THROUGH
THE PARK,
DEAR!

D.S.C.

MOLLY THE MODEL



Molly the Model

WANTED--Beautiful Girls--
Maloney Model Agency
A.P. Maloney (FATHER OF
MOLLY THE MODEL) President.

WELL, OF ALL
THE FUZZ-BRAINED
IDEAS!

EVENING STAR

WHAT'S SO FUNNY
ABOUT THAT? I DON'T
HAVE TO BE PRETTY
MYSELF TO HIRE
BEAUTIFUL
HELP, DO I?

AT THE RATES
YOU'LL PAY, POP,
I'M SURE YOU'LL
BE JUST HIP-
HIGH IN MISS
AMERICAS!

ER--EH--WELL, MISS,
YOU AIN'T PRECISELY
THE TYPE I GOT AN ORDER
FOR JUST NOW-- BUT
MAYBE YOU'LL LOOK BETTER
IN COSTUME!

NOW, TRY TO GET THE FEELIN'
O' THIS HERE THING-- LIGHT
AND AIRY, SORTA LIKE A WISP
OF THISTLEDOWN WAFTED
BY A SPRING ZYPHYR!

NO! NO!
NO!

SPRING
ZIPPER?

FOR MIKE'S SAKE, MADAM, TRY TO
MAKE MORE LIKE A WILLOWY WOOD
NYMPH AND LESS LIKE A WATER
BUFFALO WITH A CHARLEY HORSE--
SOMETHING YOU'D FIND DANCING
AROUND A GREEK
GODDESS!

GRIK--SLOVAK--
MAGYAR--ALLA
SAME TO ME!

DIS
MORE
LIKE
IT?

NOPE!-- GUESS
YOU'RE NOT JUST
THE DELICATE
TYPE WE NEED
FOR THIS AD,
MADAM!

BUT I THINK I'VE GOT
ANOTHER JOB MUCH BETTER
SUITED FOR YOUR TENDER
PERSONALITY!

OH, T'ANKS!

LATER

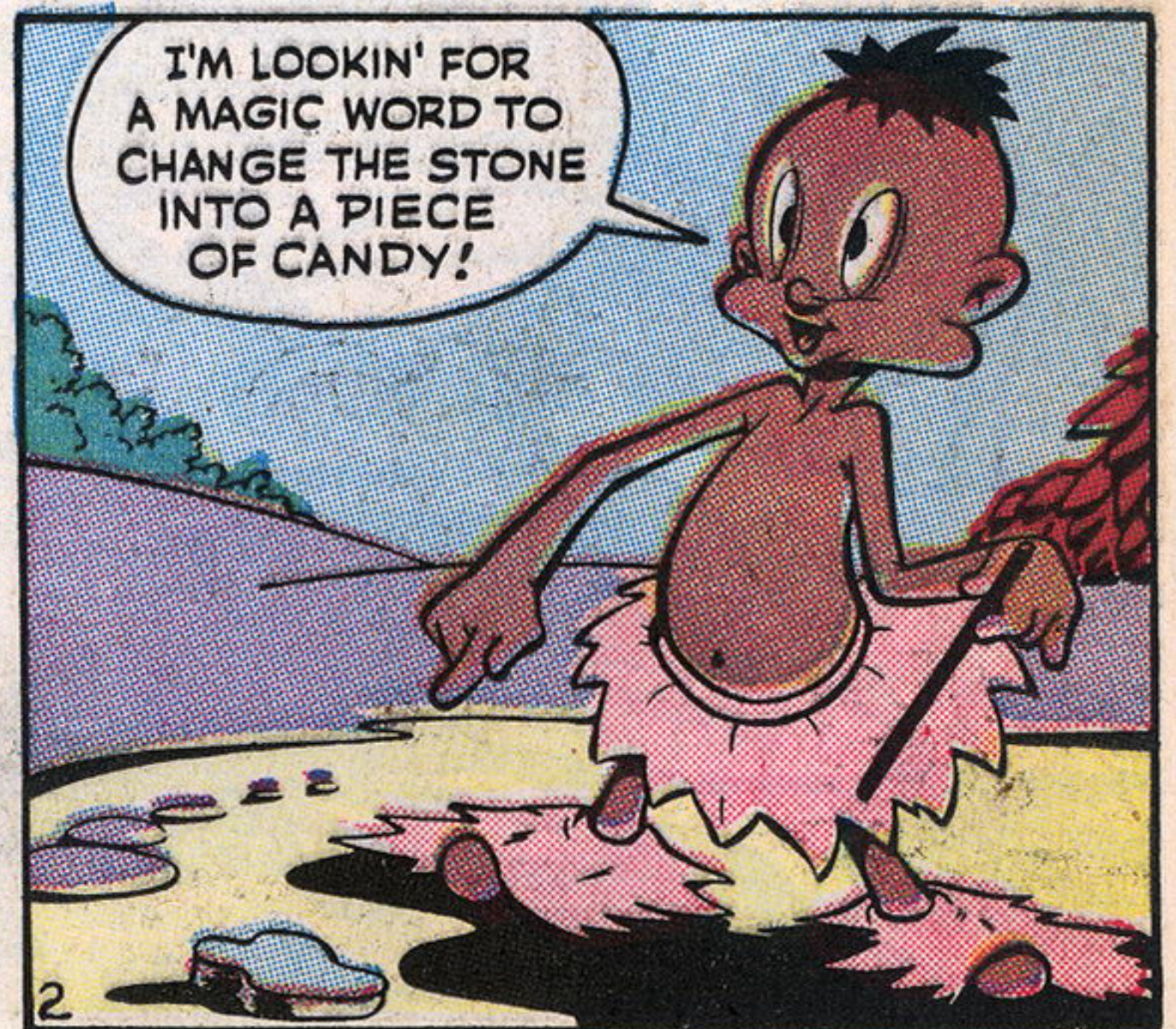
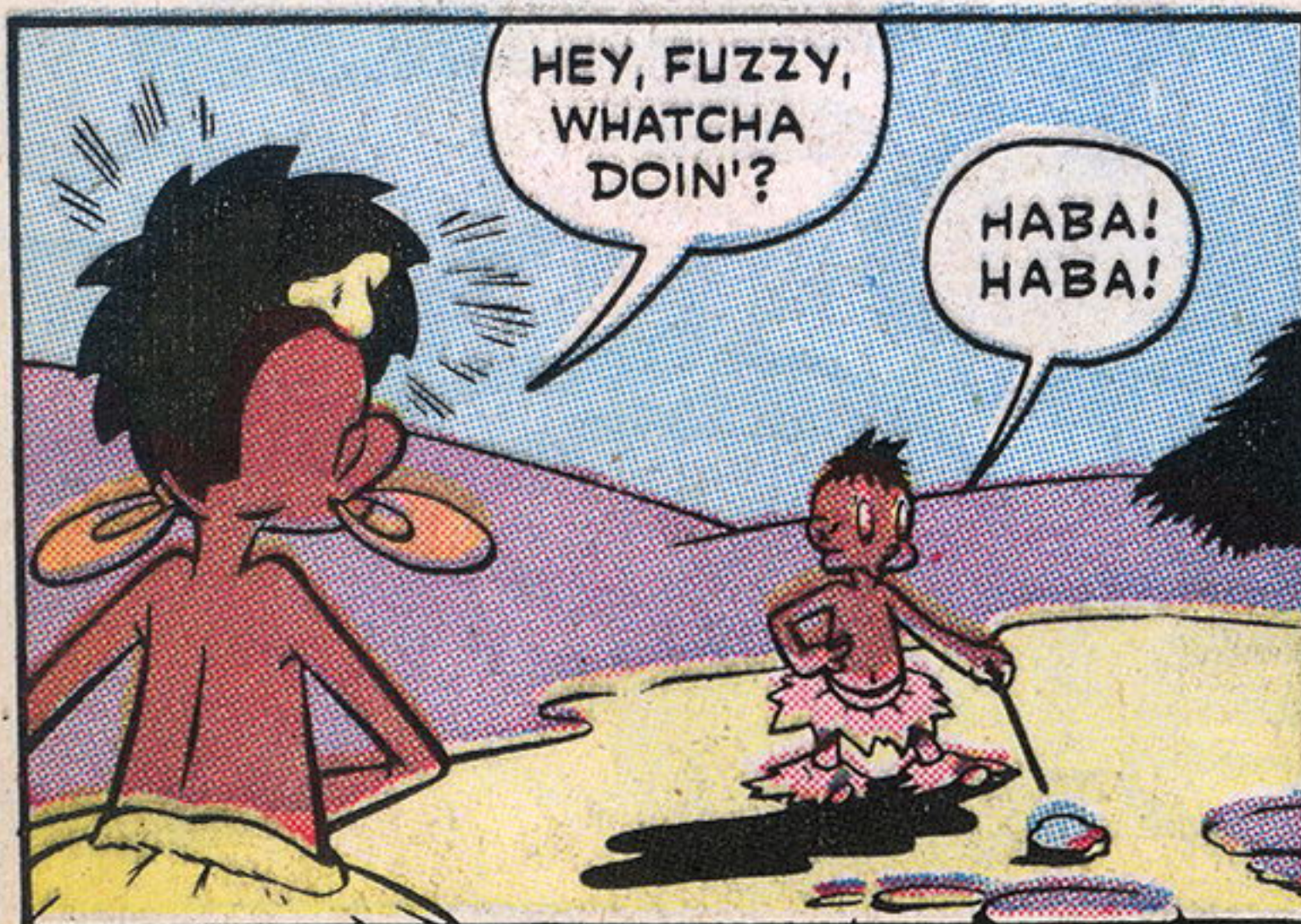
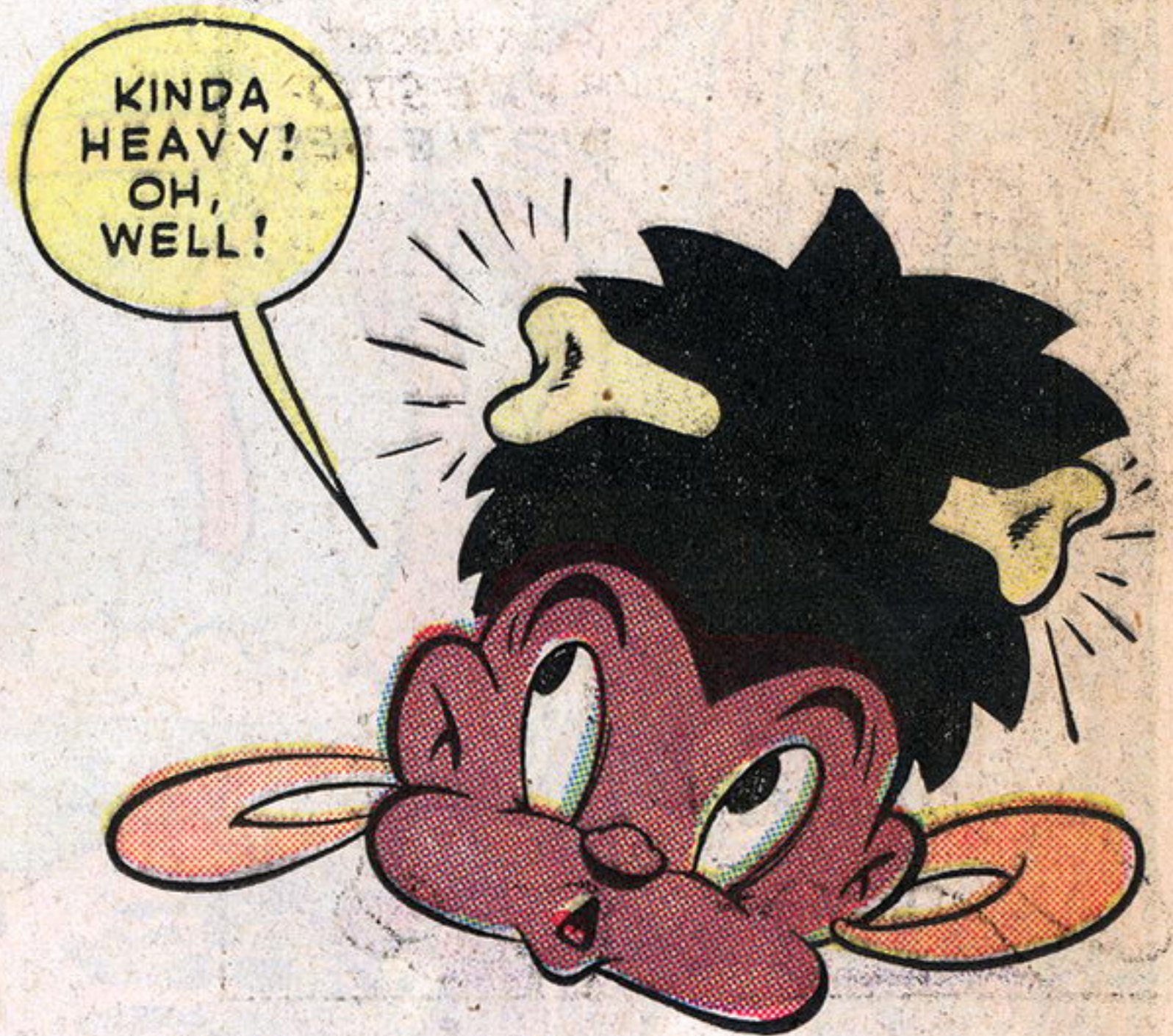
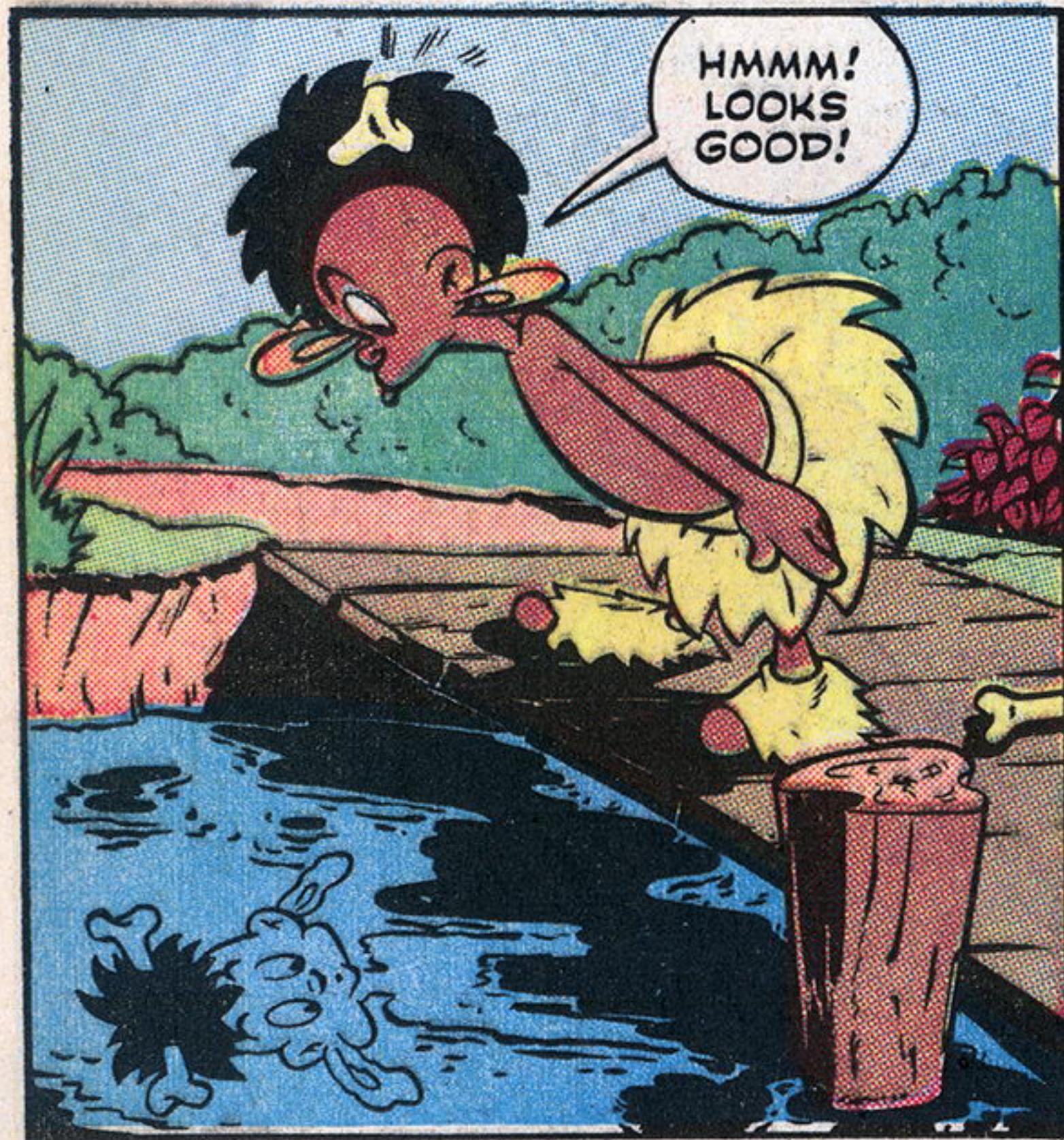
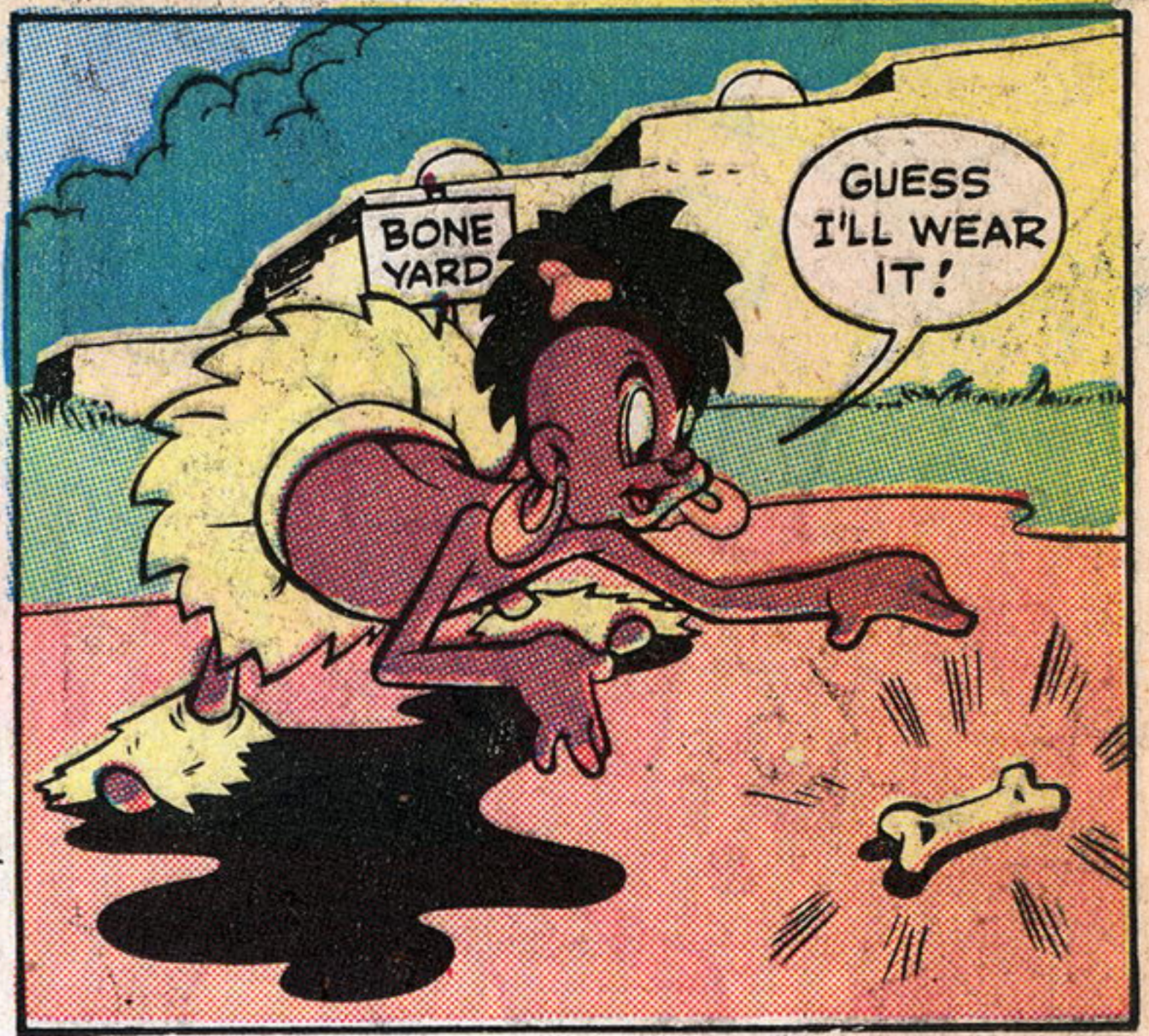
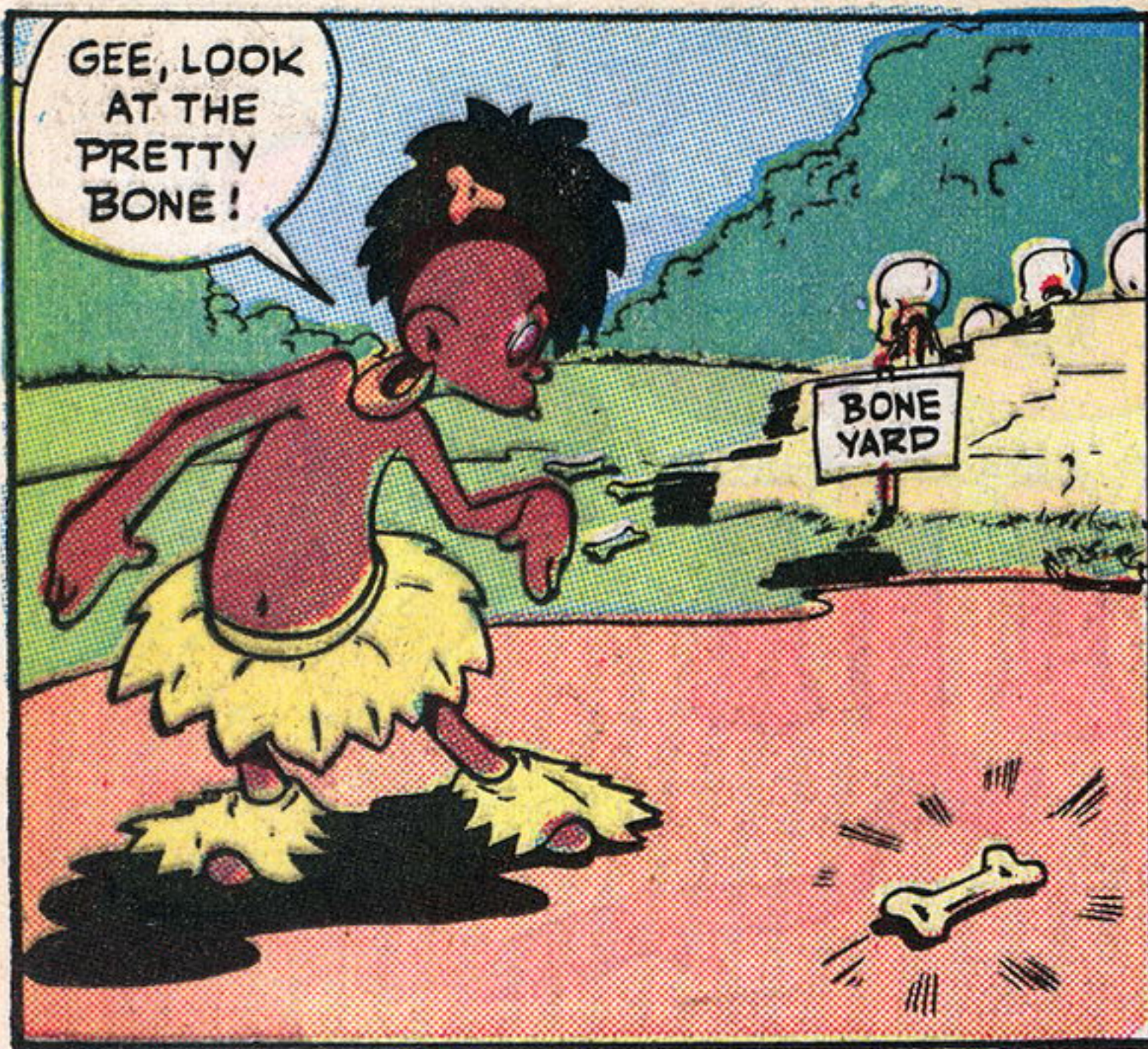
10¢
BIGGEST
BUY IN
TOWN
AT BON
TONNY
BAR
AND
GRILL

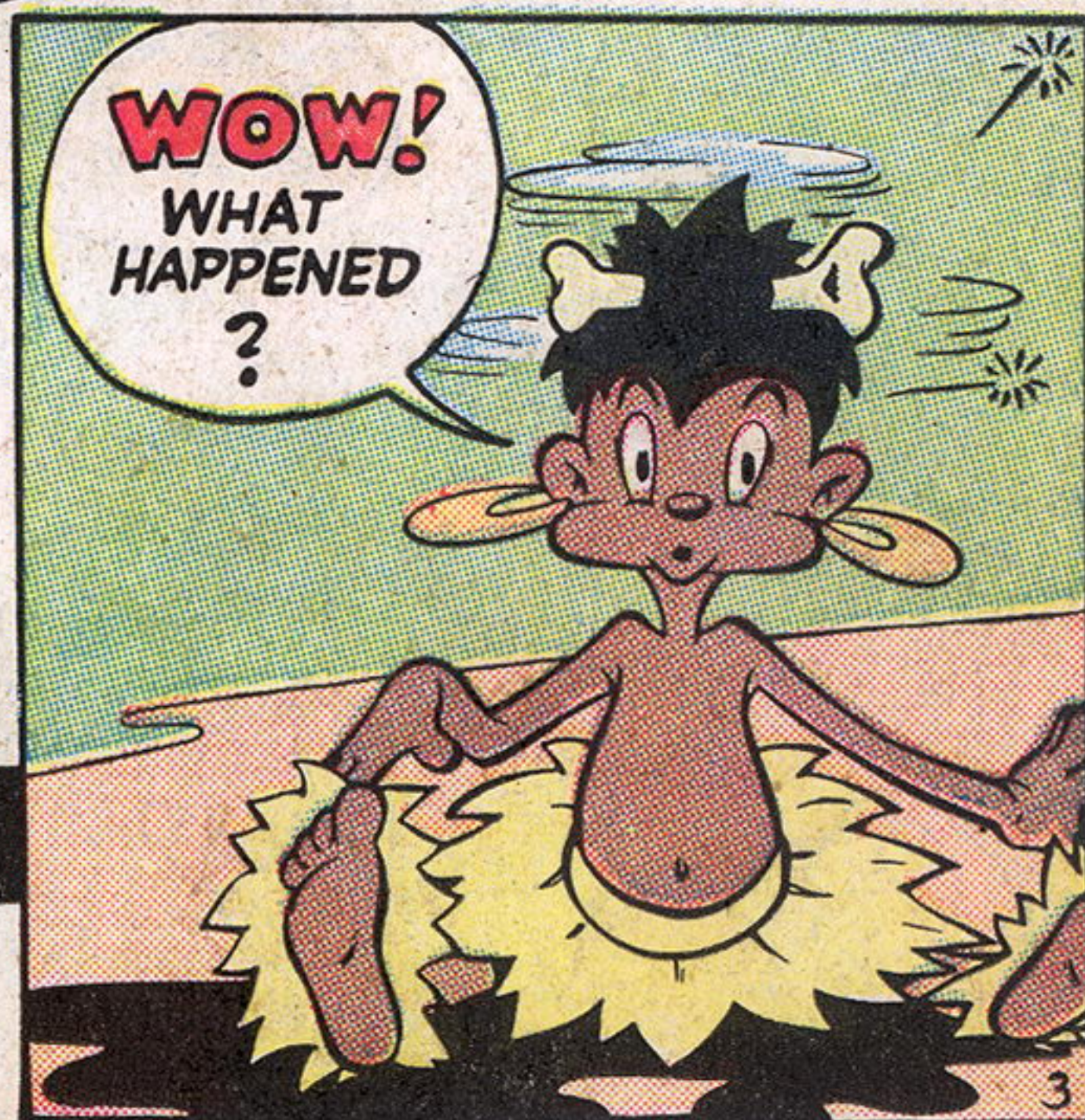
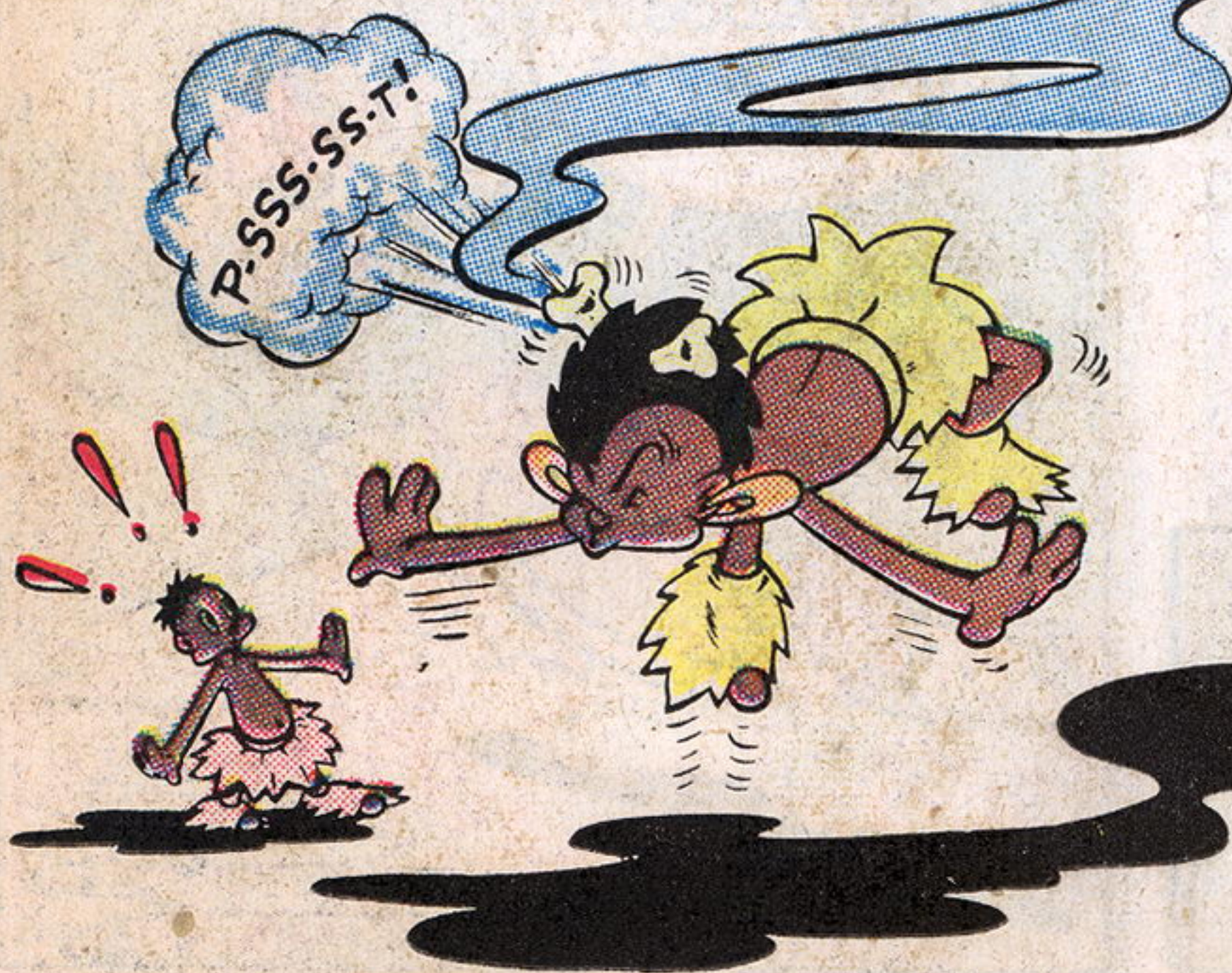
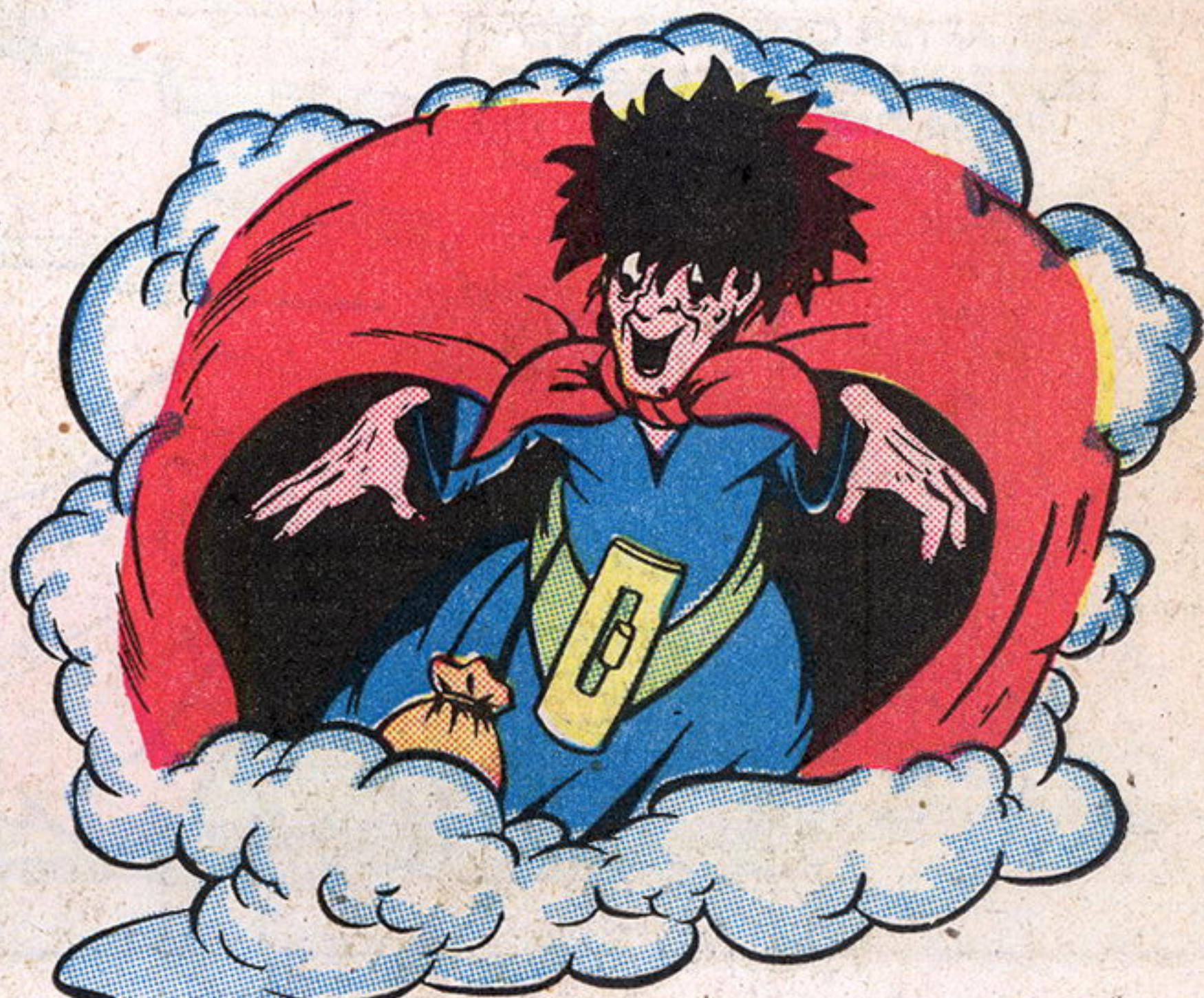
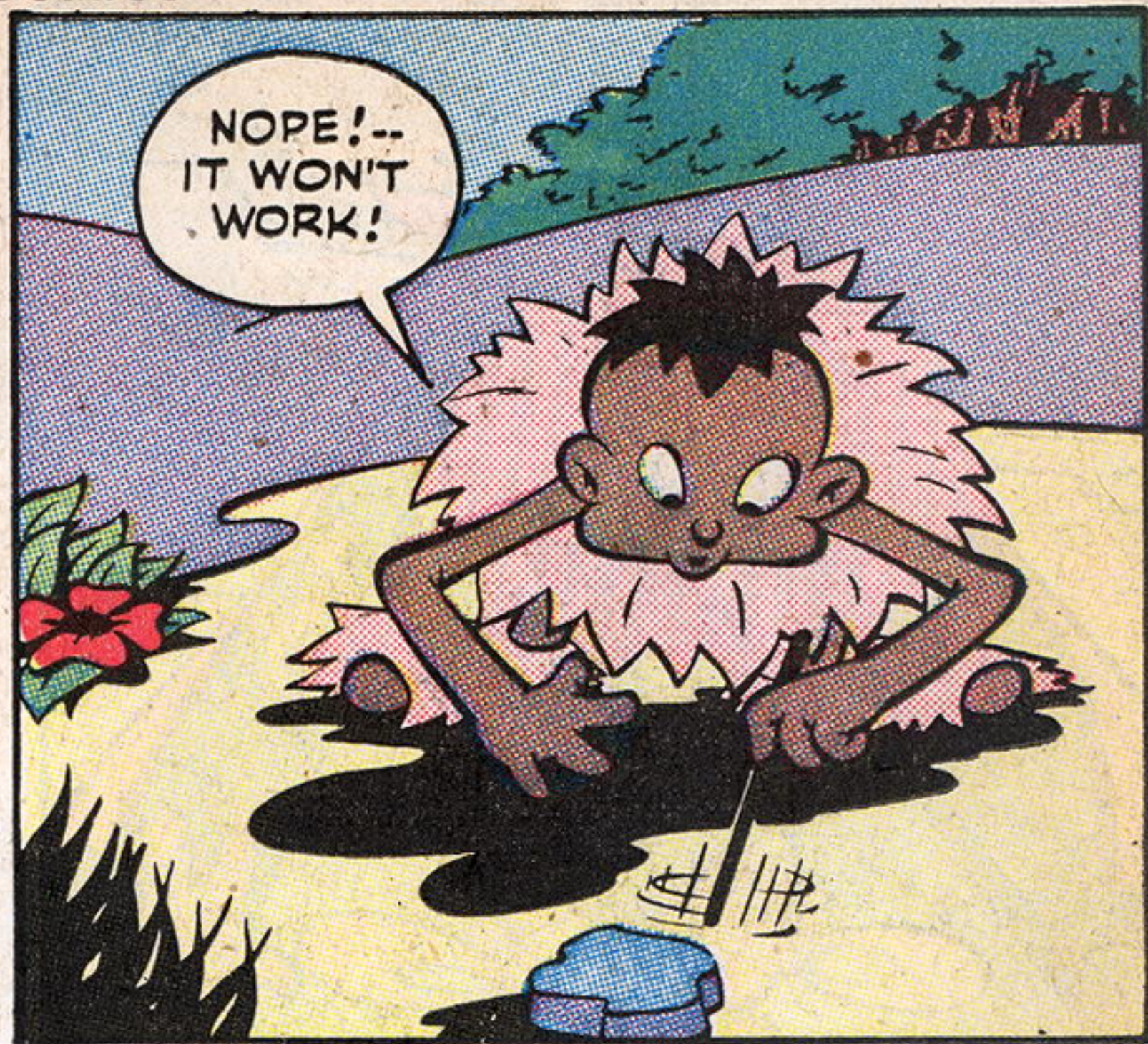
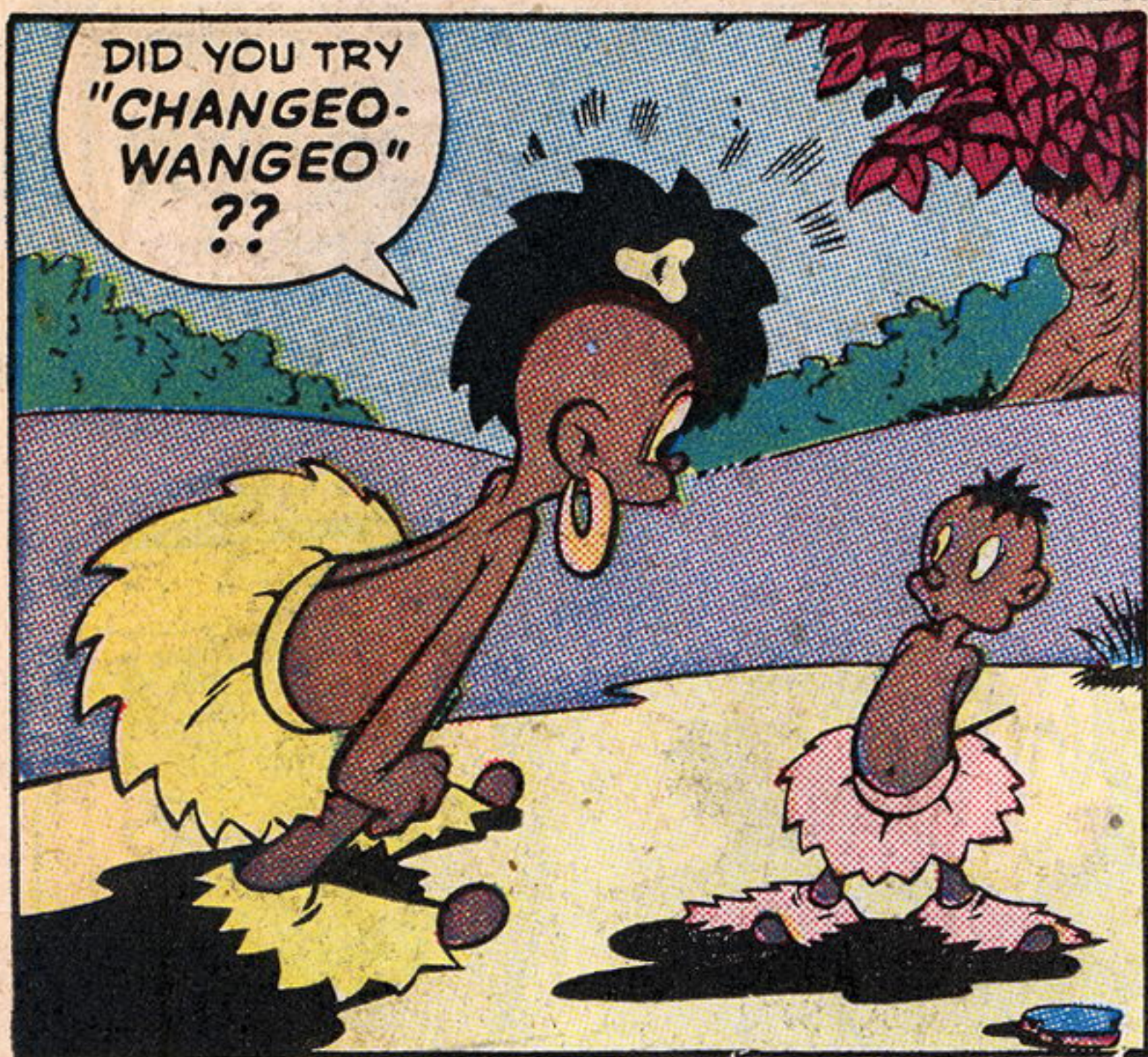
?!?

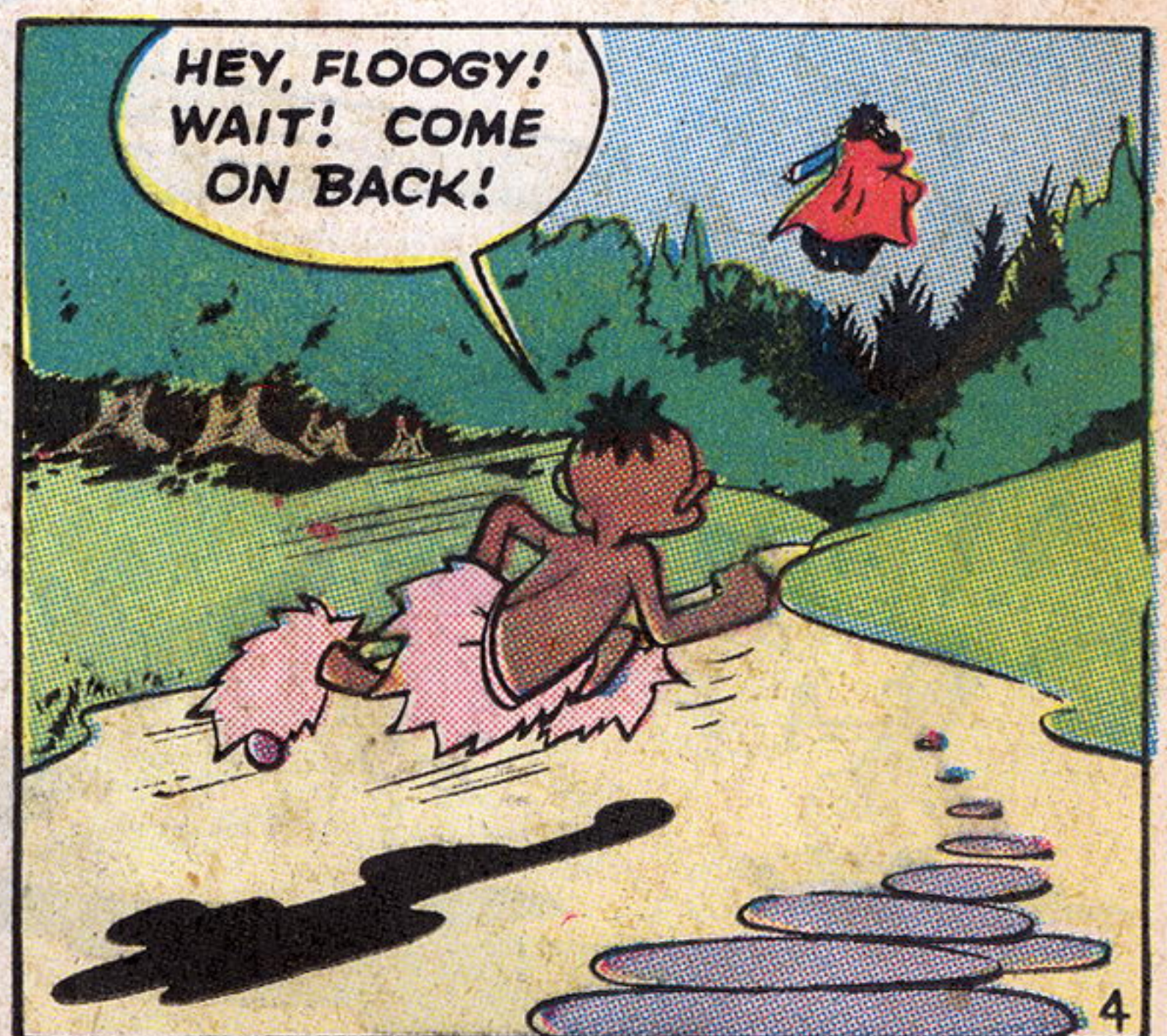
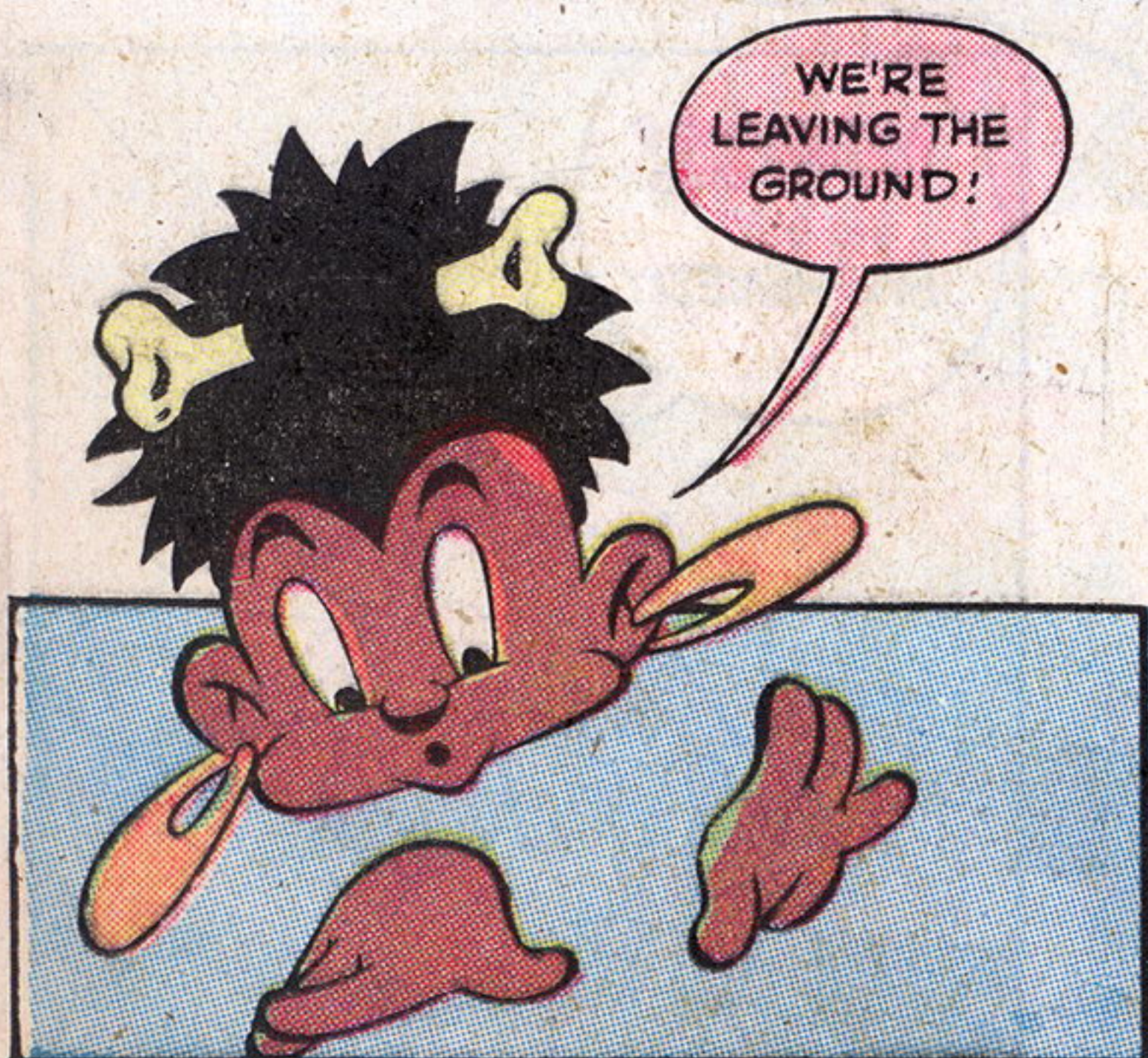
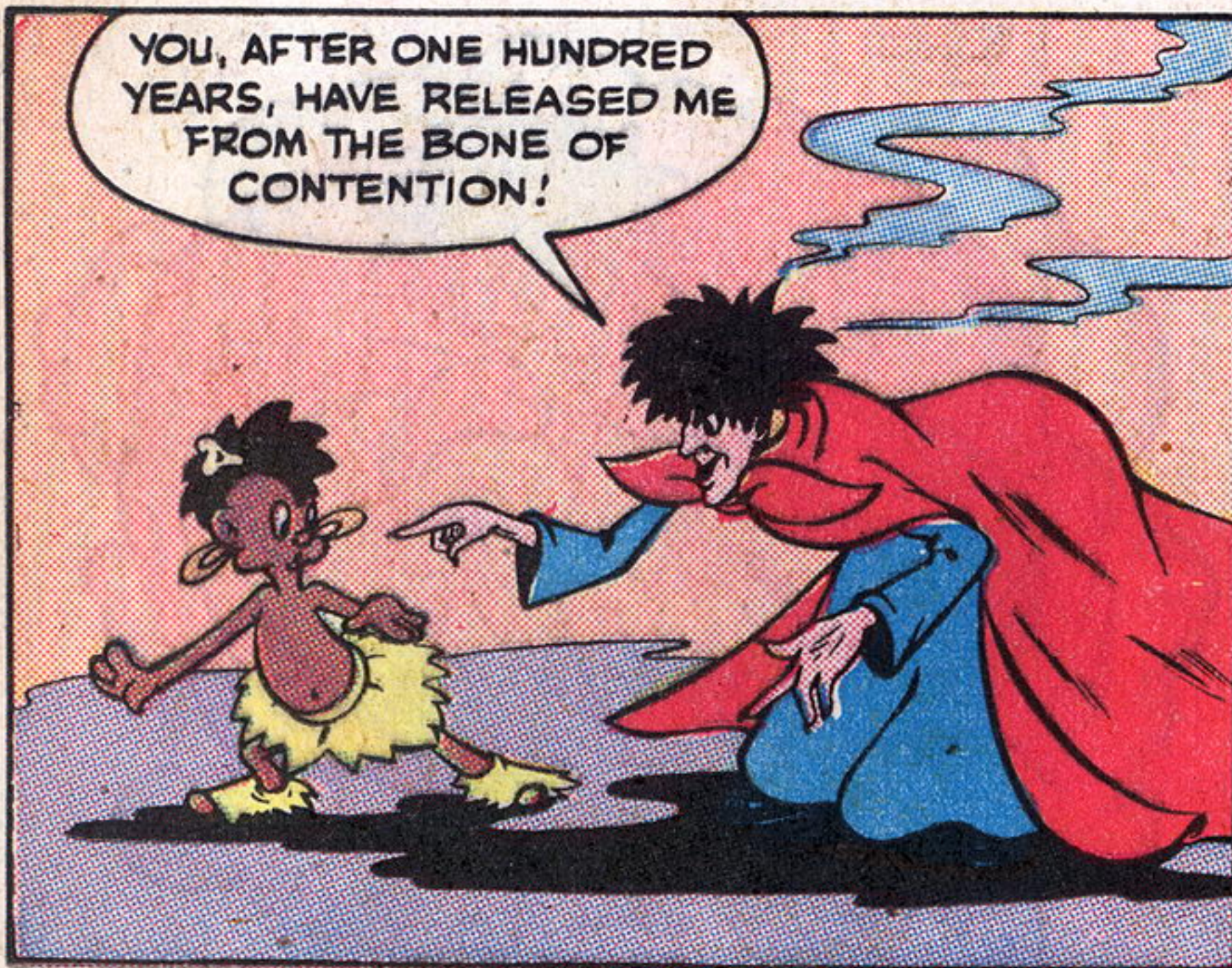
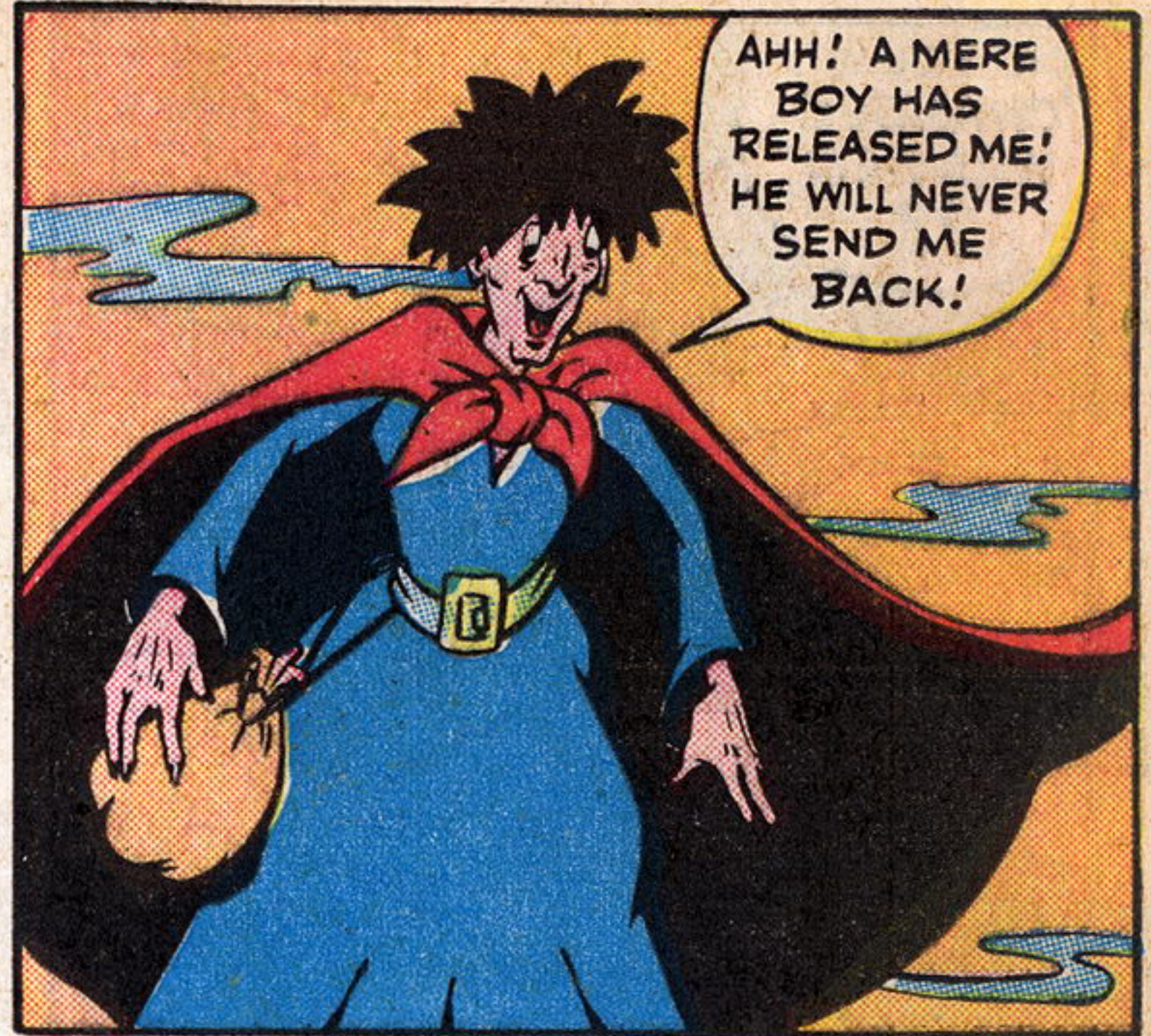
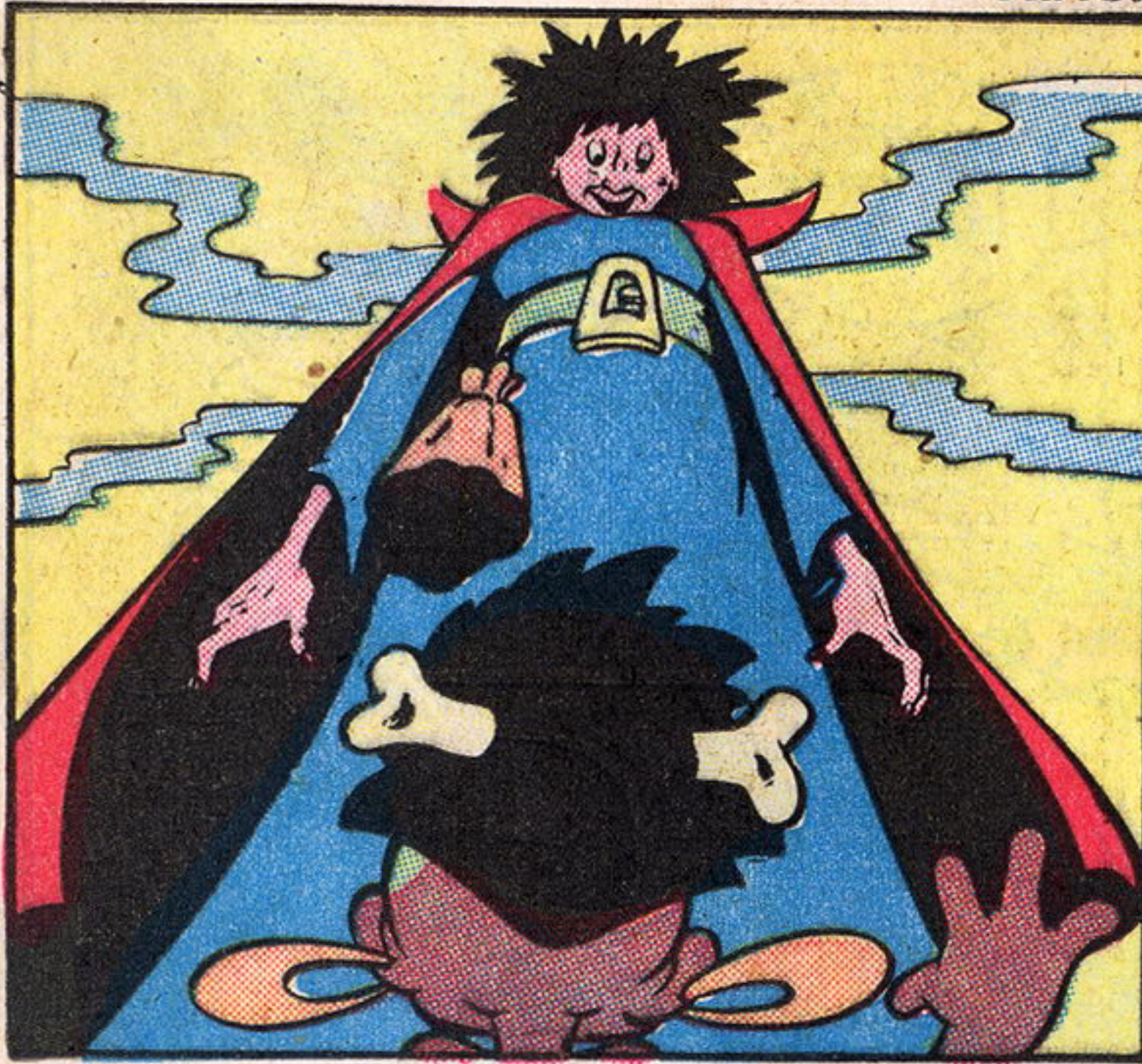
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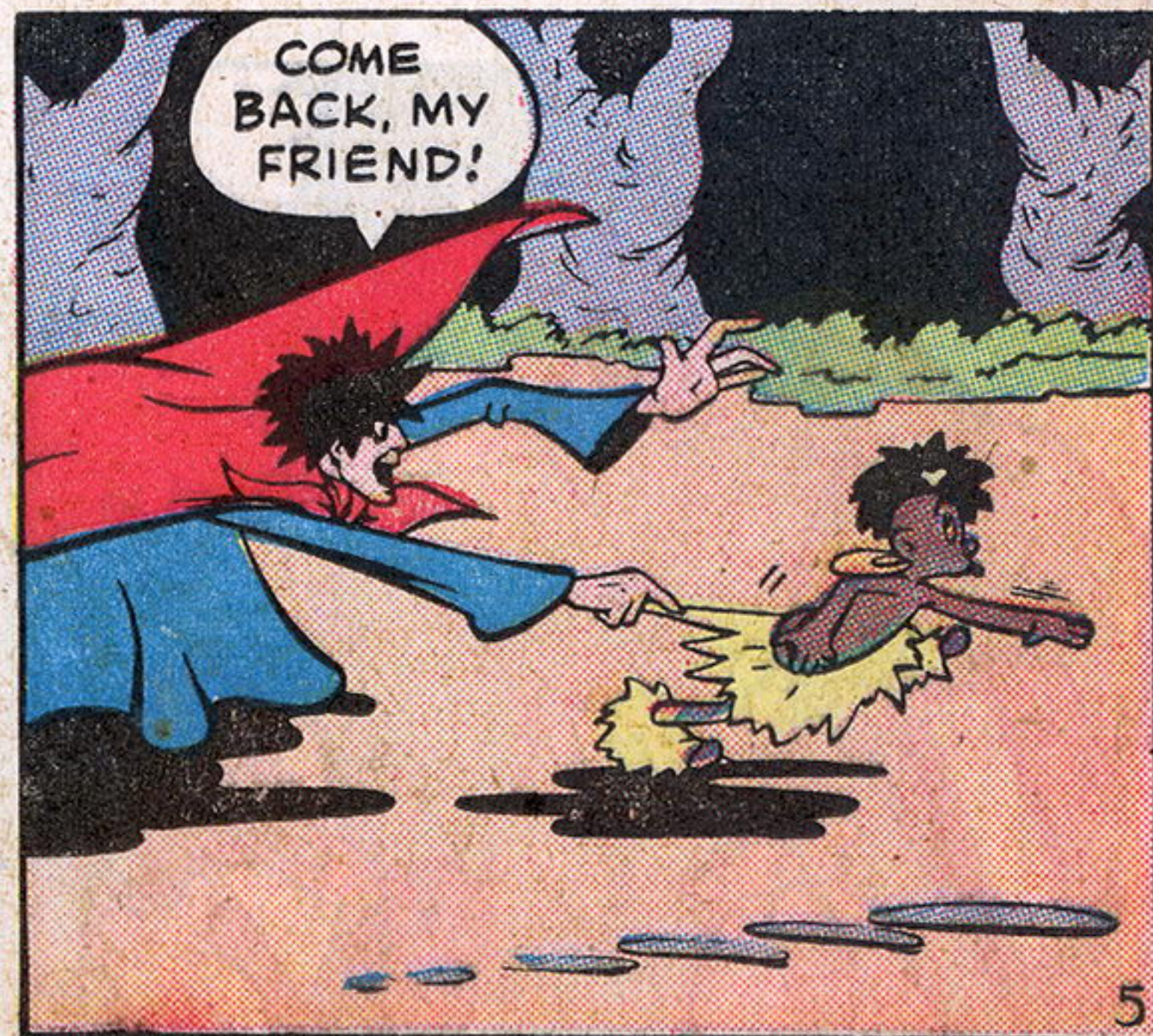
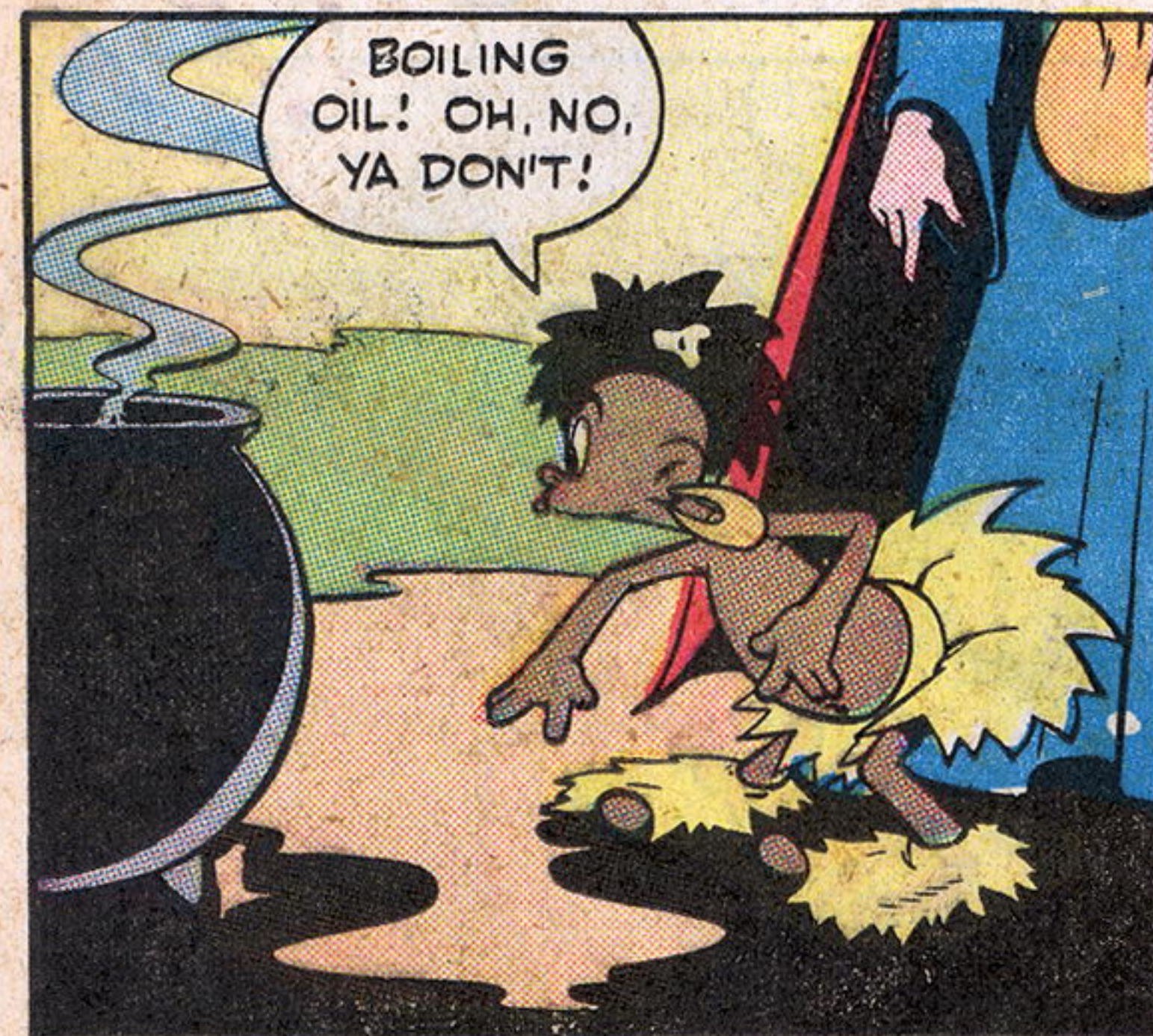
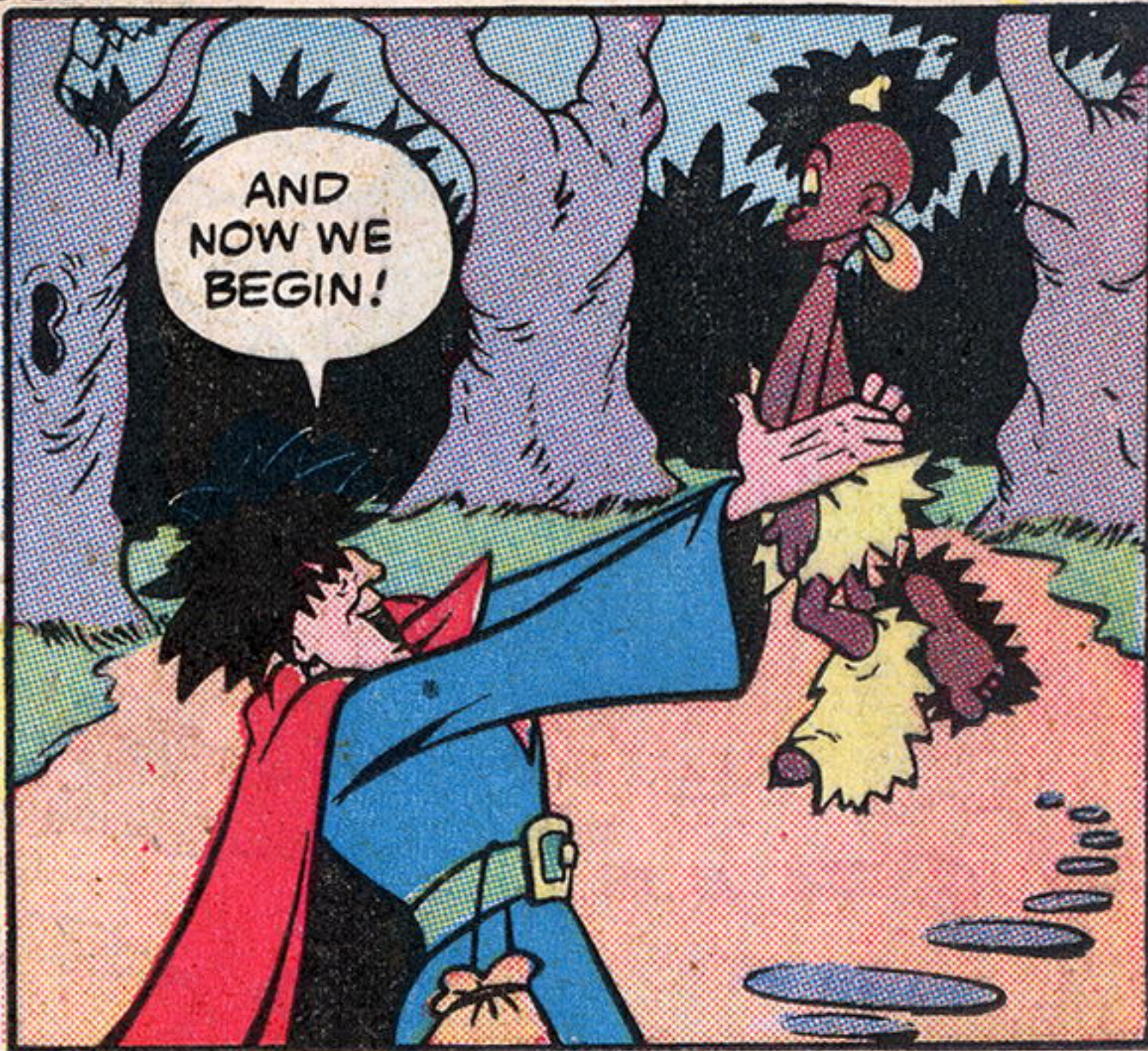
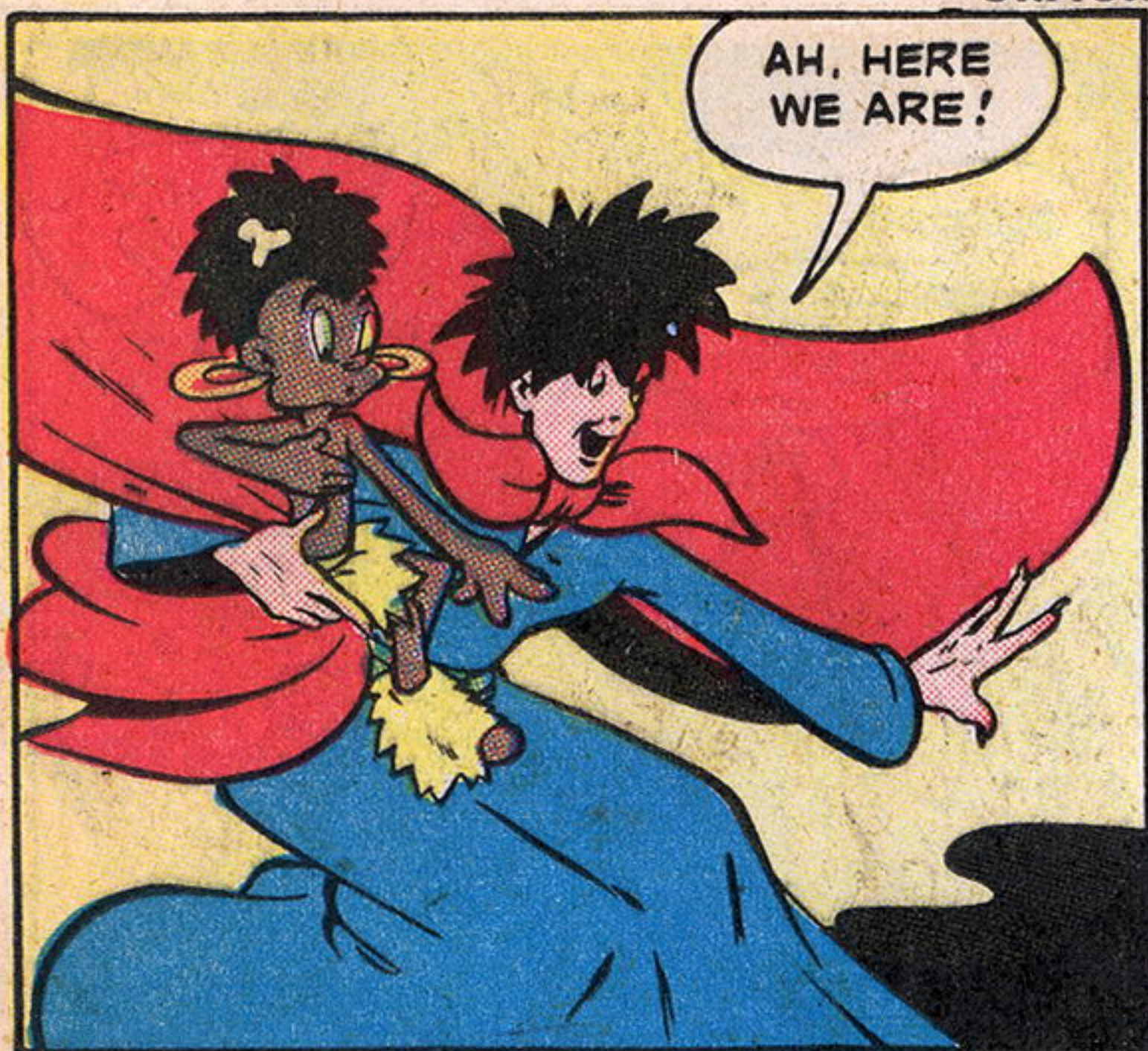
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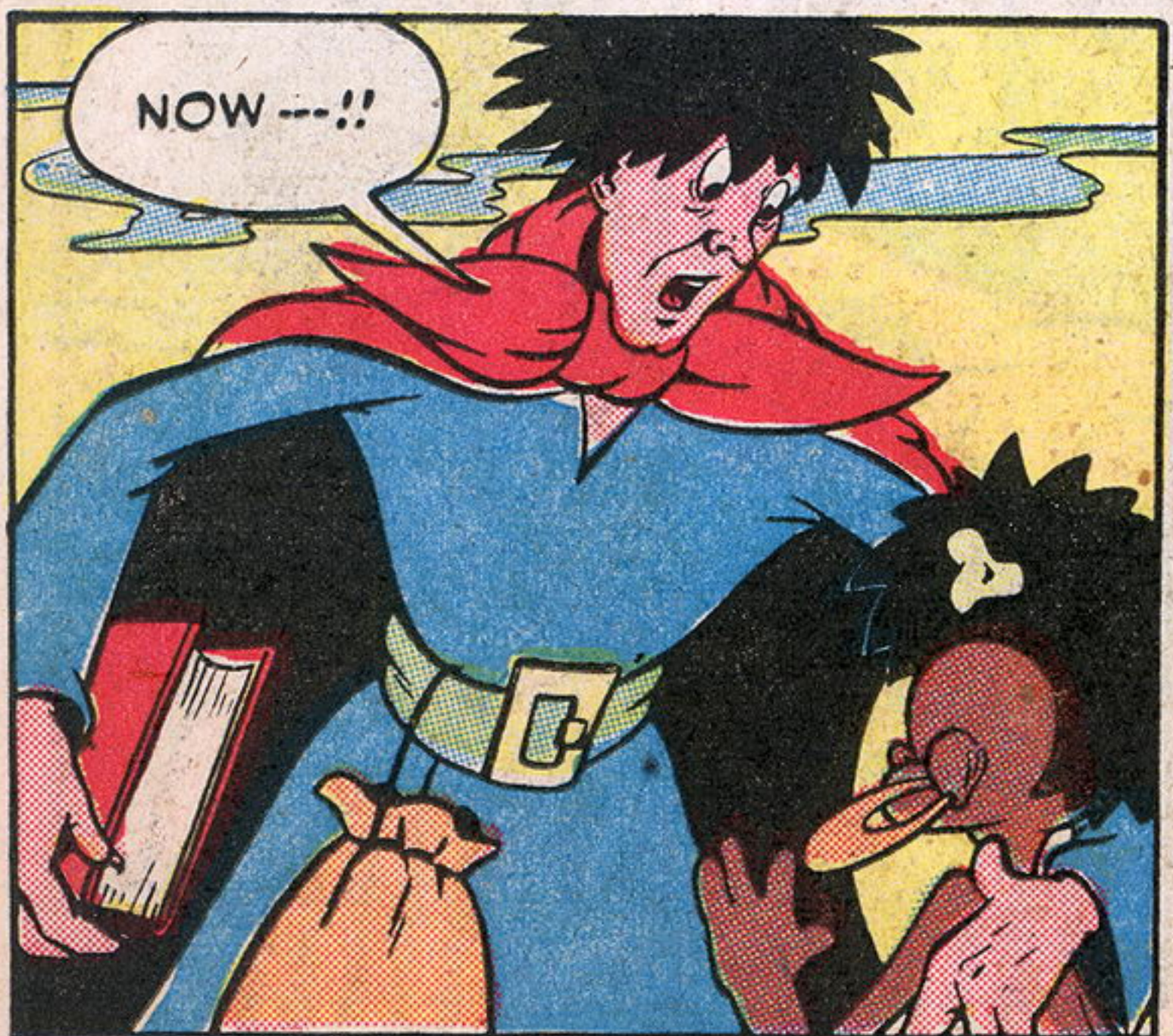
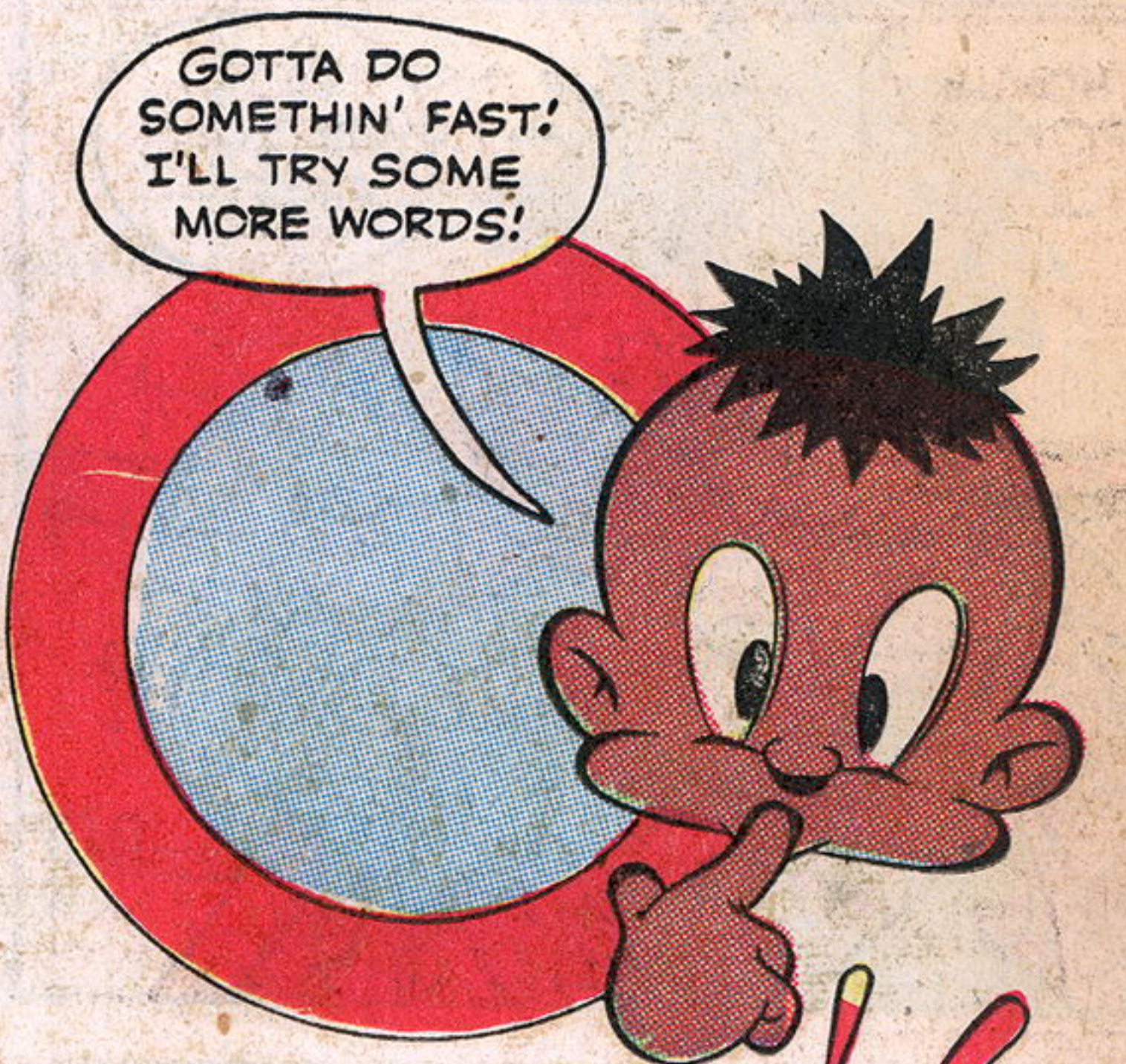
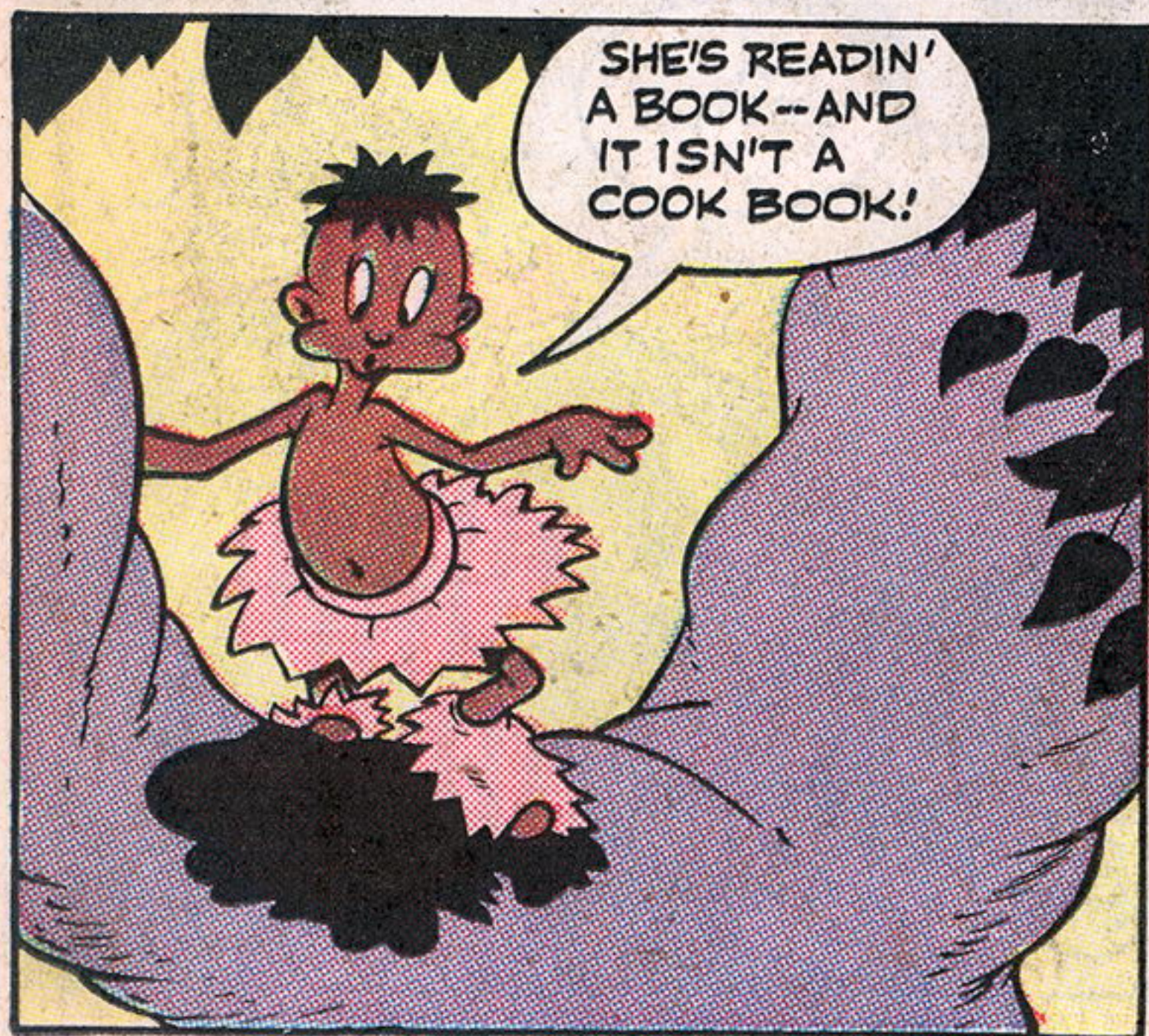
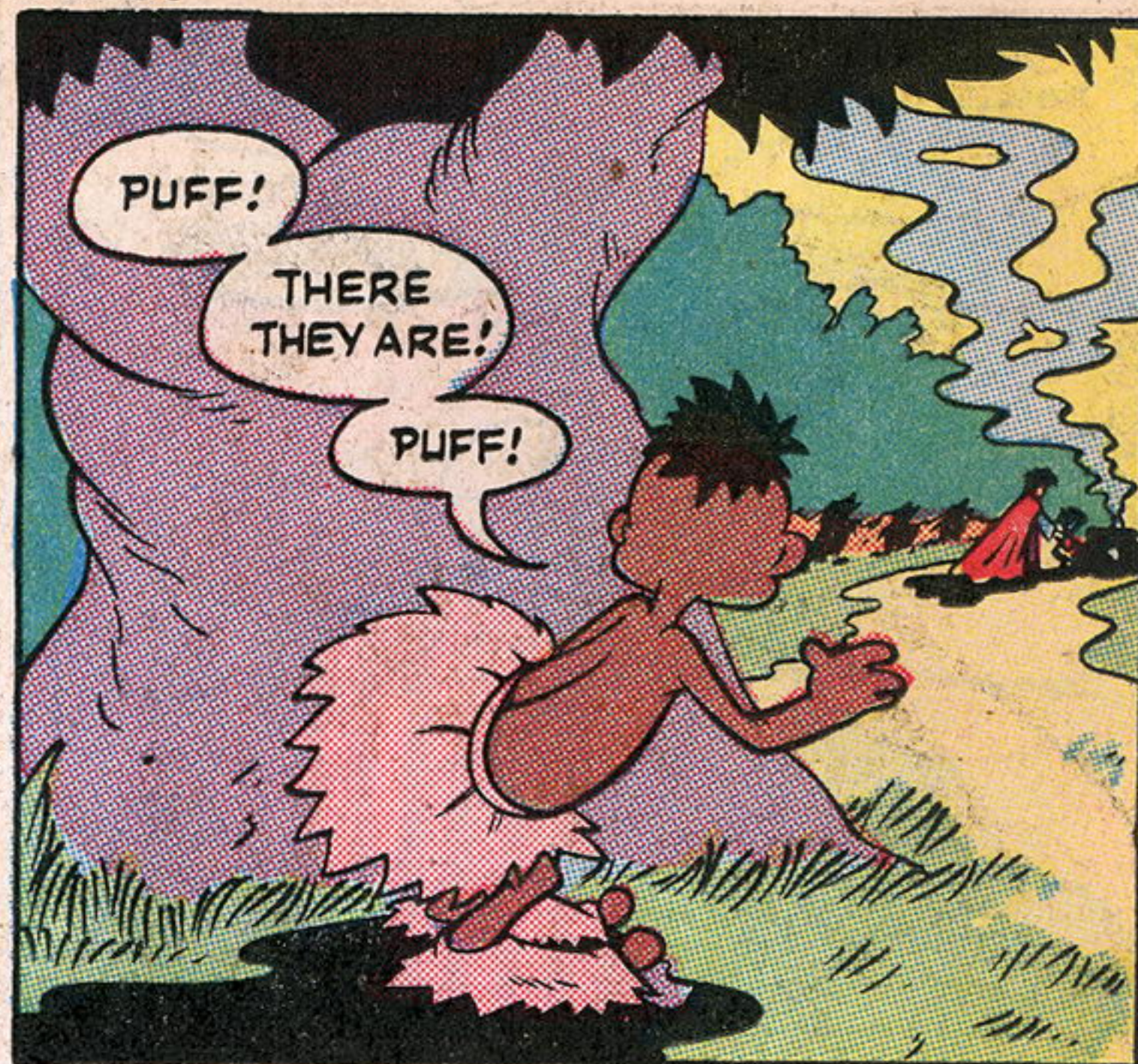
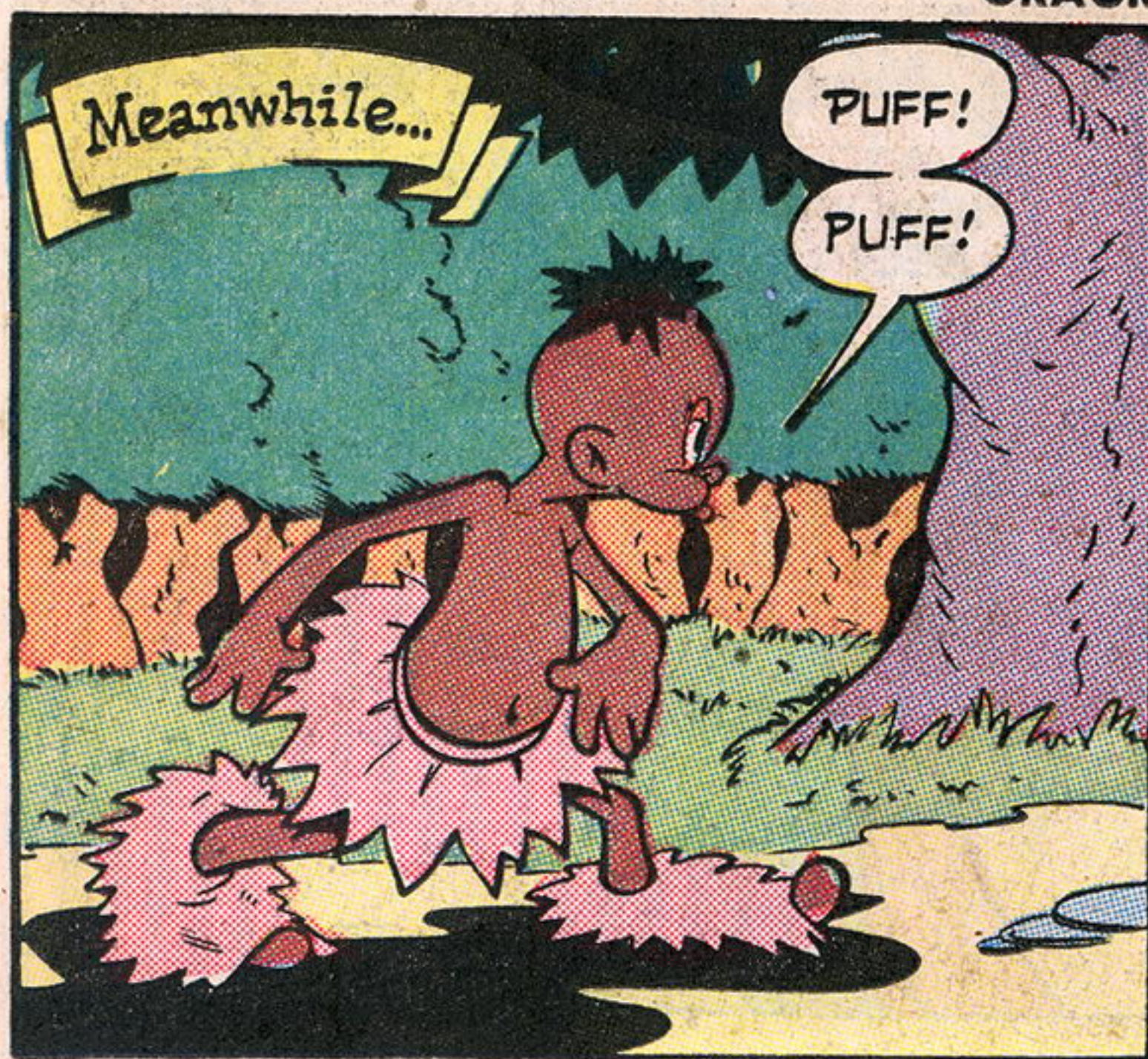


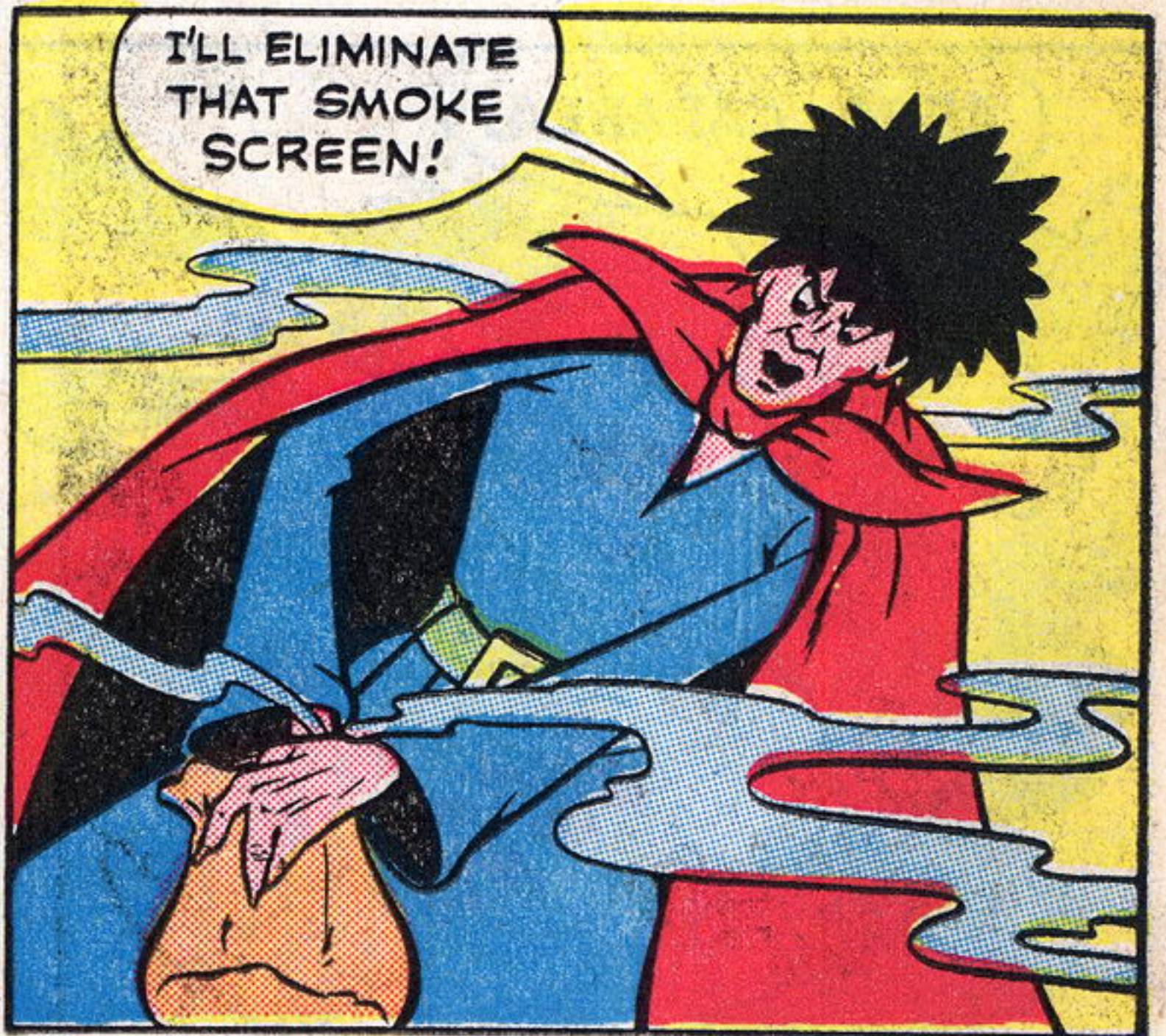
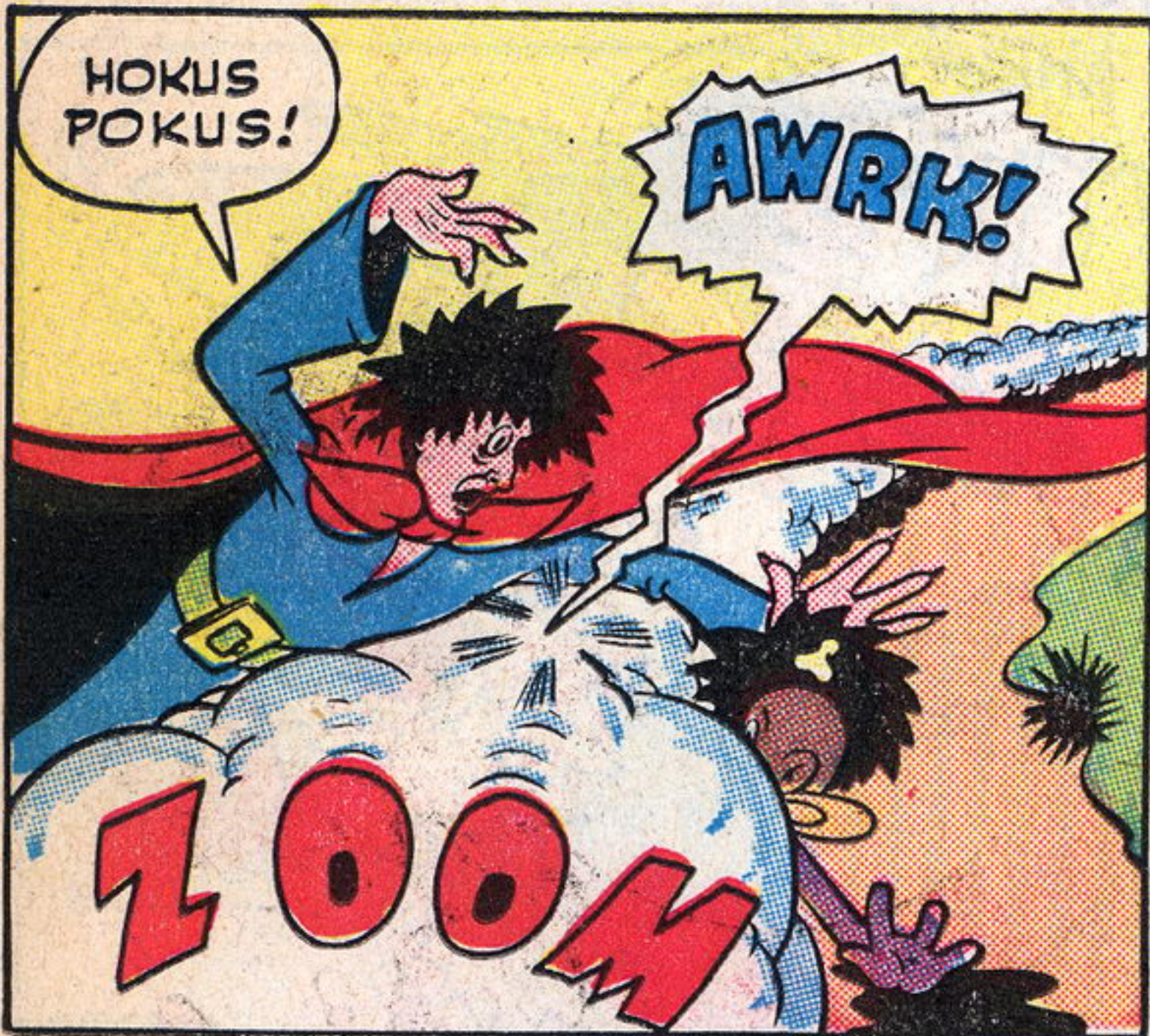
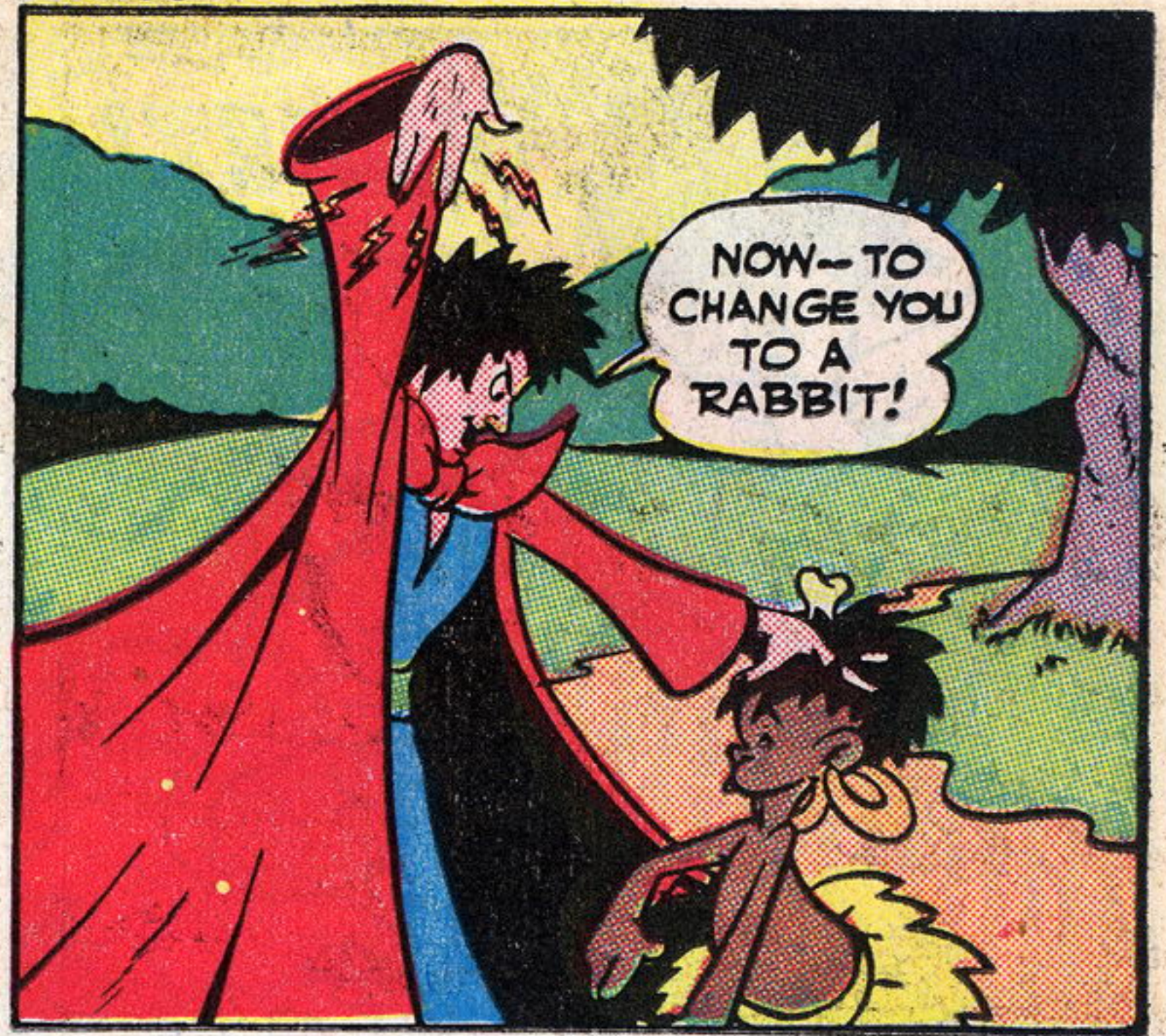
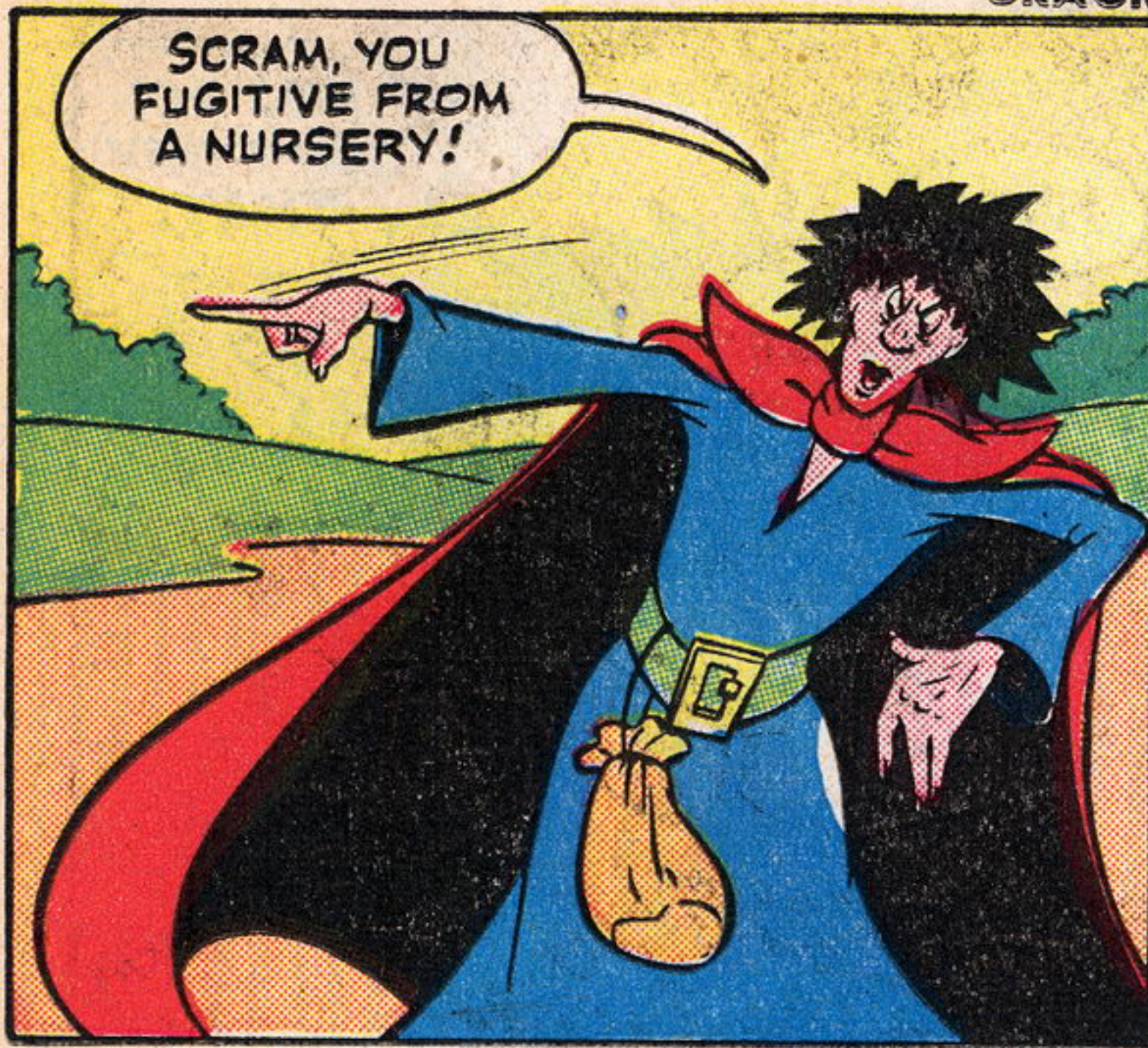


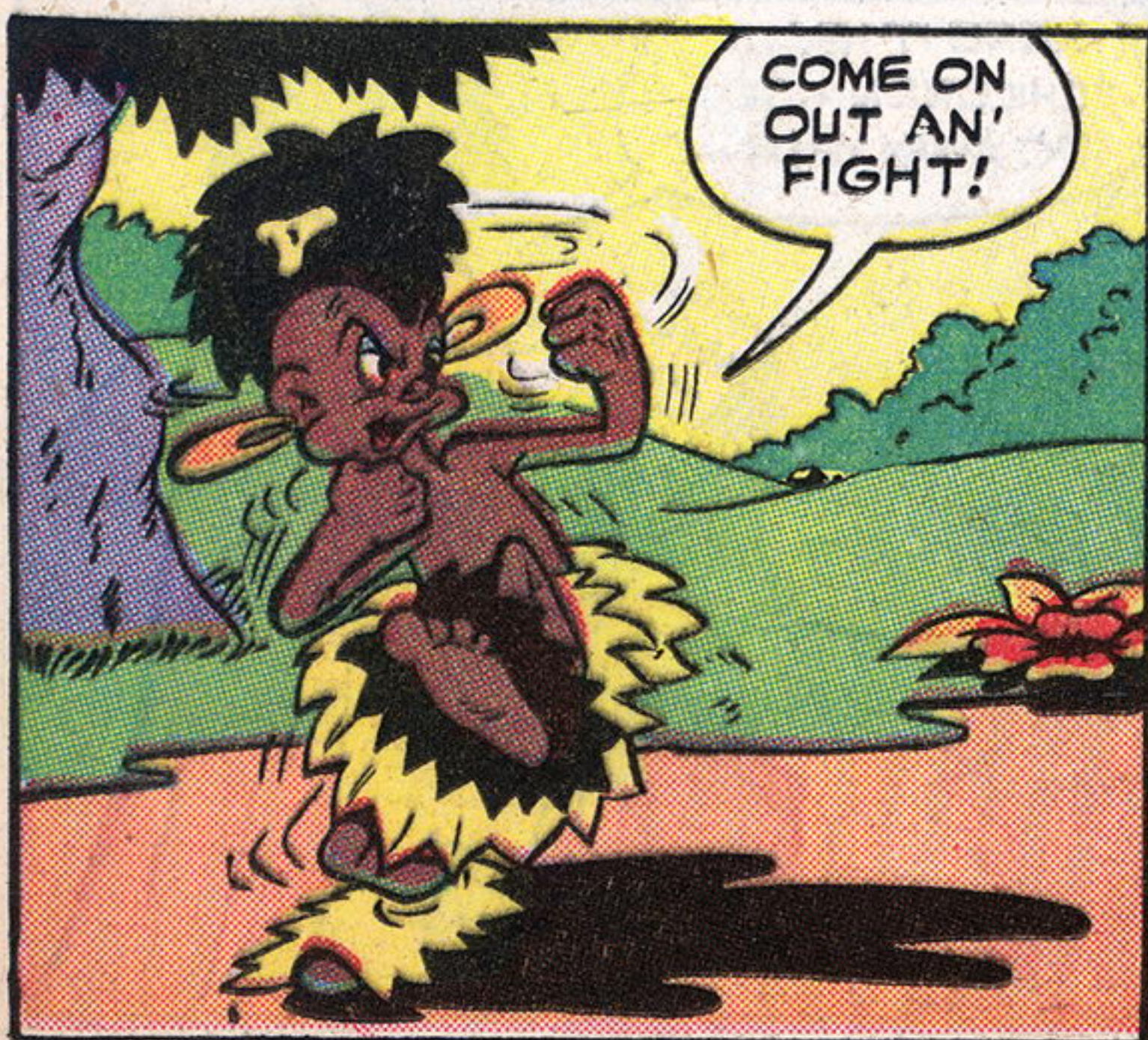
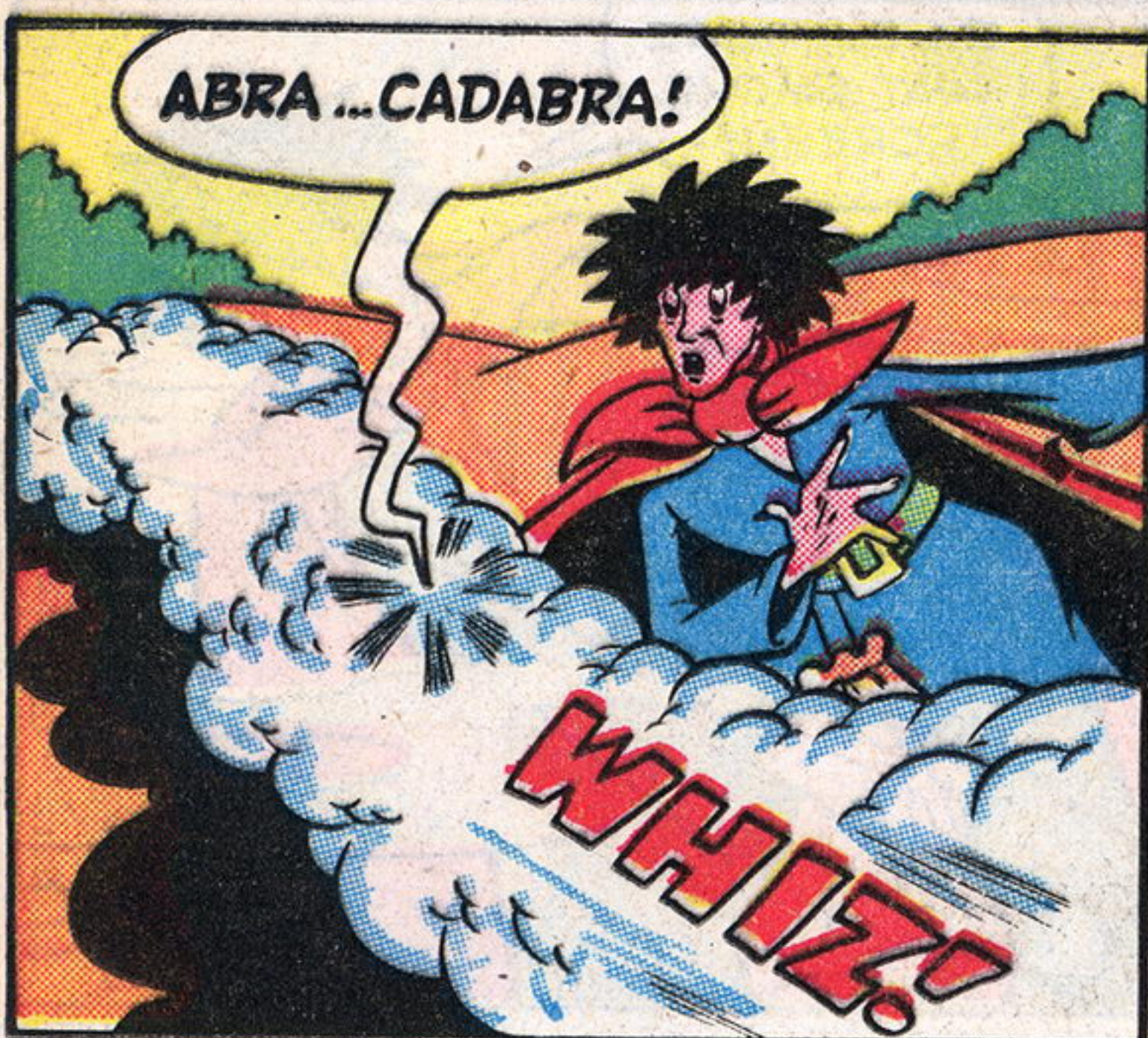




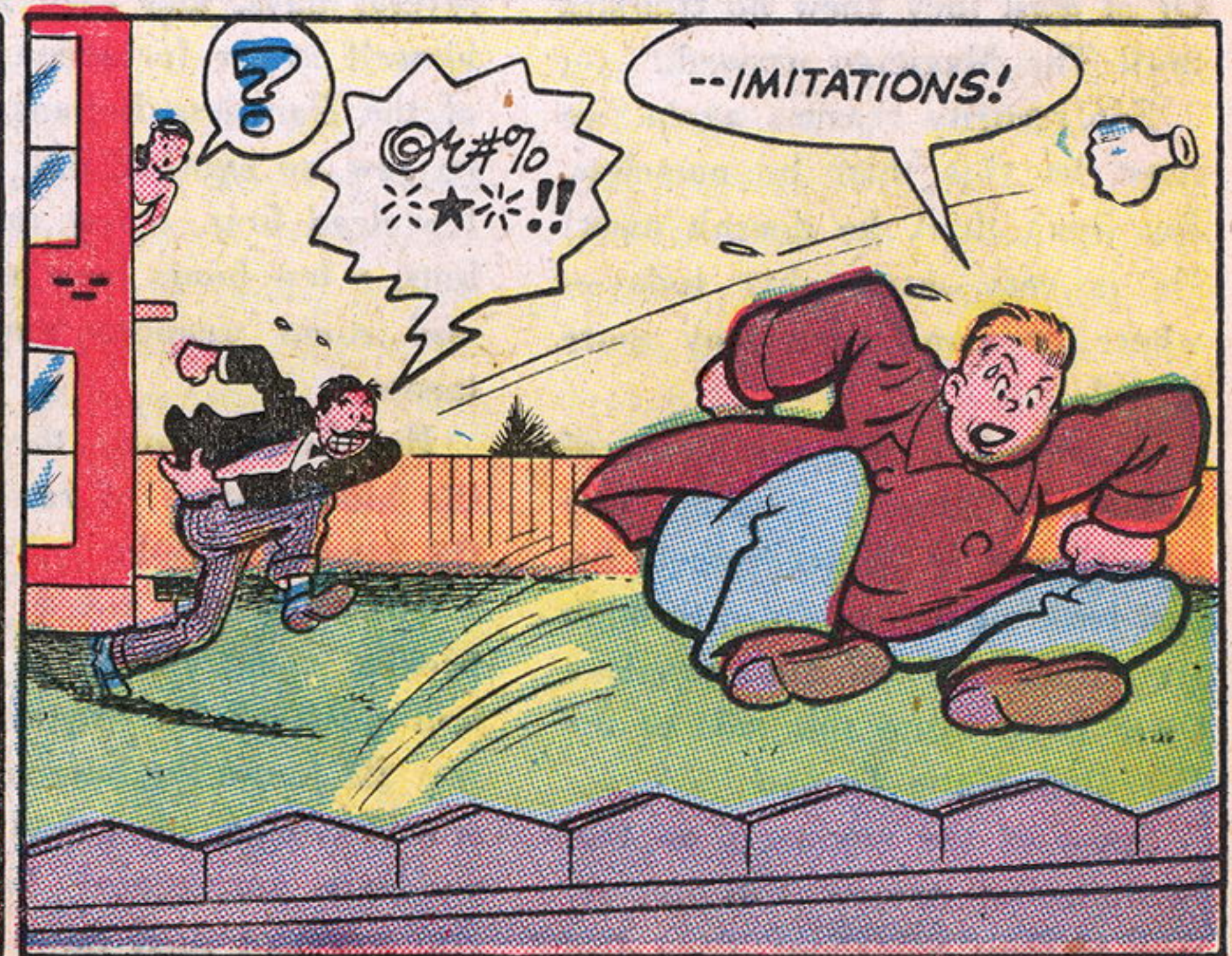
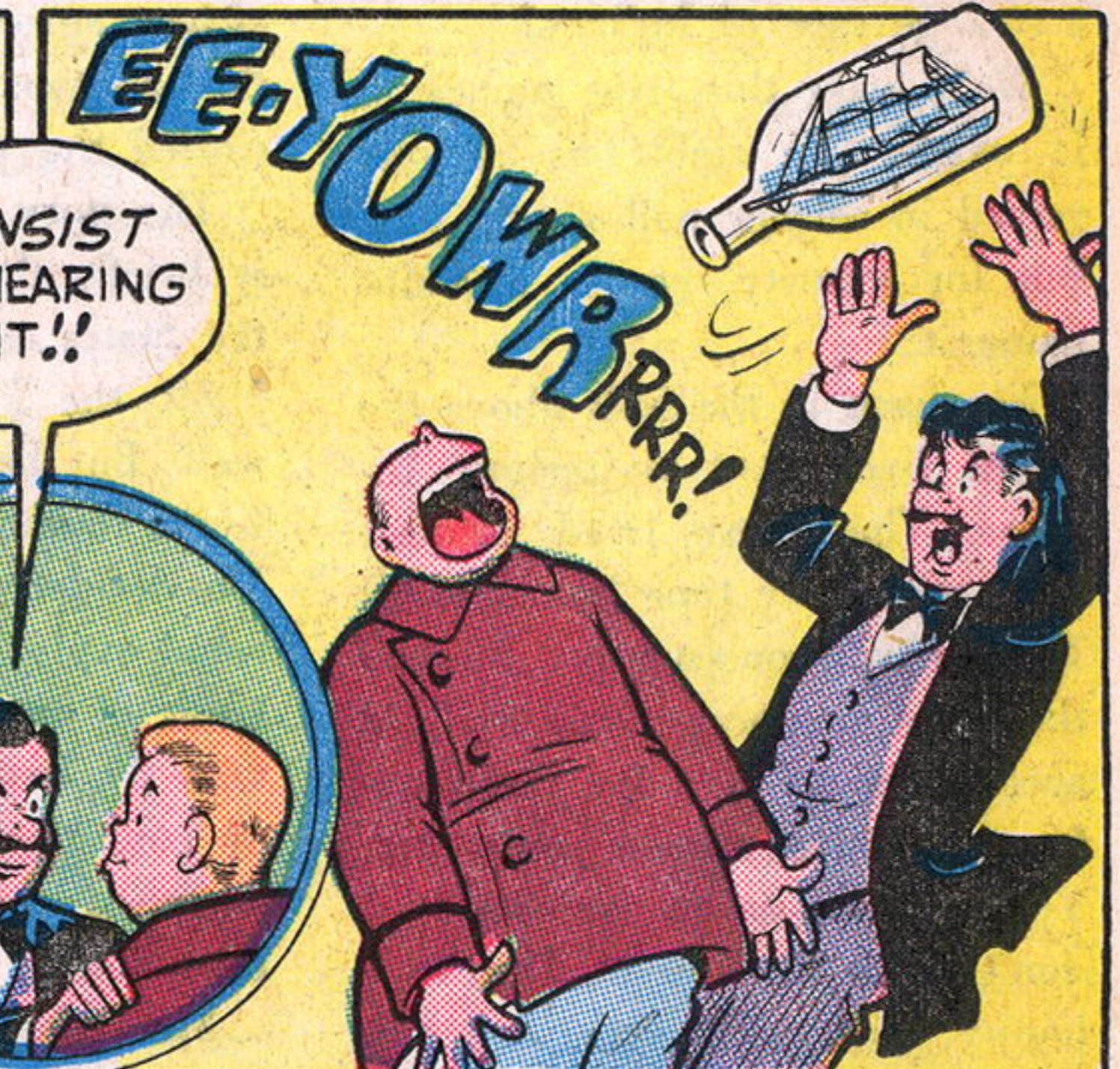
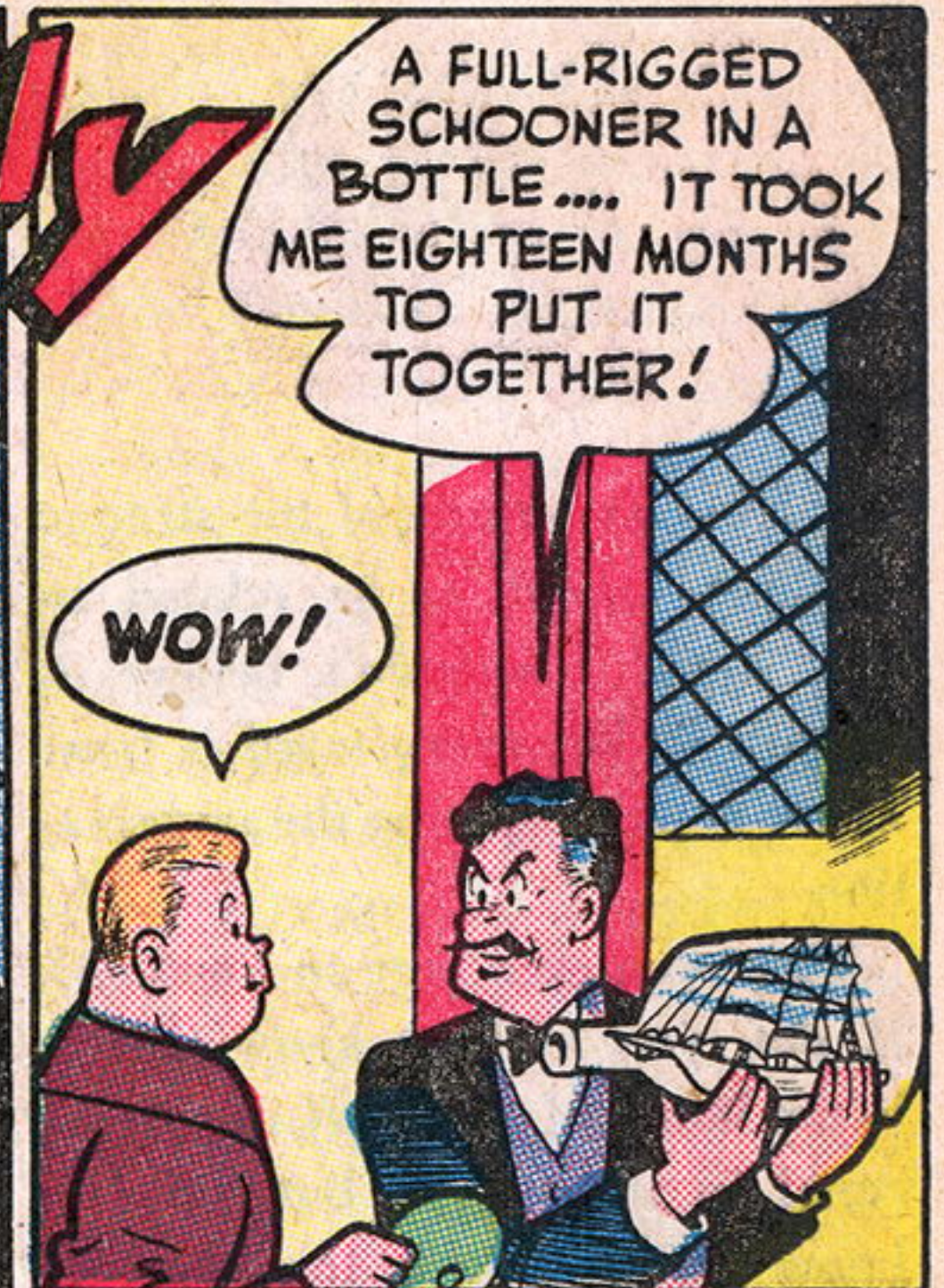








Kiki Kelly



MAGIC TURNABOUT

IF I hadn't witnessed the strange things about to be related in this story, I wouldn't believe it happened. But every word is true. There is no stretching the imagination.

Have you ever been in Panama? If not, you at least know that it is the home of the most important canal in the world. But did you know that it also is the home of a strange race of Indians?

We'll leave this tribe nameless. It exists, all right, as anyone versed in science will assure you. But for security reasons let's not name it.

Far back in the hills above the Canal live these mysterious Indians. They have lived in that same spot since time immemorial. They have consistently shunned the white man and all his civilized accouterments. And for that maybe they have missed something. Yet, speaking as an eye-witness, I don't think they have! They're a happy race, with very few ills. Or at least they knew no troubles until The Magician arrived. . . .

For security reasons again, we must let this man be nameless. But don't think he doesn't exist! He is very much alive today—where he won't cause any more trouble.

Panama is a rich storehouse of untouched mineral wealth. Only recently the U. S. government began building a road down through the trackless Isthmus jungle—there is no worse this side of the Brazilian Matte Grosso.

Some of the engineers on that monumental project will not return to their homeland. They died

there in the terrible steaming jungle of green silence. They died from various causes, least of which was poison darts fired through blowguns by small, tricky Indians.

I don't think the Nameless tribe would be mentioned in this project were it not for the greed of our nameless Magician. It was he who found the Golconda—one of the richest stores ever discovered on the continent. It was he who caused the whole bloody mess.

The story back of the Magician is briefly this: Coming out from the States as an engineer back in 1939, the Magician did his job well. But he did it too fast. He found time dragging on his hands. He decided to do a bit of personal exploring. He hired a pack-train of mules, piled them high with the best grubstake that money could buy, took his guns and cameras, and headed north into tabu land.

The Magician's trek required several days, and then he found himself in the forbidden territory of the Nameless Indians. At first he saw no sign of life, except a few dead fires, a few ramshackle huts, a few bones here and there, and stone weapons and implements.

He didn't know, then, about the hidden store of raw gold in the cacique's castle.

The Magician roved over the broken country, taking pictures and questing for anything exciting. He found the latter one night when a ring of naked savages suddenly surrounded his camp. His fire had died down, but he

had not fallen asleep yet. A trifling sound startled him and he rose up on an elbow.

The Magician almost fired at the savages, then decided that would be fatal. There were too many of them. Instead, he would practice magic. He had several packets of "colored fire," used for Fourth-of-July celebrations. He carefully scattered a packet of green over the embers of the fire. Instantly a great sheet of green flame enveloped everything, changing the savages' faces into weird masks of deathly pallor. They shrieked and scattered in a body. The Magician didn't see them again for two days.

One day the Magician came across a very sick Indian lying outside a battered hut. The man was dying. The Magician had a few medicines and knew a bit about caring for minor sickness and wounds. He opened his first-aid chest.

Now this dying Indian had run afoul of a great splinter which had gone into his wrist and come out at the elbow. The wound had festered and the man had blood poisoning.

The Magician soon had a kettle of hot water and, with a sharp scalpel began removing the flesh. The man lay supine, hardly feeling the torture. He made no sound. At last the wound was cleansed and bandaged. The Magician sat back and prepared some broth.

The Indian ate gratefully, and at last a look of intelligence came into his black eyes. He looked at his bandaged arm and nodded slowly, comprehendingly.

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The Magician knew a few words of the man's language. He spoke to him softly. The Indian answered. The white man had saved his life. For that he was his slave for life.

Days passed, and the Magician and Indian roamed the country together. Soon they were talking freely and discussing little-known things about the Indian's country. Casually, the Magician let it be known that he was looking for gold—bright yellow metal. The Indian's eyes lighted up. Yes, he knew where there was much gold. His people used it only to make pots and weapons. It belonged to the High Chief. Yes, he would show the white man where it was stored.

A few days later the Magician and his companion lay in the tall grass not far from the cacique's castle. It wasn't much of a castle, being made of rushes and thatch. But there was a strong guard of natives about it.

It was a few days prior to this reconstructed account that one of our paid spies came into Panama and told us what was taking place with the strange white man. I took a squad of trained native soldiers into the country at once. We didn't want trouble with the Nameless Indians. It was a tough trek.

We began picking up evidence of the Magician's progress through the country, found where he had come across the dying native, and then the trail of the two men going on. In a few days we had reached the vicinity of the cacique's castle.

Did you ever think that Fate might have a large hand in the affairs of men? The outcome of this story seems to indicate such. Perhaps you may say it was coincidence. That's all right. But is there a great difference between

that and Fate? Perhaps just retribution. . . .

The Magician had no intention of playing the game on the up and up. He was out for gold. He meant to get gold by hook or crook.

One of the tropics' sudden storms had obliterated all tracks, and we had a hard time coming upon those of the Magician and his Indian friend. But our trackers are the best in the country; they at last found them, and we were on our way.

The Magician and his Indian (who was sworn to ally himself with his benefactor in any manner) had formed a plan. They knew that the wild savages would not let them get near the castle of the cacique. It had to be done by trickery, and the Magician was just the one to figure something out!

He had, among other things, powder for blasting. So he set to work to make several small, but powerful bombs which could be hurled into the castle. The fact that human life might be wiped out meant nothing to this greedy one.

He finished his bombs one day and told the Indian all about them, and that he must not be alarmed by the loud noise they would make when they exploded. The Indian nodded understandingly. Then, each taking a half dozen of the bombs, they began creeping through the tall reeds and grass towards the castle. When they were within fifty feet of it they rose up and began hurling the bombs, the fuses of which had been lighted.

The first one struck the castle in the middle and resulting explosion blew half of the shaky structure away. Two or three more fell into the debris and the entire

building was reduced to a mass of rubble. The natives guarding the place had been blown to bits.

The Magician and his Indian now ran forward and prepared to garner their horde of gold.

I and my native soldiers, nearly a score of us, had been creeping up in the rear just before the first bomb had fallen. Now we raced forward, guns drawn. But when we were yet a quarter of a mile from the ruined structure we saw a strange thing: The Magician and his Indian traitor stood among the golden ruins, seemingly looking at the riches. Then they toppled over and lay still.

A horde of native Indians crouched in the bushes around the blasted castle, frightened and shaking. We went forward.

"Eric," said my captain, "something is mighty wrong here. The culprits seem to be sleeping."

"Closer," I said. "But be on your guard!"

When we had approached the ruins to within a few yards we could hear a distinct hissing sound, like steam escaping through a broken pipe. Ricardo, my captain, said, "Gas! The explosions have broken through one of the gas pockets found in this country. We must be careful."

I fashioned a mask from several handkerchiefs, soaked them in water, and ran toward the fallen men. First, I dragged the Magician away, then his Indian. They were both breathing, but out cold. The gas was obviously not lethal, but produced a sort of comatose condition.

We revived the two men in an hour and clapped irons on them. Then we set off toward Panama, with the cheers of the other Indians ringing in our ears. Yes, the Magician is now in prison. Greed and murder never pay.



HMM...
NICE. COZY
LOOKING
LITTLE
NEST,
ISN'T IT?

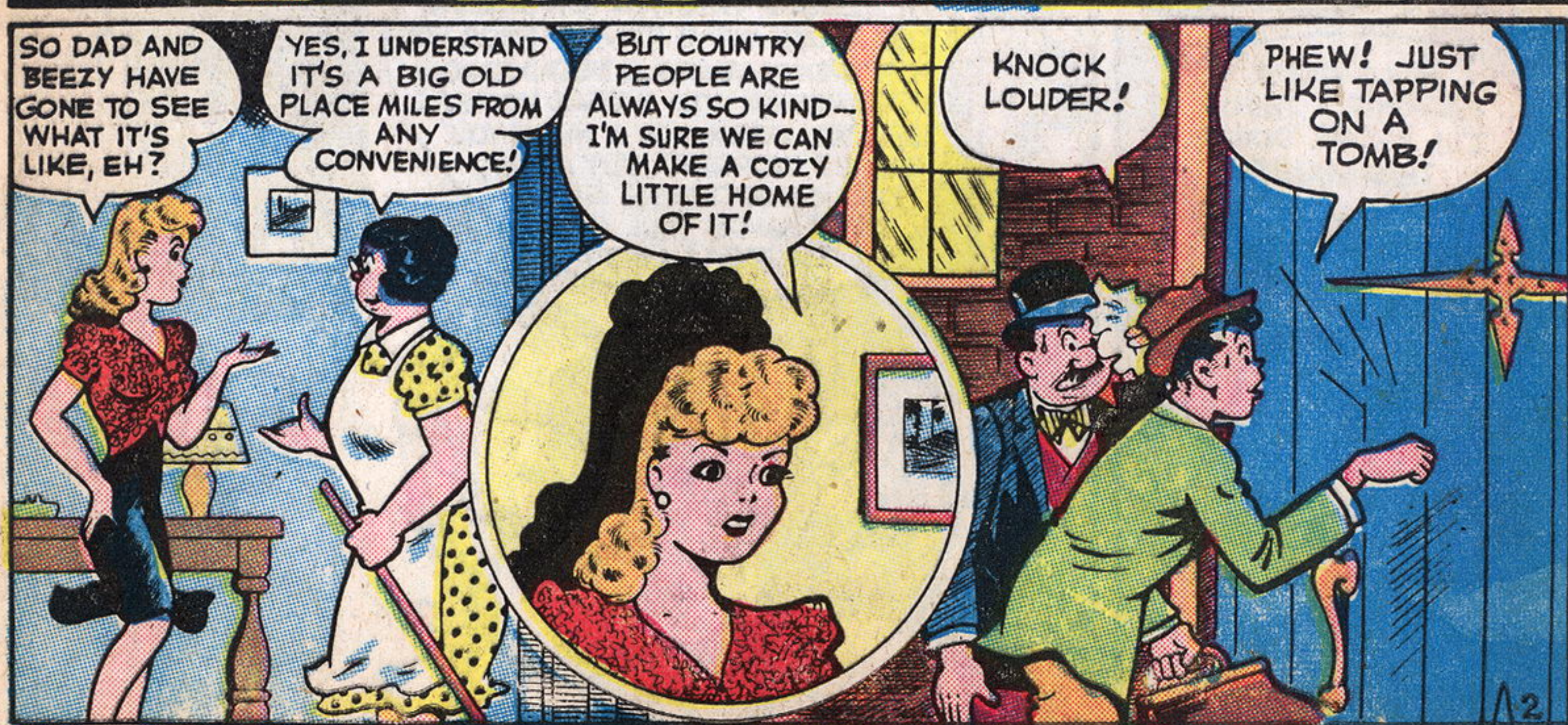
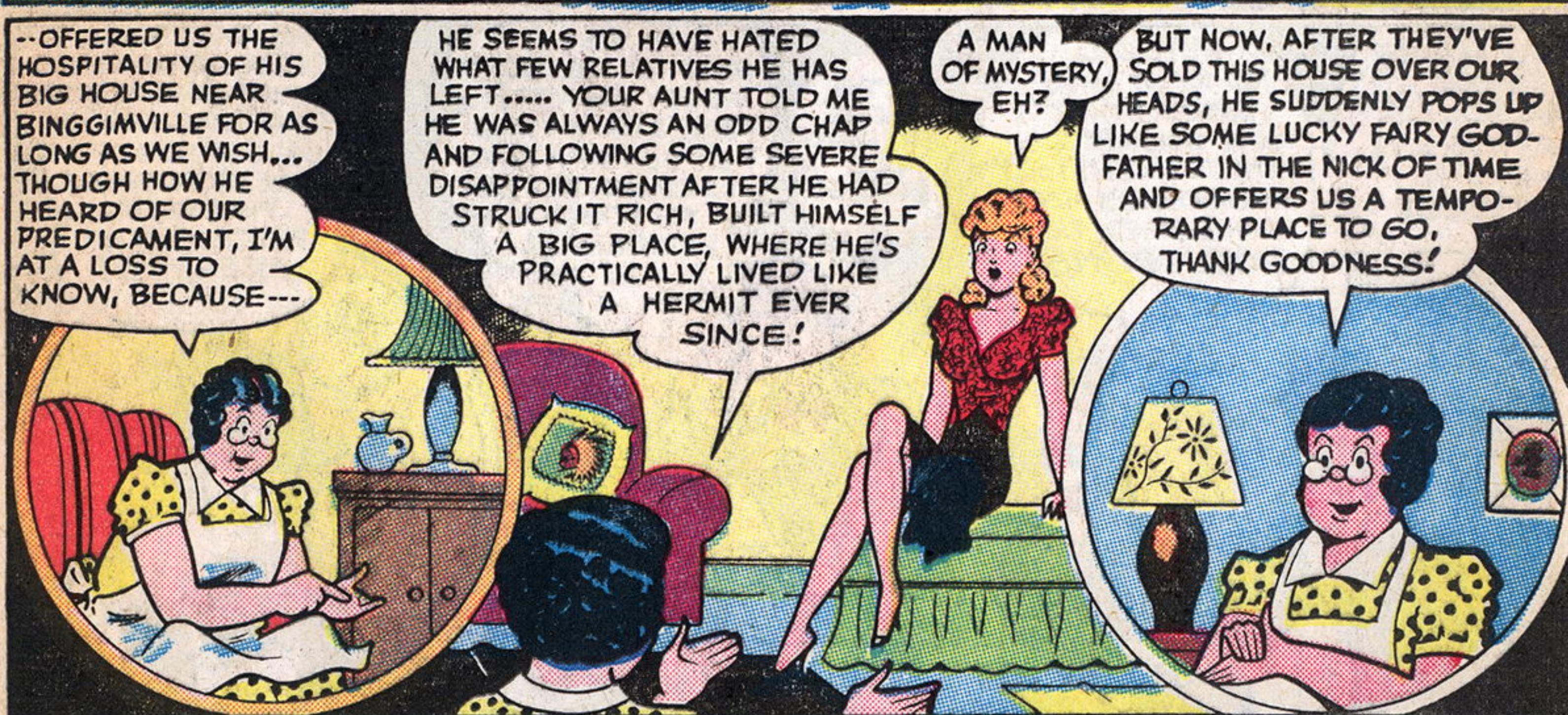
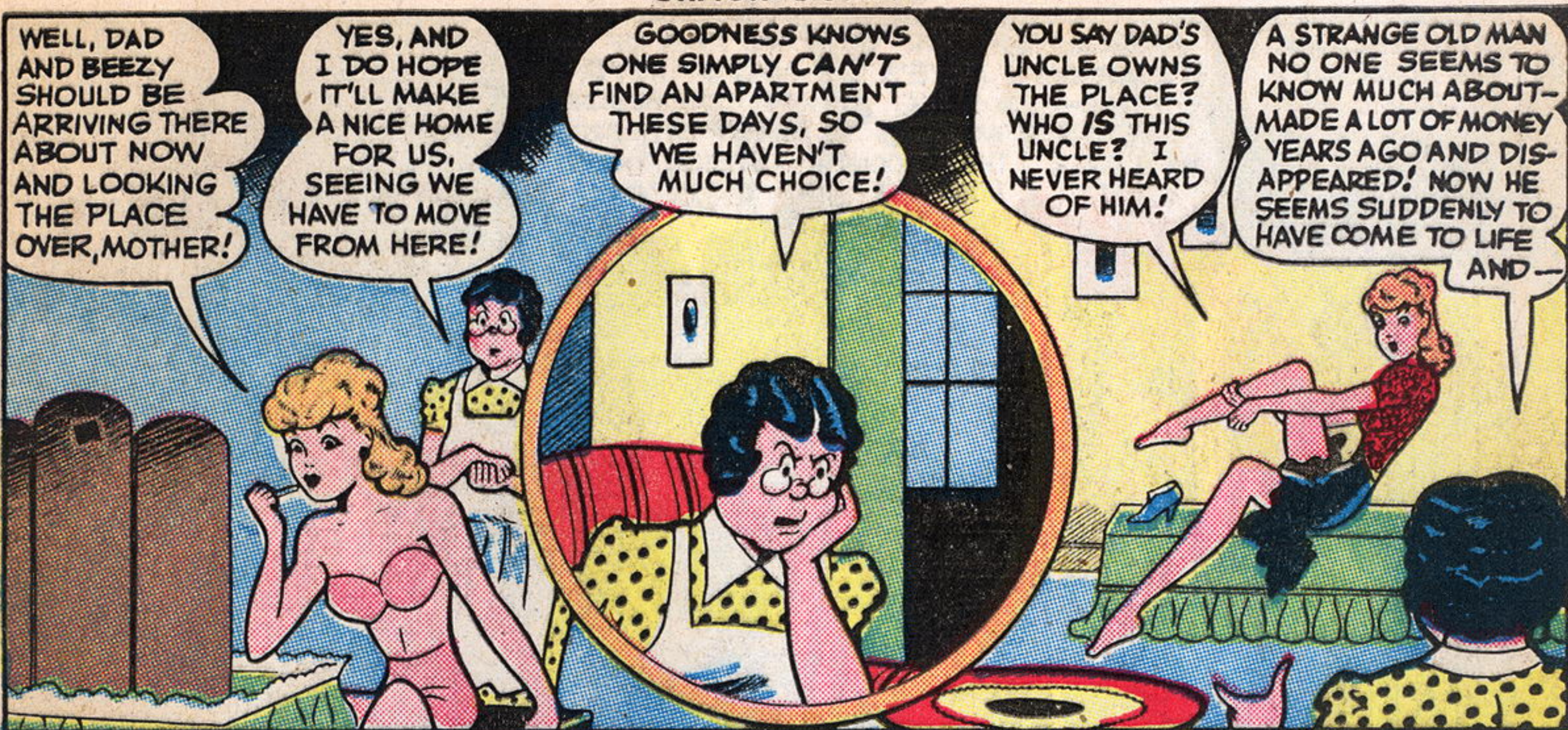
JUMPIN'
JEEPERS,
DAD! ... WHAT
KIND OF A
DRACULA FARM
OR FRANKENSTEIN
FOUNDRY D'YA
CALL THIS?

YUP, THAR
IT IS, GENTS! GO
ON AHEAD UP AND
RING THE BELL, IF
YA STILL GOT A
MIND TO, BUT
AS FOR ME--

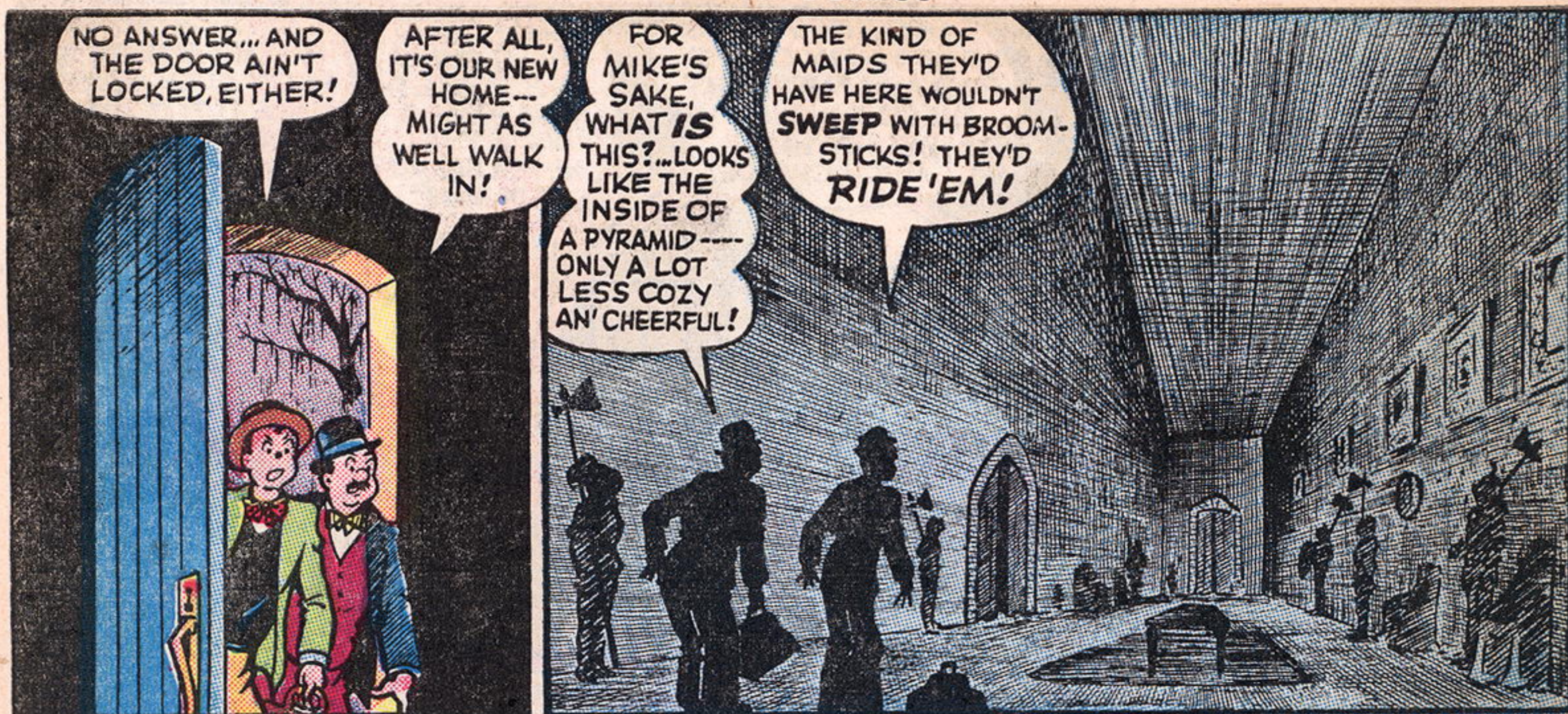
--I WANT NO
PART O' THAT
OLD HAUNT-
HATCHERY
AFTER DARK!

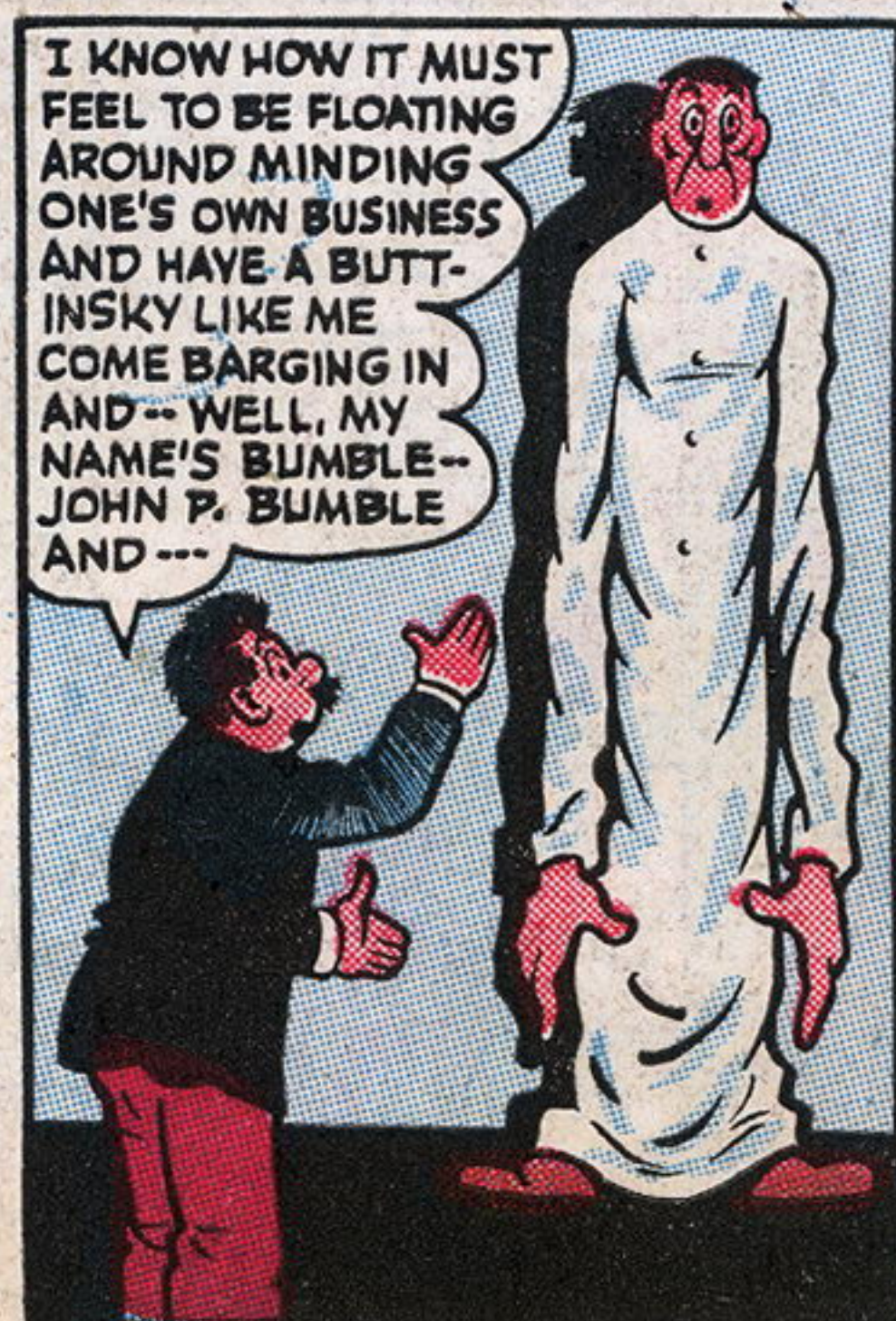
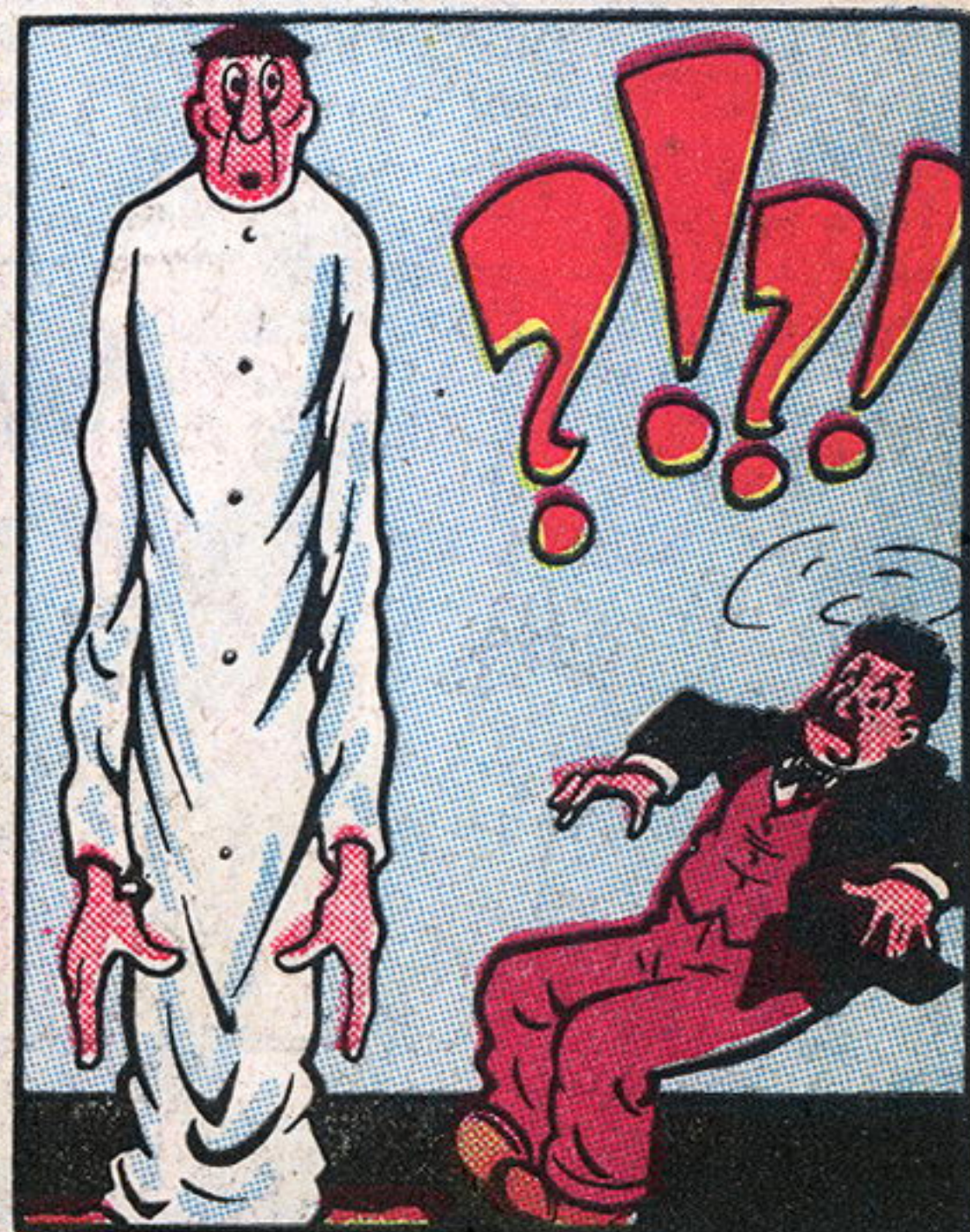
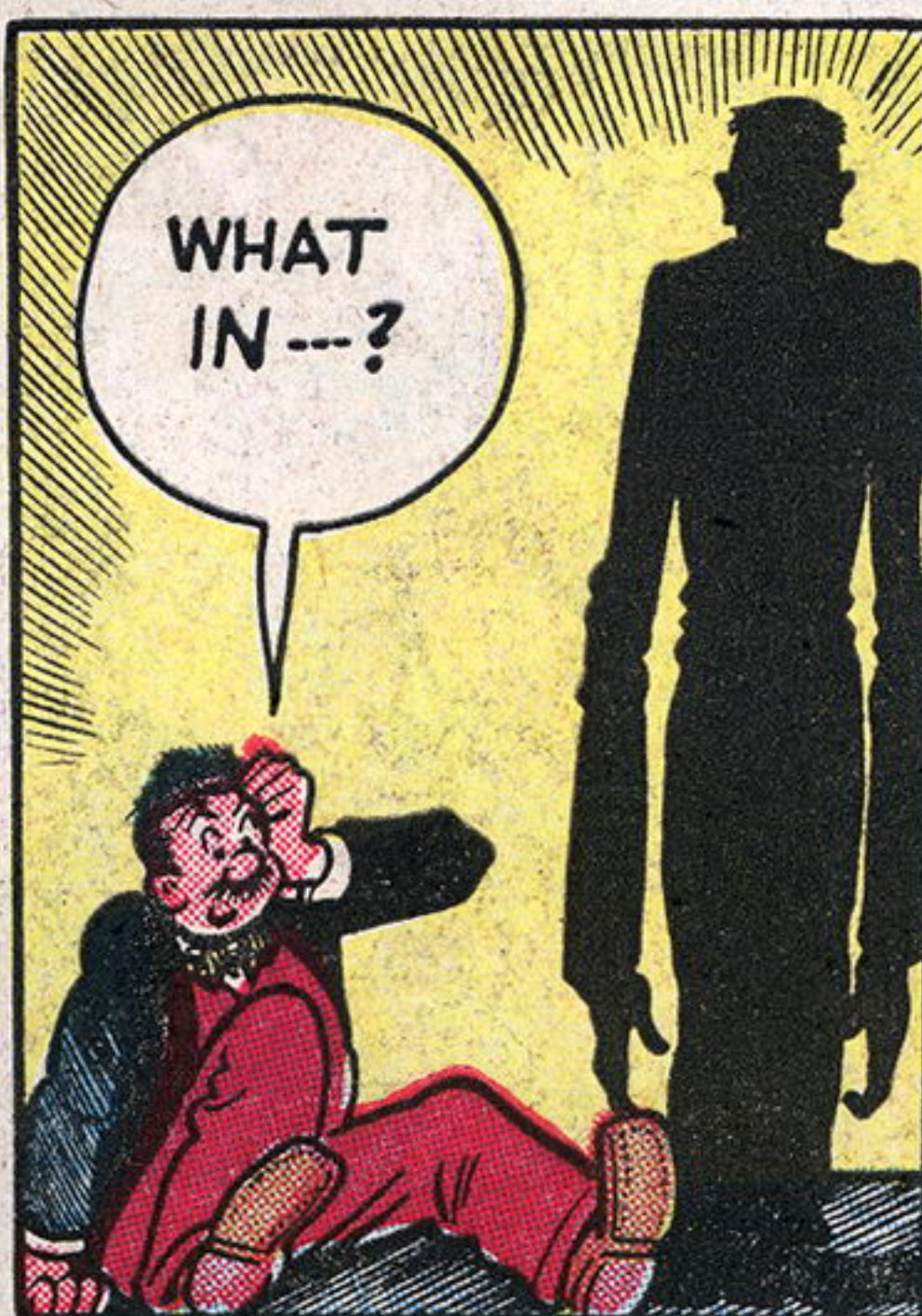
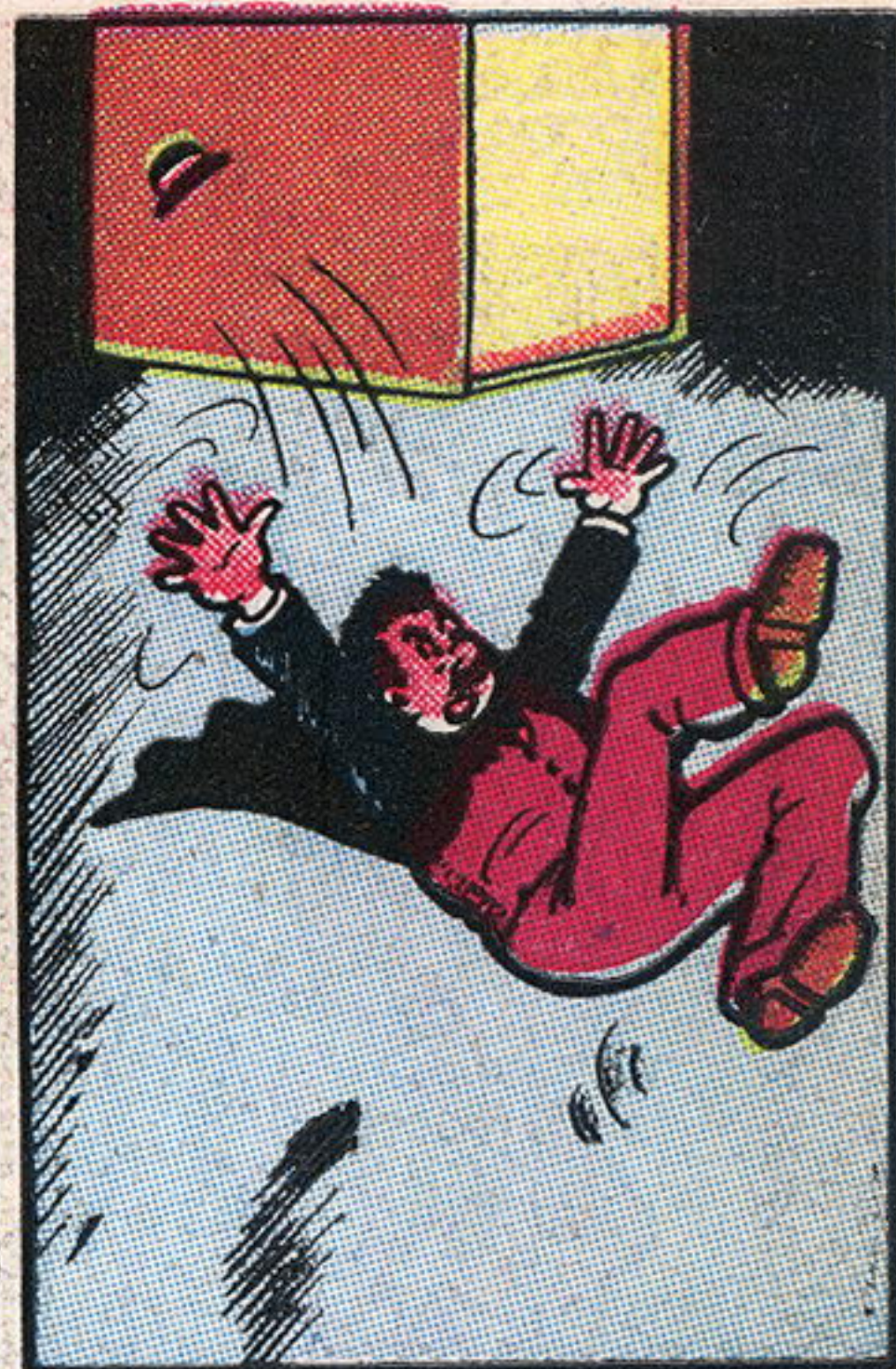
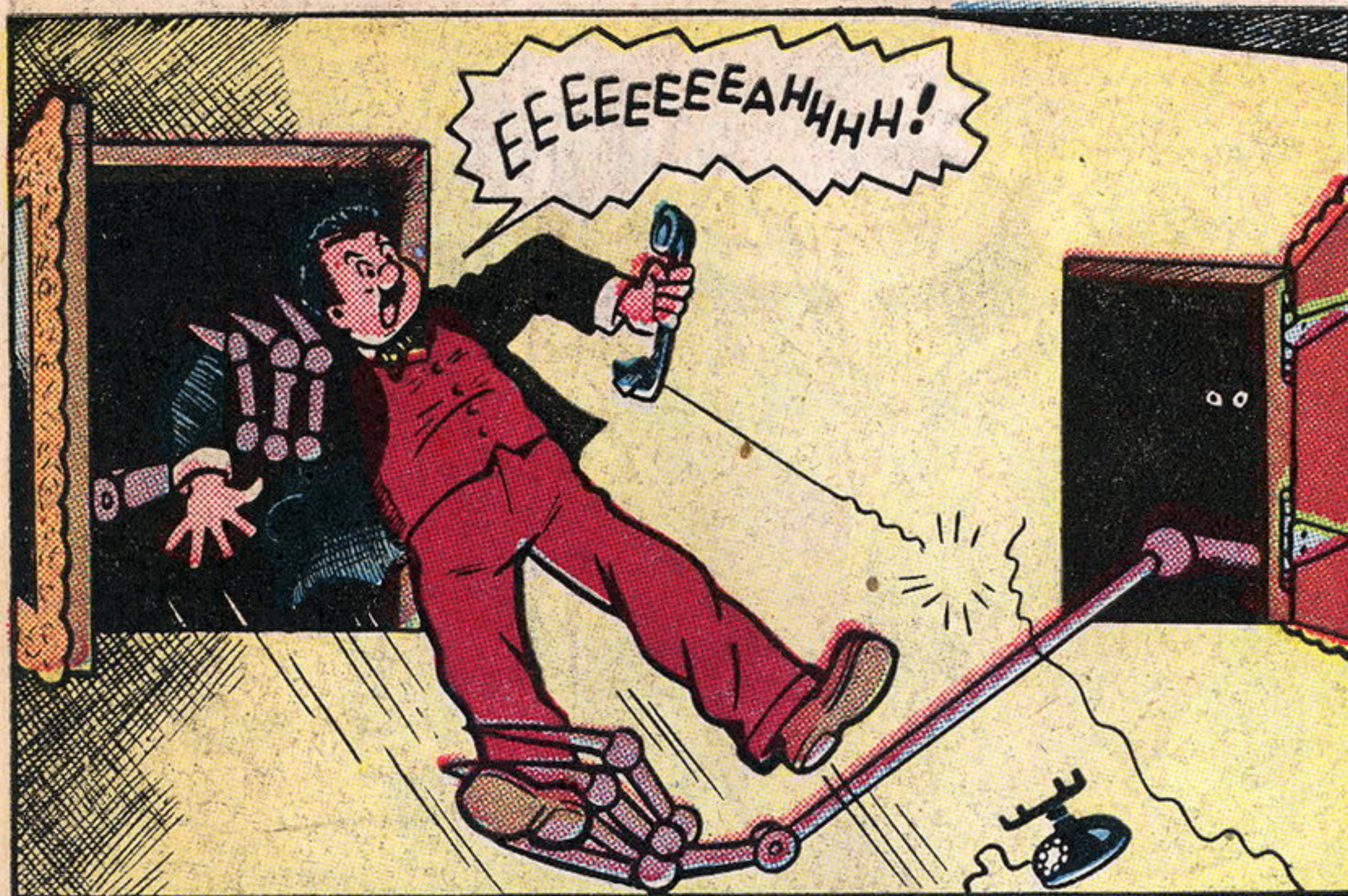
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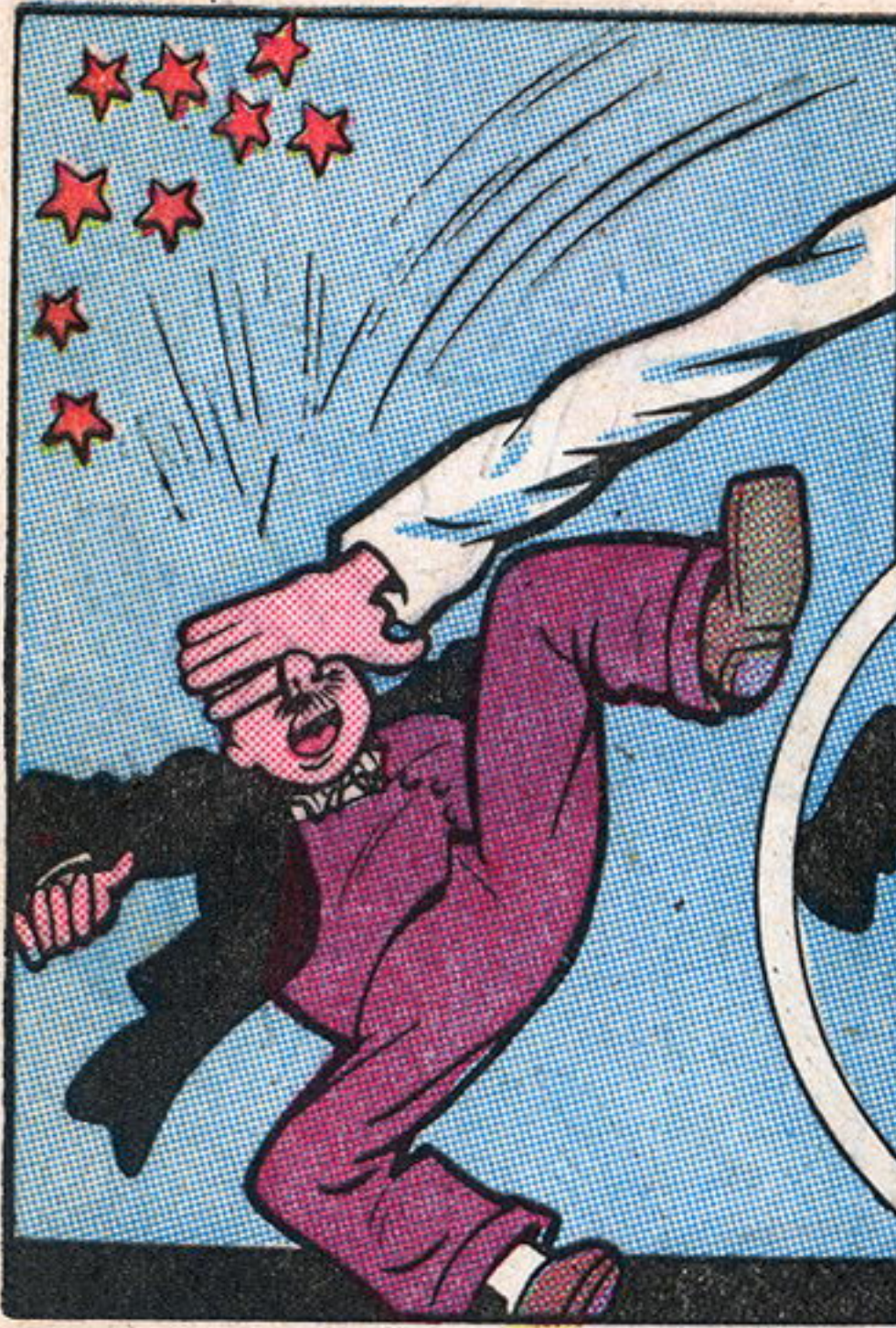
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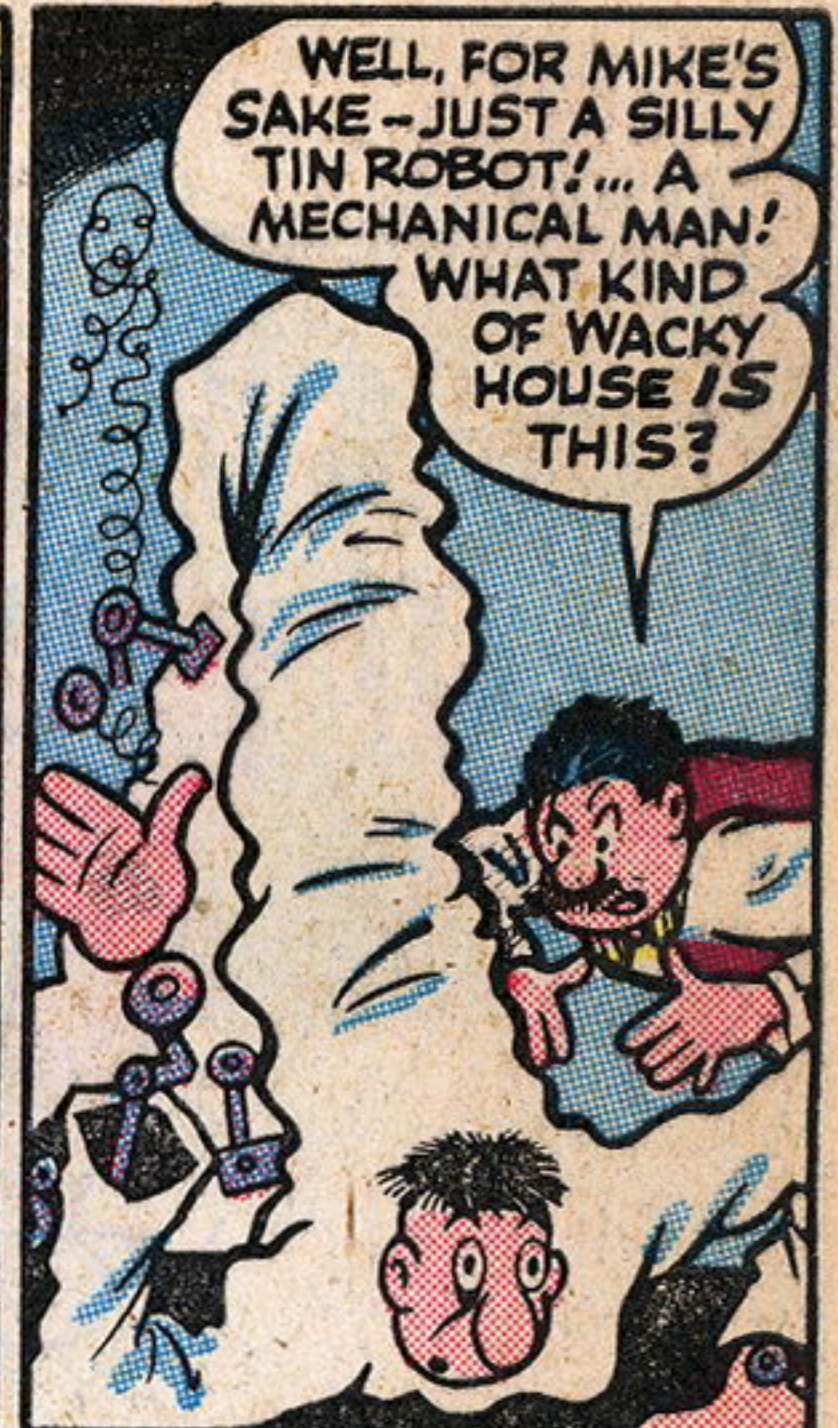
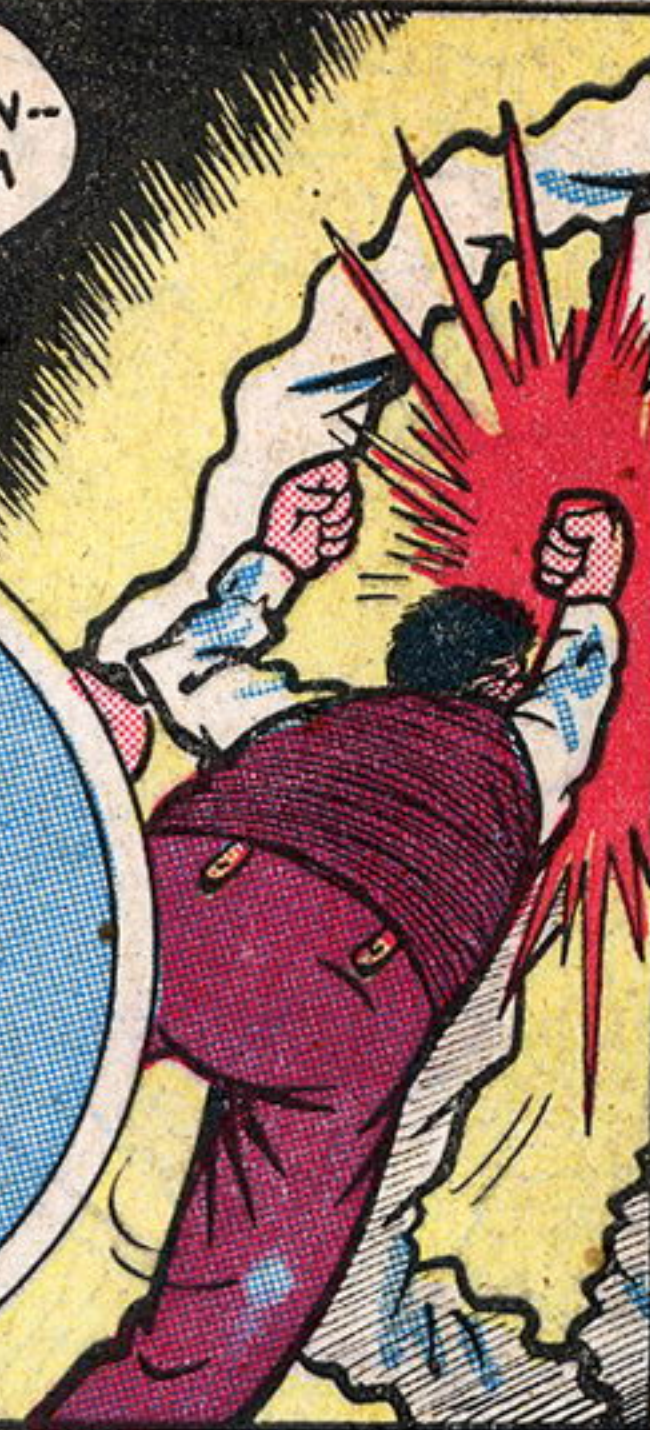
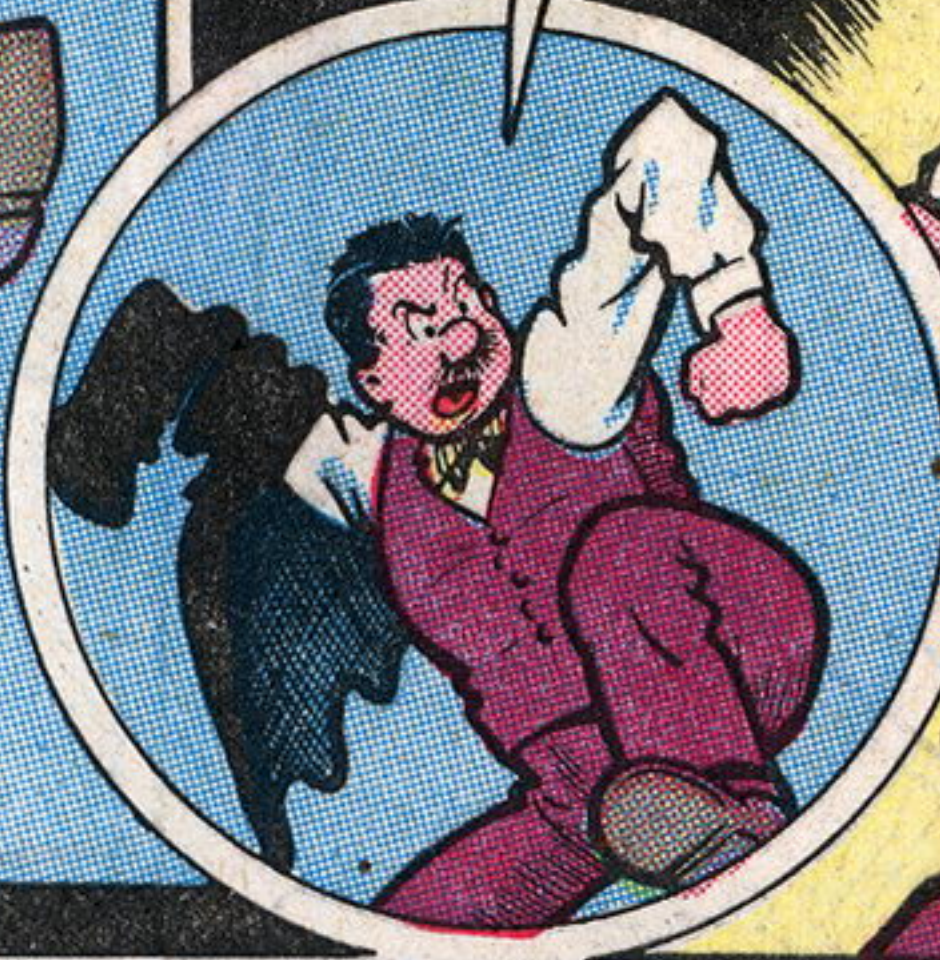
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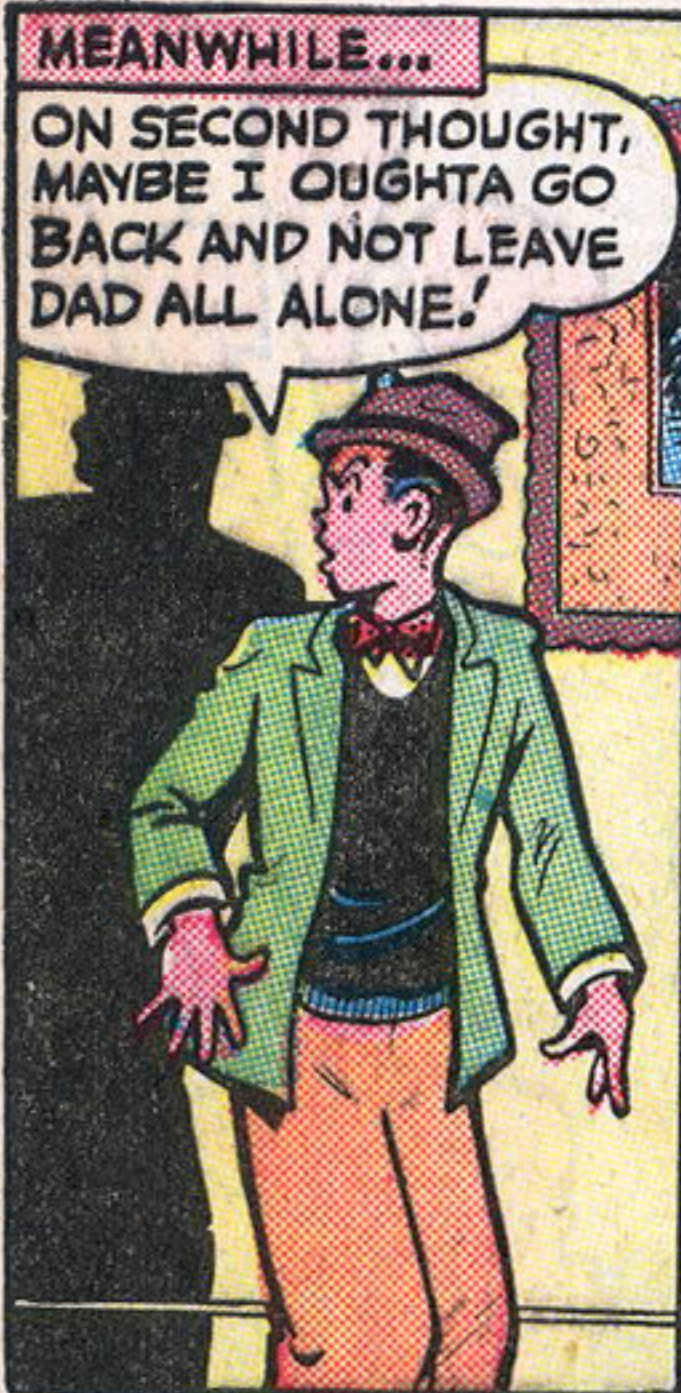




WELL, OF ALL THE SNEAKY, LOW-DOWN-- I'LL TAKE THAT FROM NOBODY--NOT EVEN A GHOST!



WELL, FOR MIKE'S SAKE--JUST A SILLY TIN ROBOT!... A MECHANICAL MAN! WHAT KIND OF WACKY HOUSE IS THIS?



MEANWHILE...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE I OUGHTA GO BACK AND NOT LEAVE DAD ALL ALONE!



YEH, GUESS I'D BETTER! BESIDES, I DON'T LIKE MESSING AROUND ALL ALONE MYSELF!

YOU'RE NOT ALONE, MY FRIEND!



I AM HERE!



AND WHO ARE YOU?

MY DEAR BOY, I OWE YOU A THOUSAND PARDONS, REALLY! I'M YOUR GREAT-UNCLE, BATTIE!



I WAS IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE PREPARING SOME REFRESHMENTS AND DIDN'T HEAR YOU ARRIVE!... COME, MY SON...

BUT--



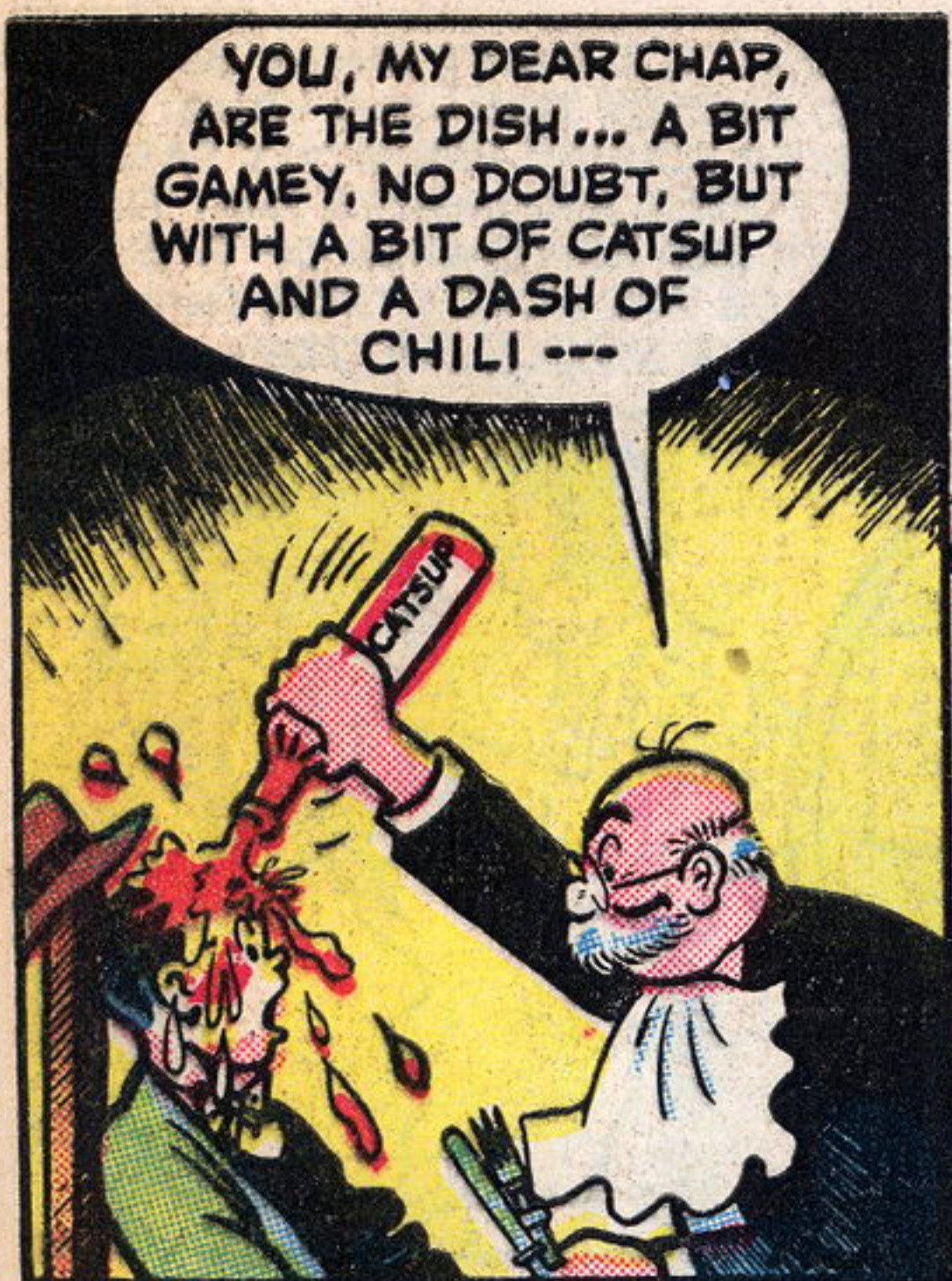
BUT DAD--- HE'S UP IN THAT BIG FRONT PARLOR---

TUSH! MY SERVANT WILL TELL HIM!...HE'LL BE HERE DIRECTLY!



WITHOUT YOU, SIR, MY LITTLE MEAL WOULD BE MOST INCOMPLETE, INDEED! BE SEATED!

WELL, SIR, I AM KINDA HUNGRY!... WHAT'S TO EAT... IF I MAY ASK?

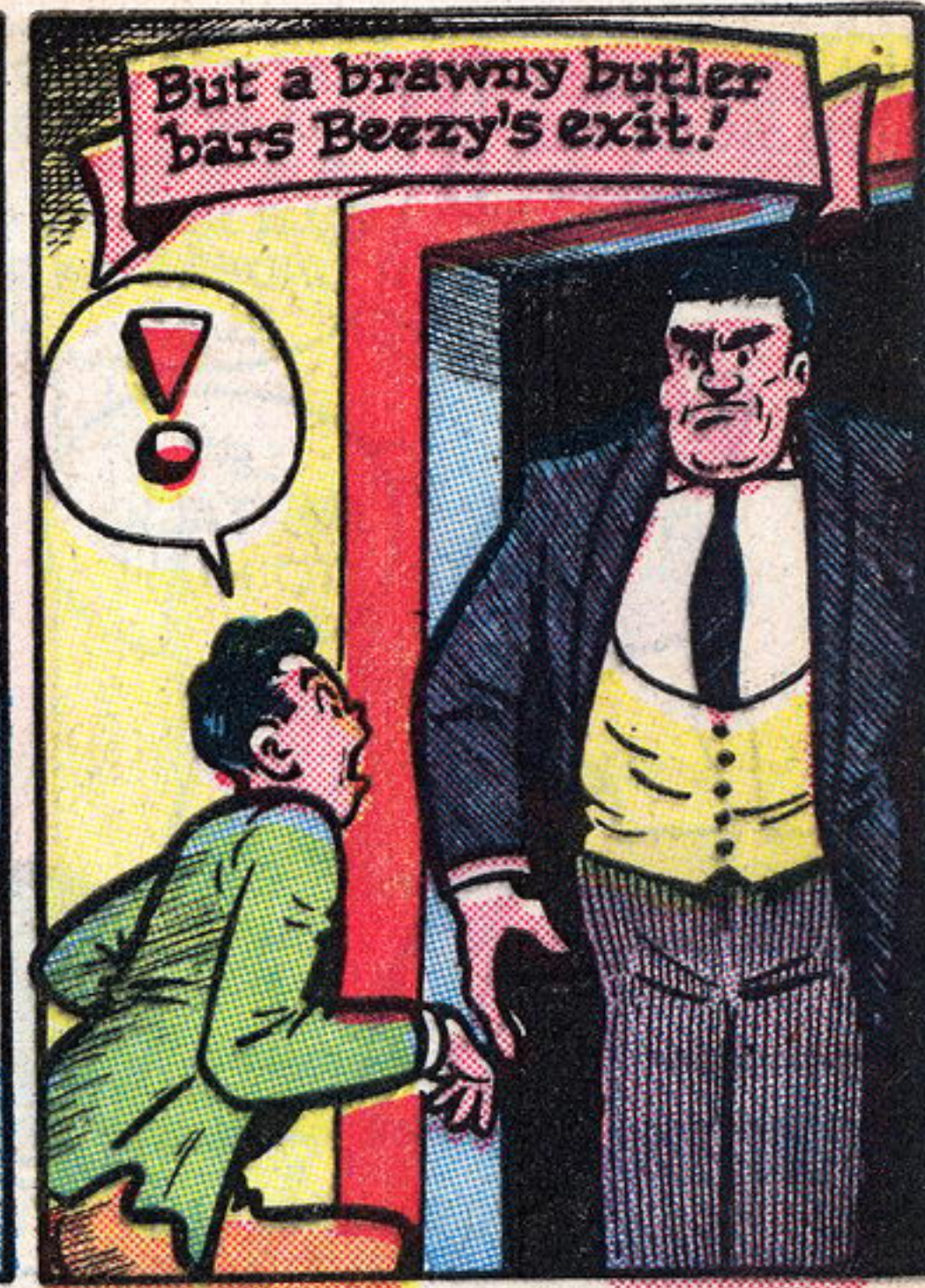


YOU, MY DEAR CHAP, ARE THE DISH... A BIT GAMEY, NO DOUBT, BUT WITH A BIT OF CATSUP AND A DASH OF CHILI ---



HELP!
IT'S ME YOU WANNA DINE ON!

CERTAINLY! COME, NOW, DON'T BE SELFISH ABOUT THIS!

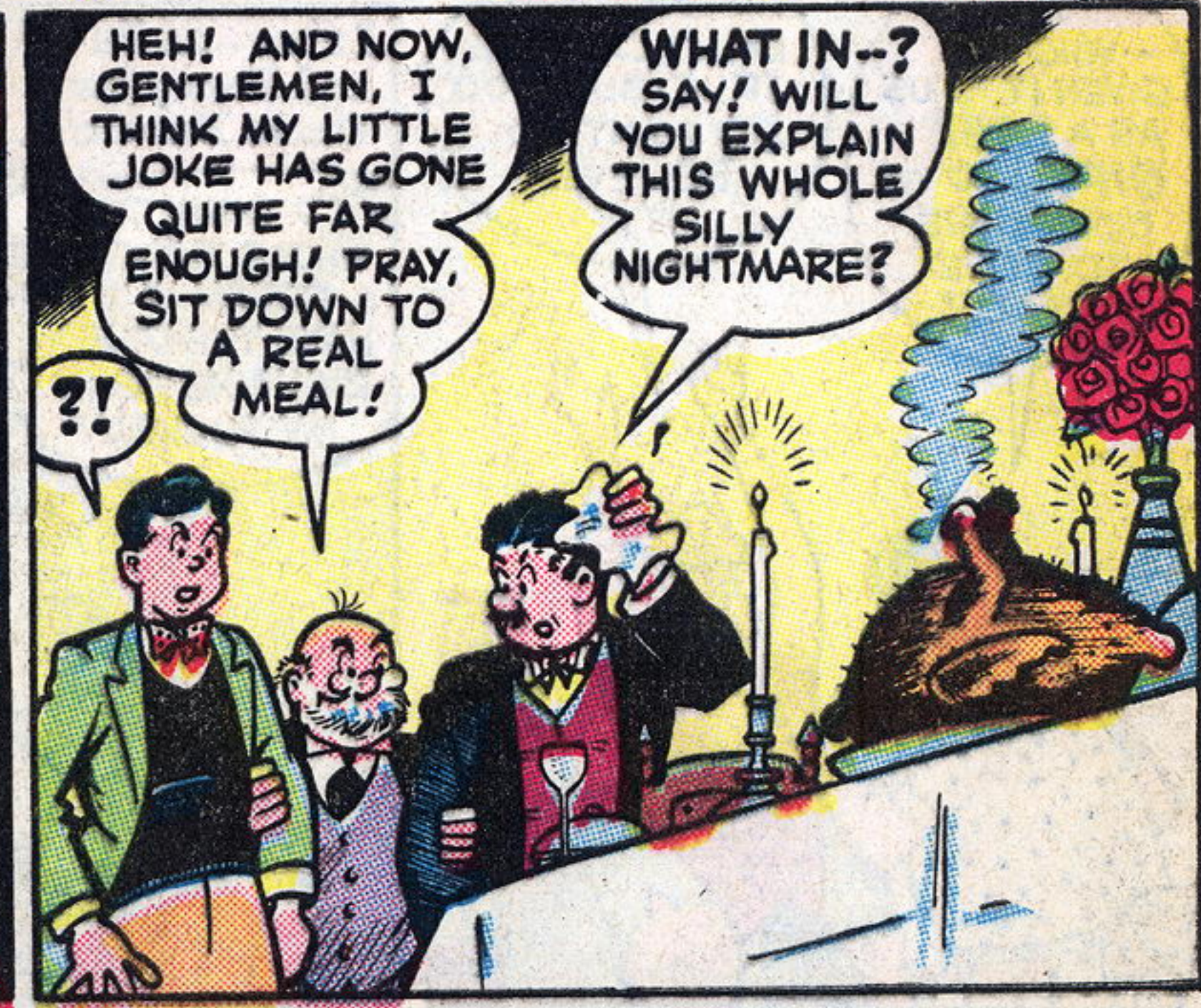


But a brawny butler bars Beezy's exit!



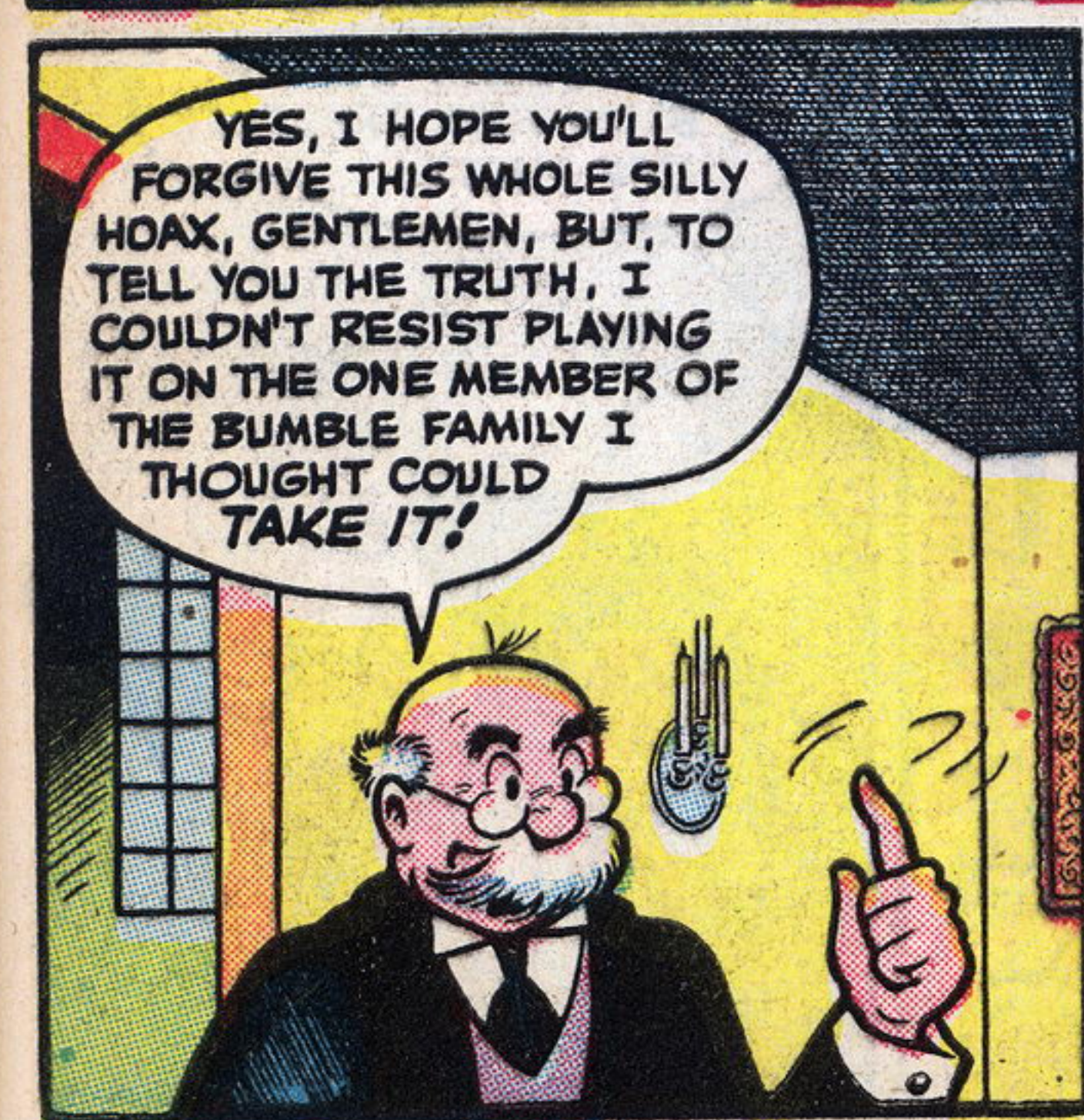
HERE'S THE OTHER, SIR... I THOUGHT TWO MIGHT MAKE THE MEAL MORE ENJOYABLE, SIR!

OH, INDUBITABLY!

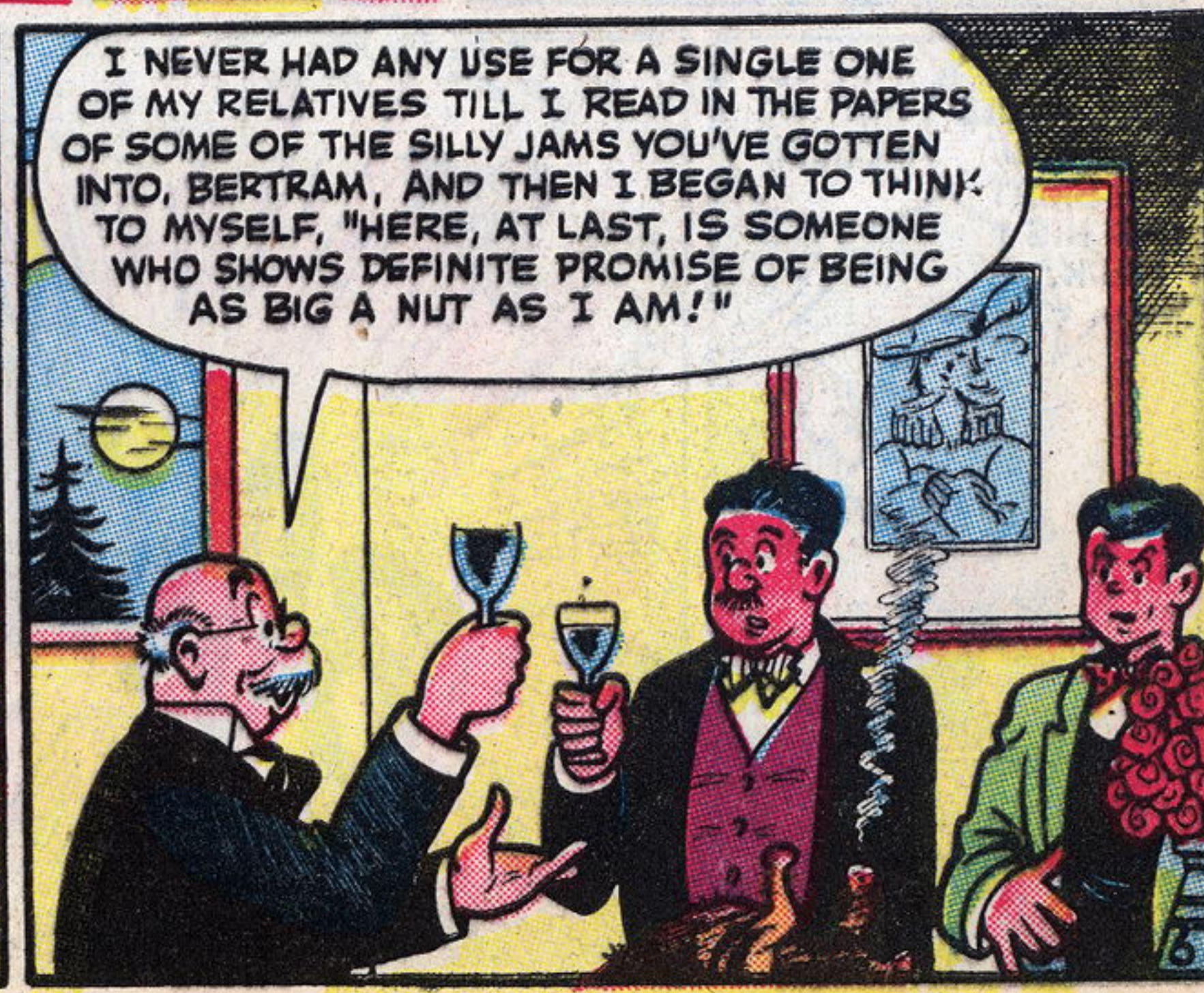


HEH! AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I THINK MY LITTLE JOKE HAS GONE QUITE FAR ENOUGH! PRAY, SIT DOWN TO A REAL MEAL!

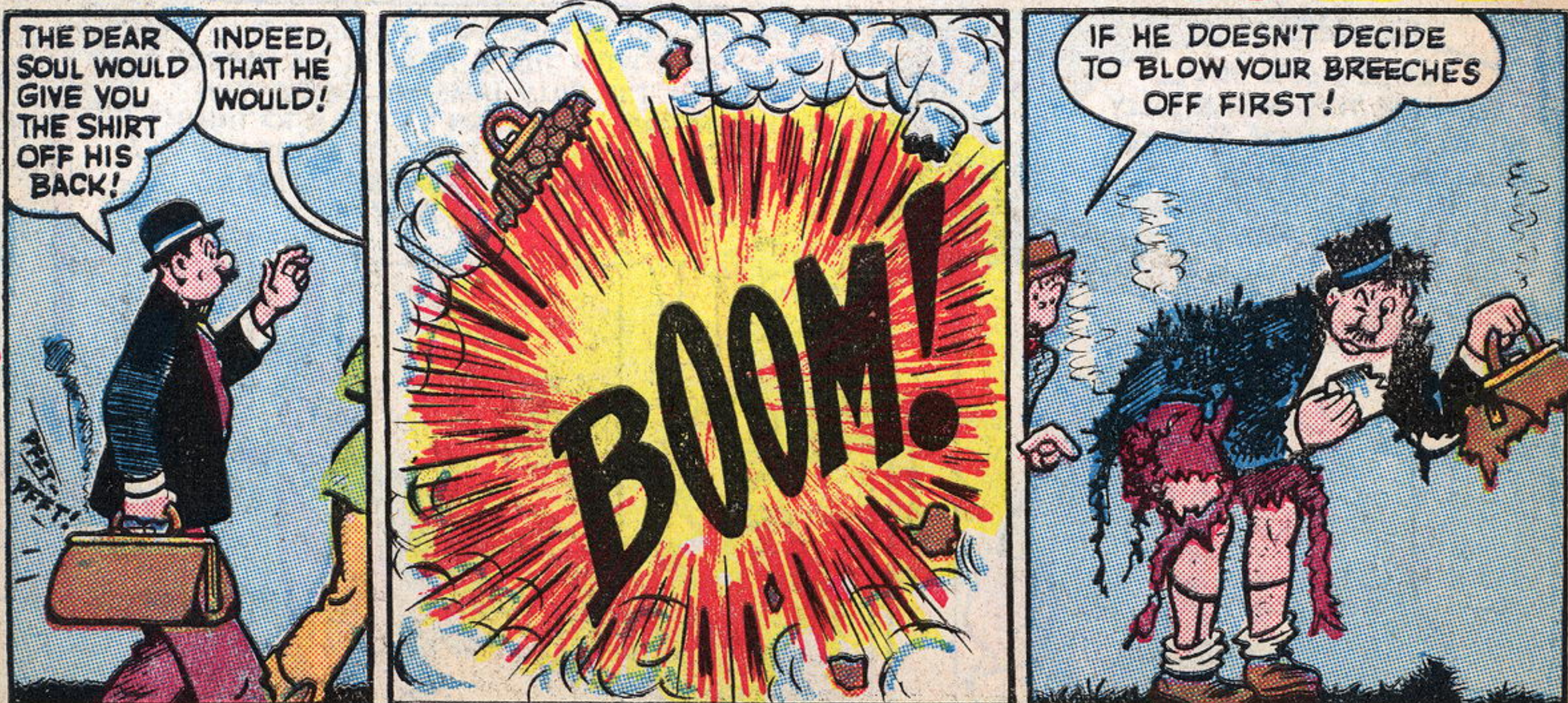
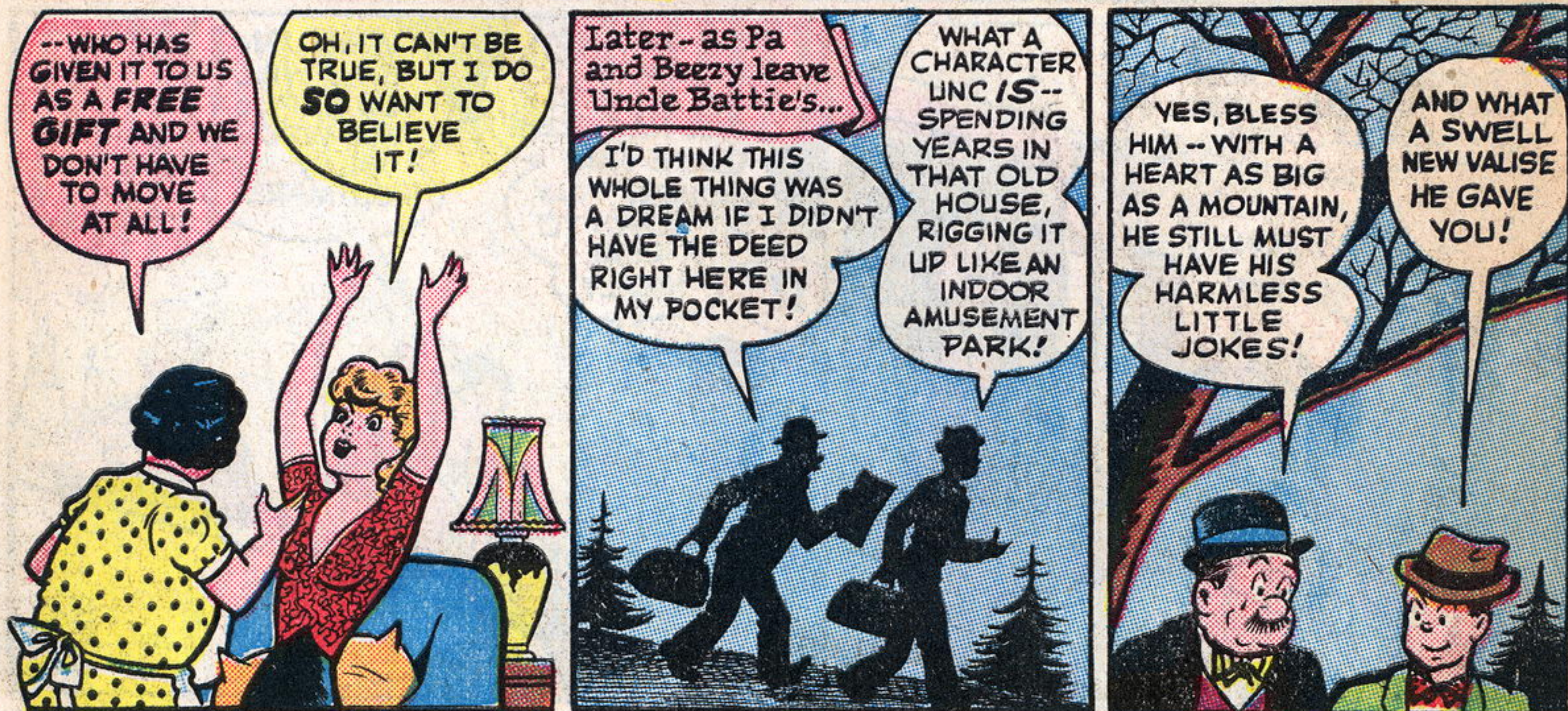
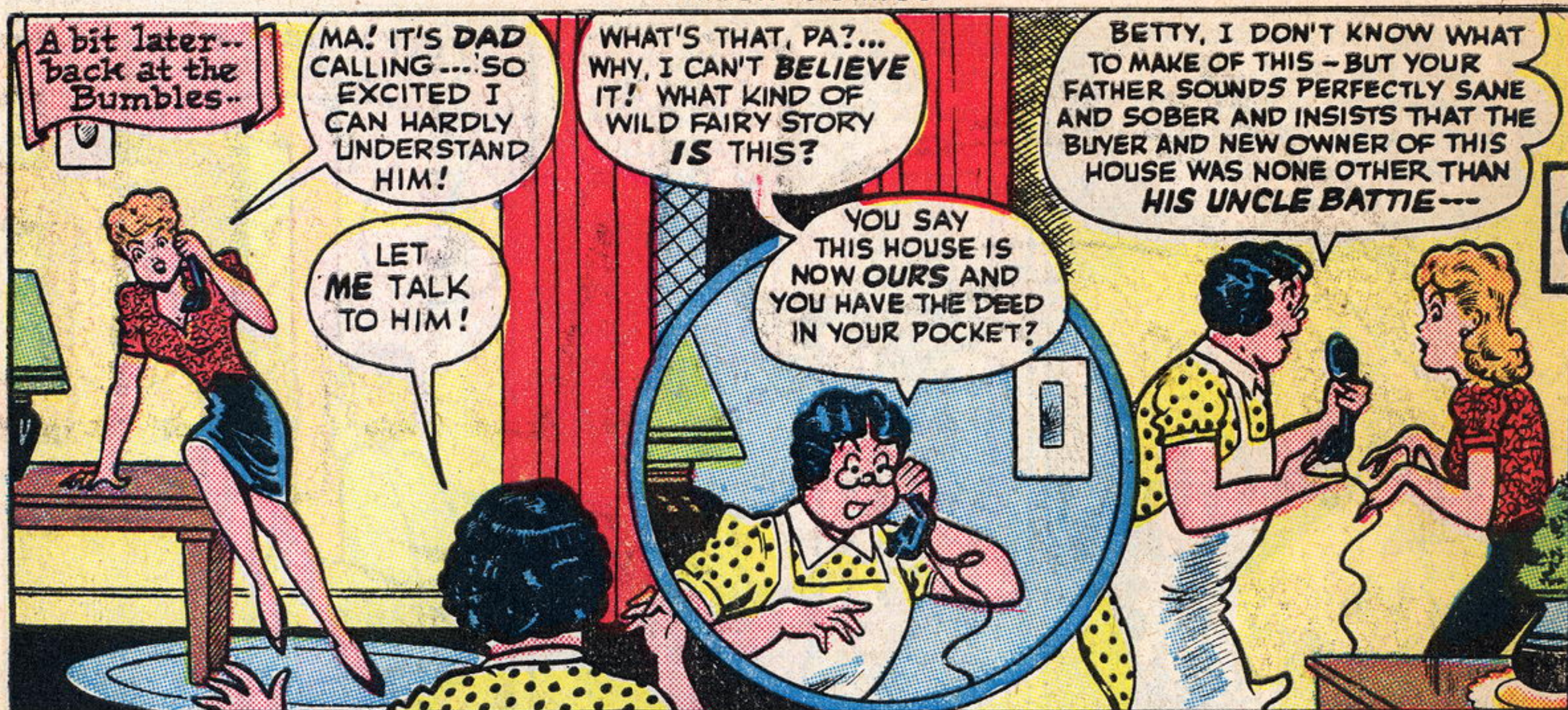
WHAT IN--? SAY! WILL YOU EXPLAIN THIS WHOLE SILLY NIGHTMARE?



YES, I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE THIS WHOLE SILLY HOAX, GENTLEMEN, BUT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I COULDN'T RESIST PLAYING IT ON THE ONE MEMBER OF THE BUMBLE FAMILY I THOUGHT COULD TAKE IT!

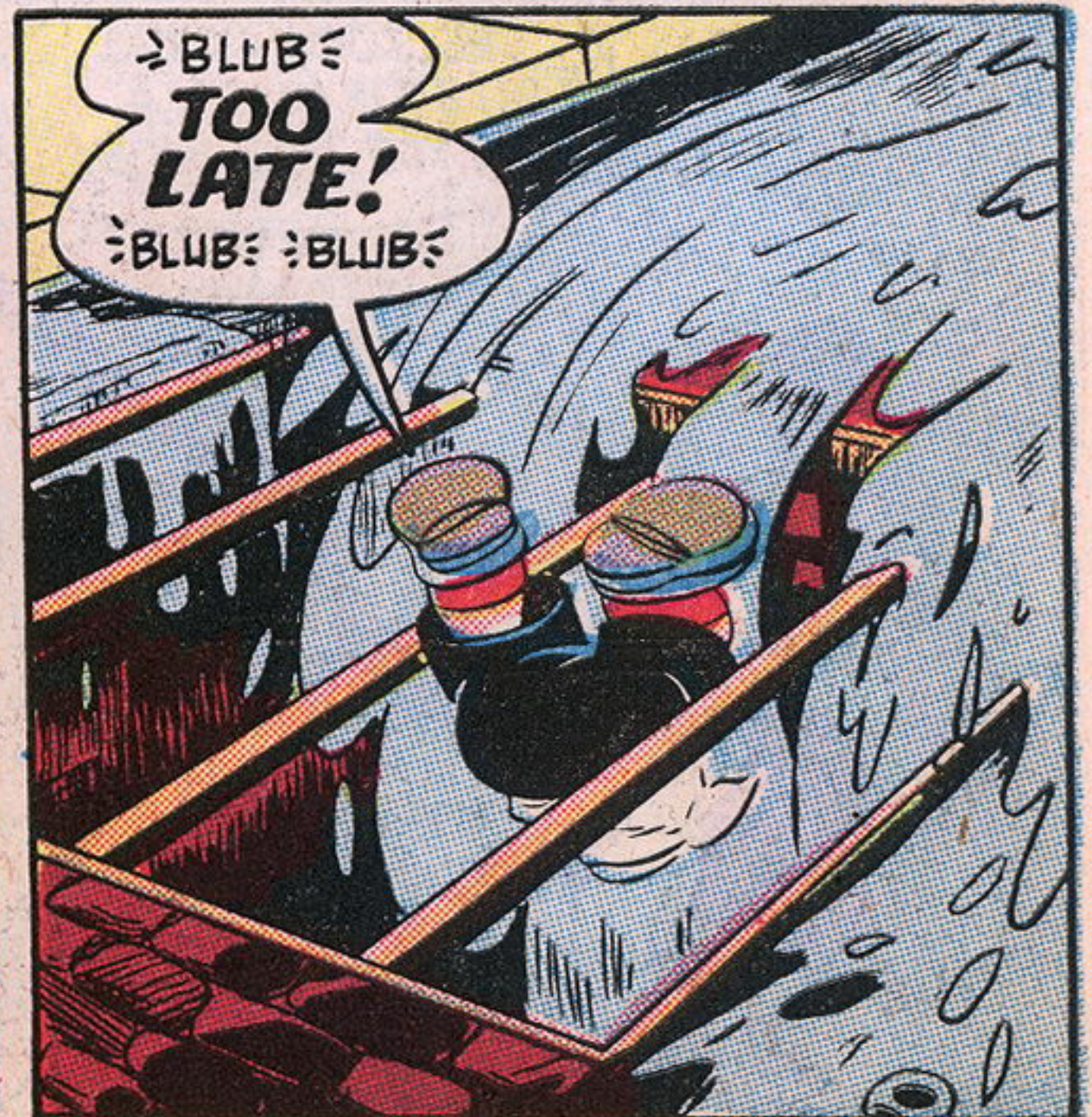
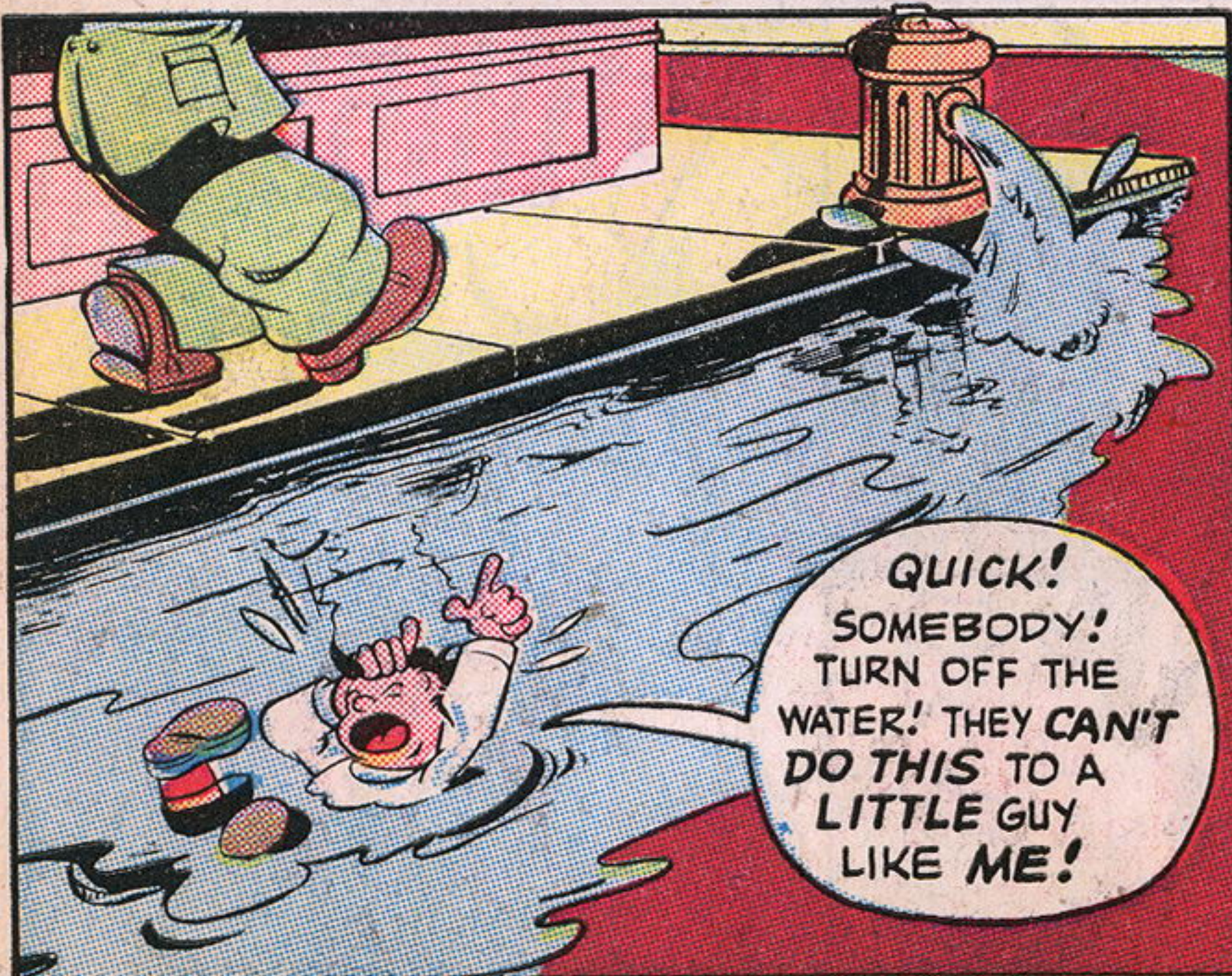


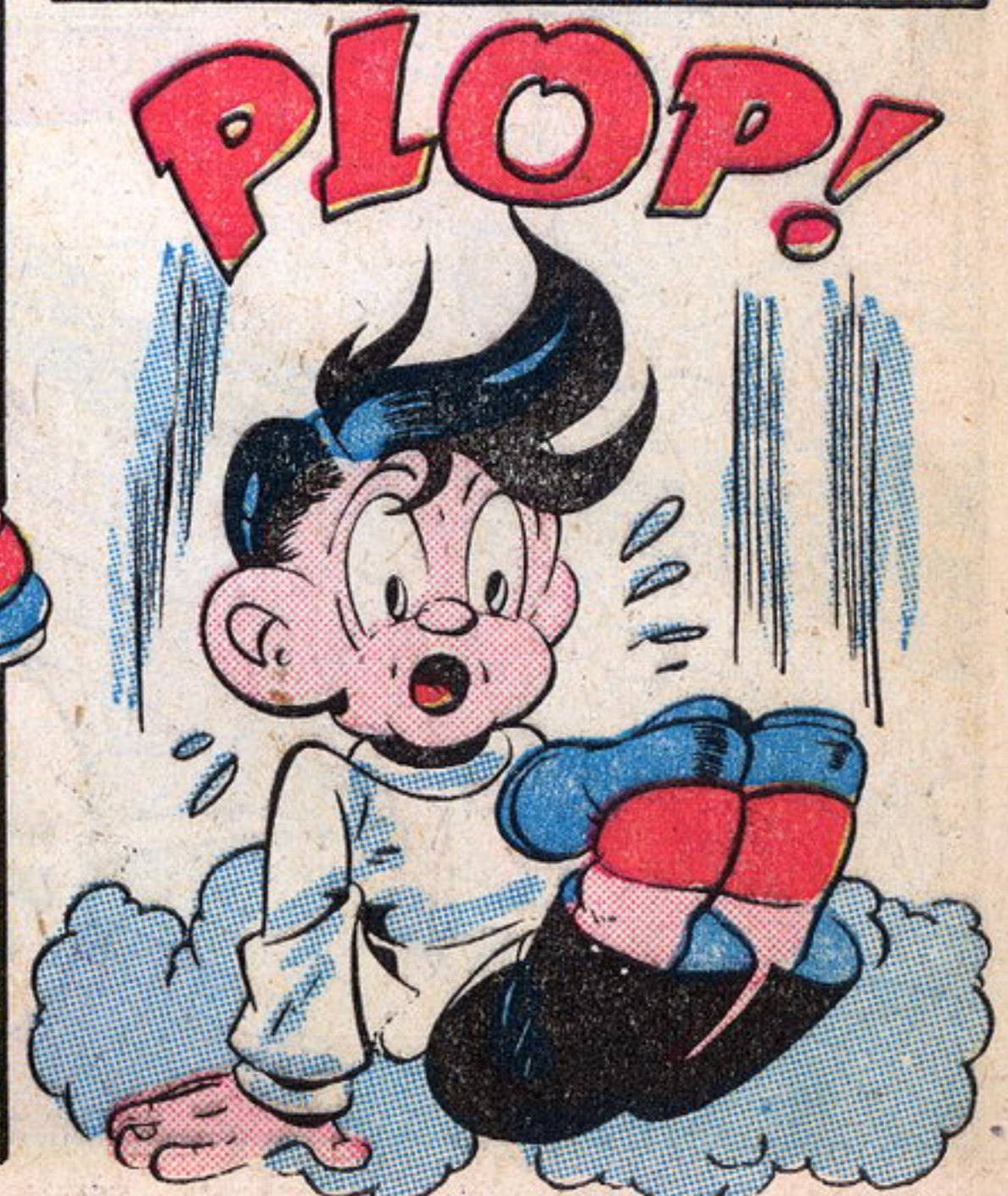
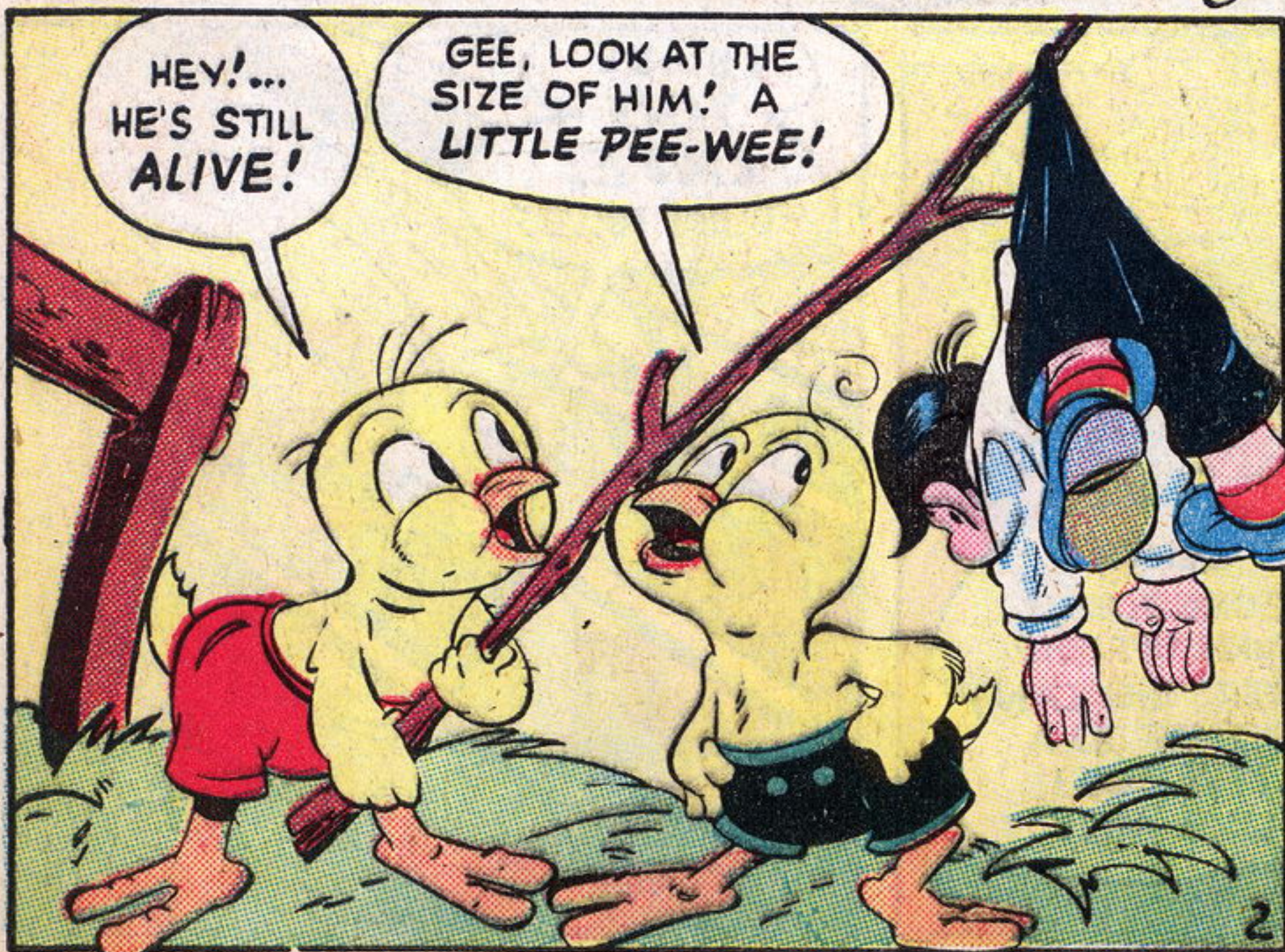
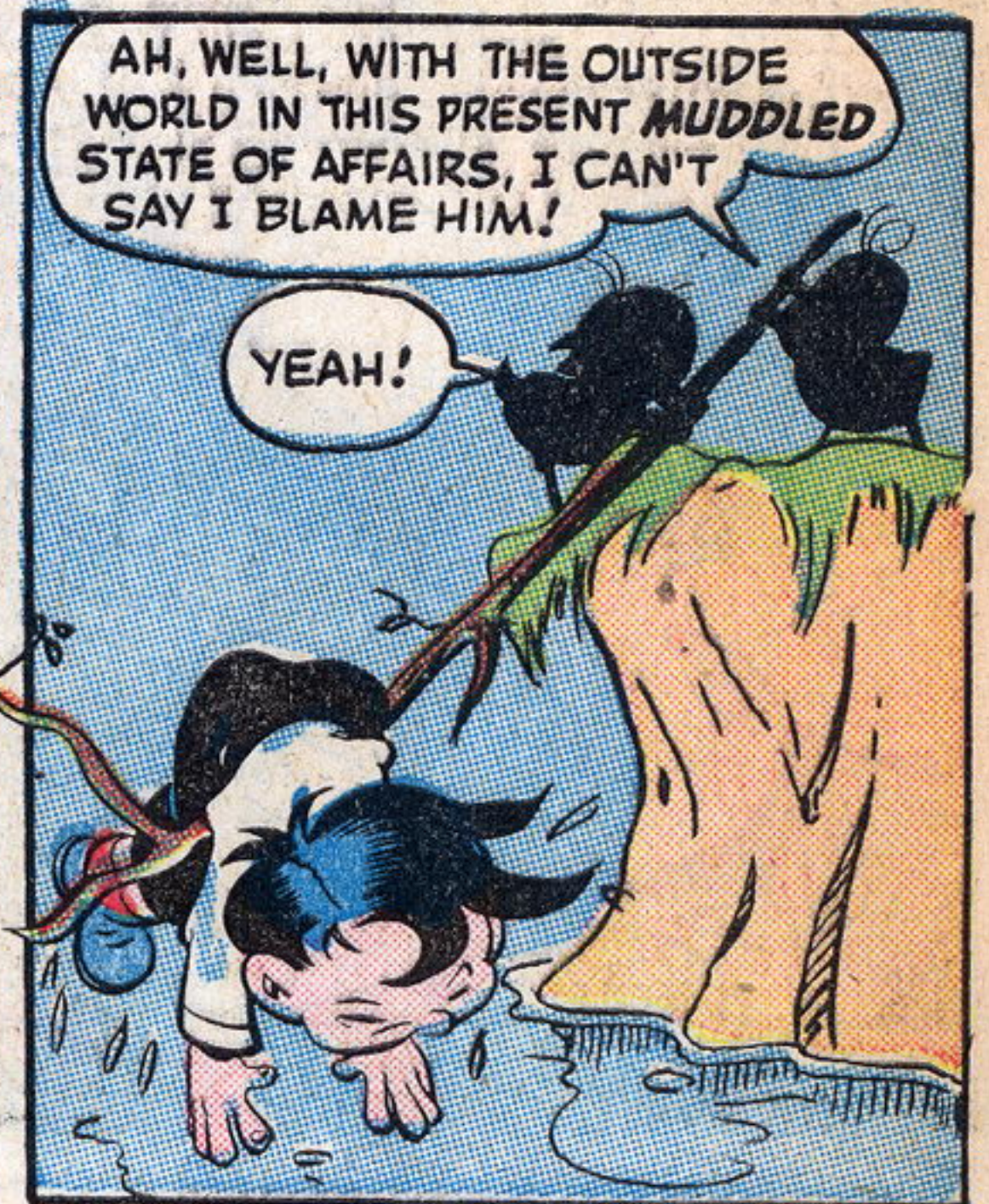
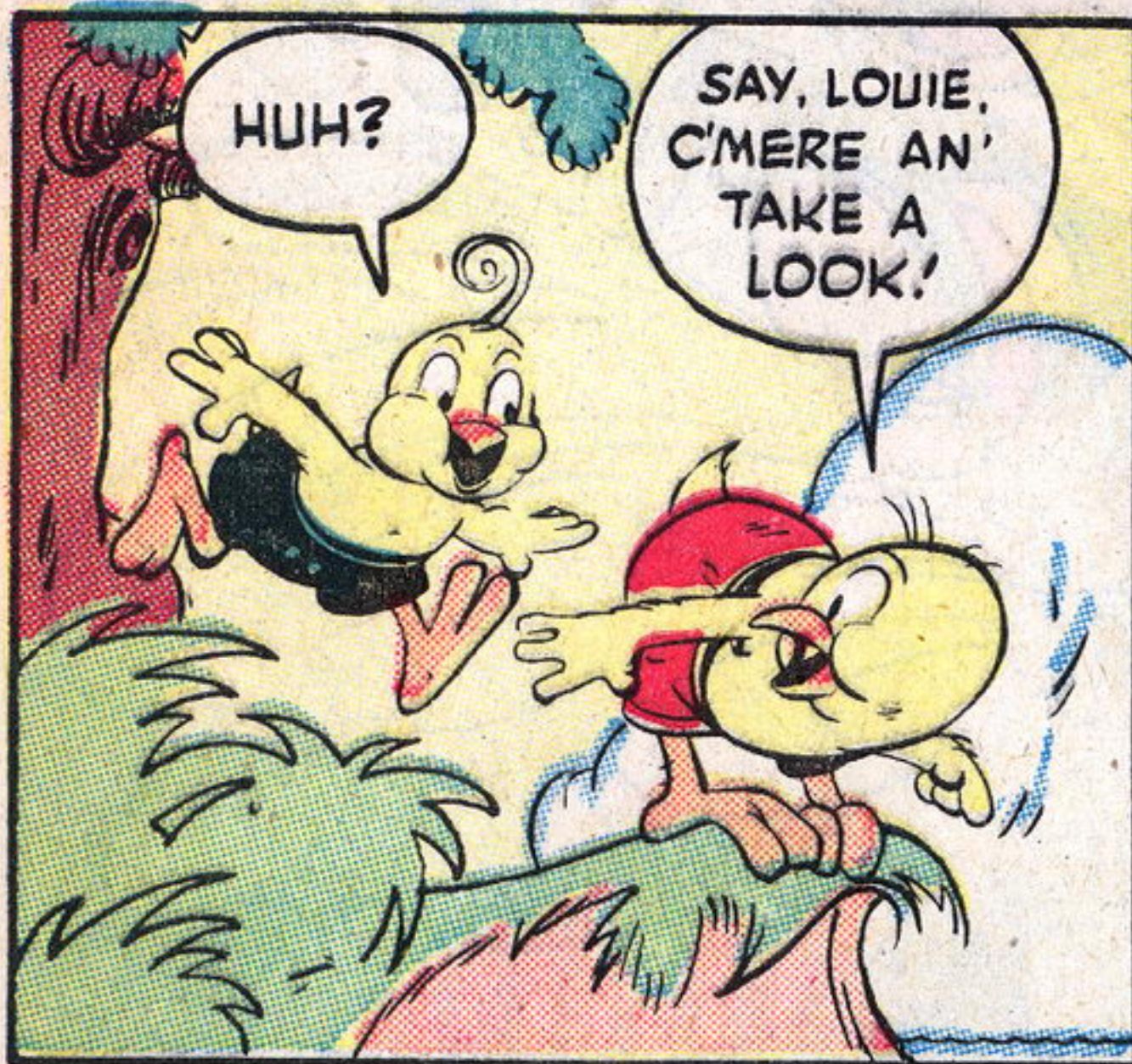
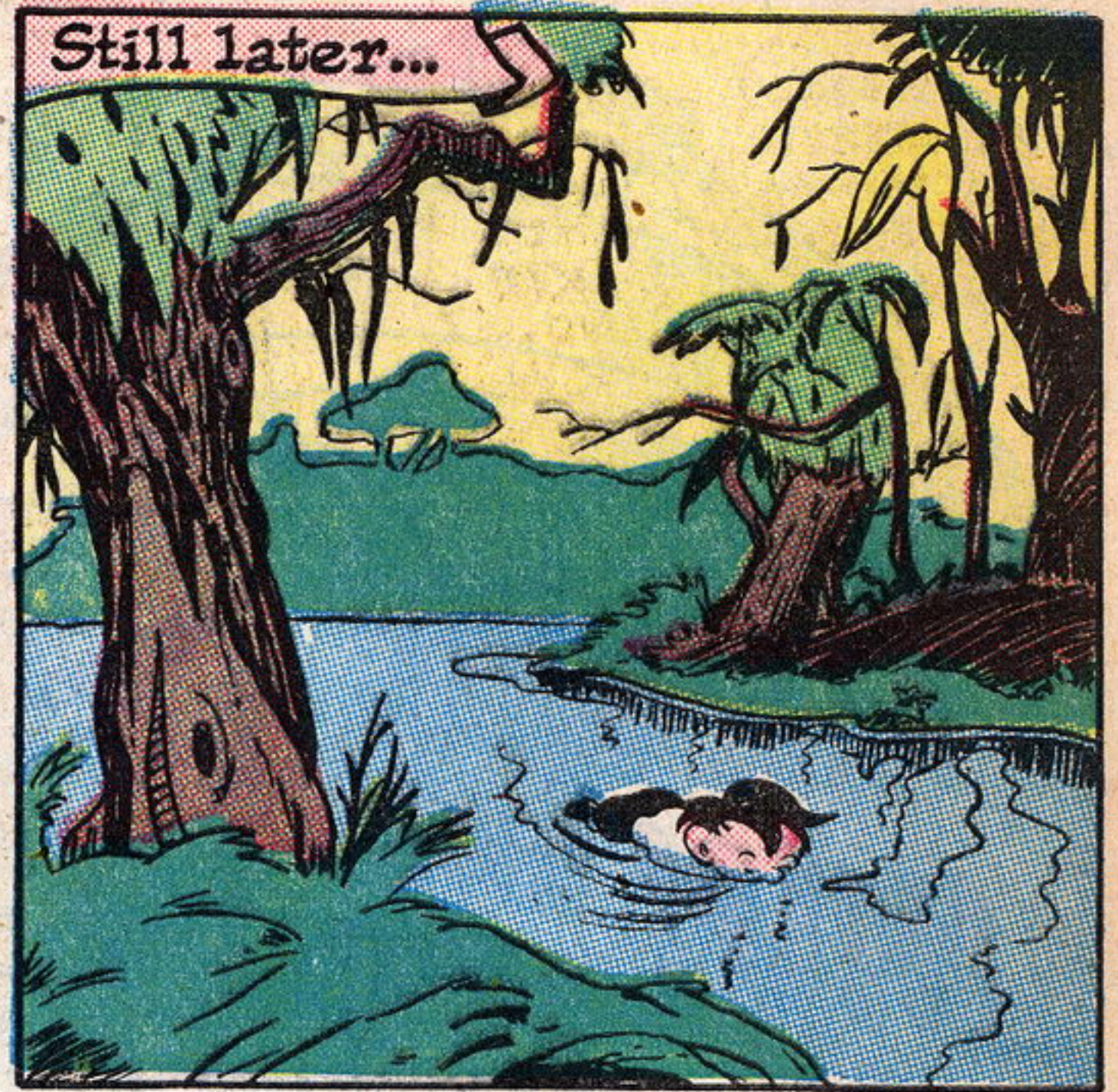
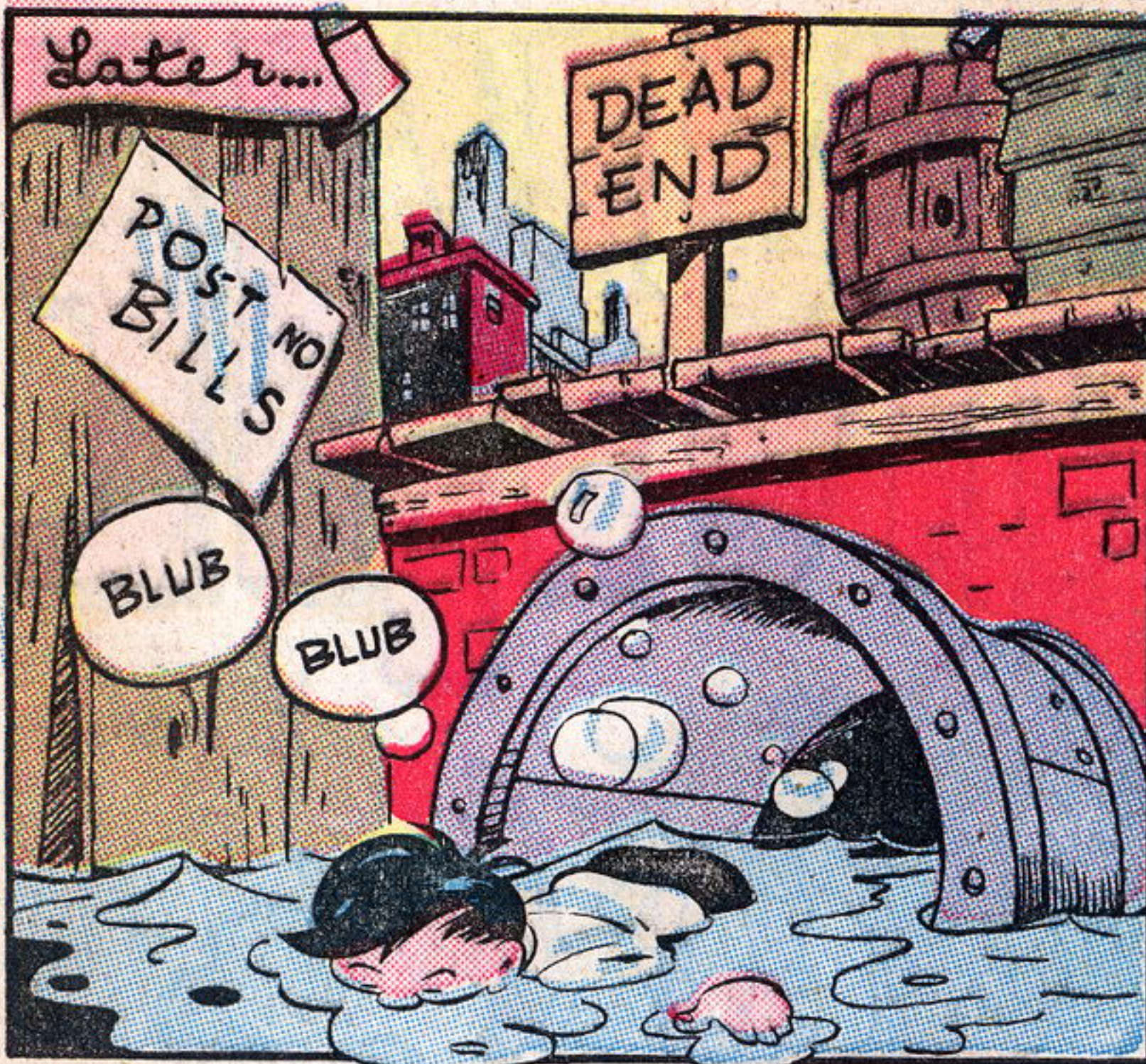
I NEVER HAD ANY USE FOR A SINGLE ONE OF MY RELATIVES TILL I READ IN THE PAPERS OF SOME OF THE SILLY JAMS YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO, BERTRAM, AND THEN I BEGAN TO THINK: TO MYSELF, "HERE, AT LAST, IS SOMEONE WHO SHOWS DEFINITE PROMISE OF BEING AS BIG A NUT AS I AM!"

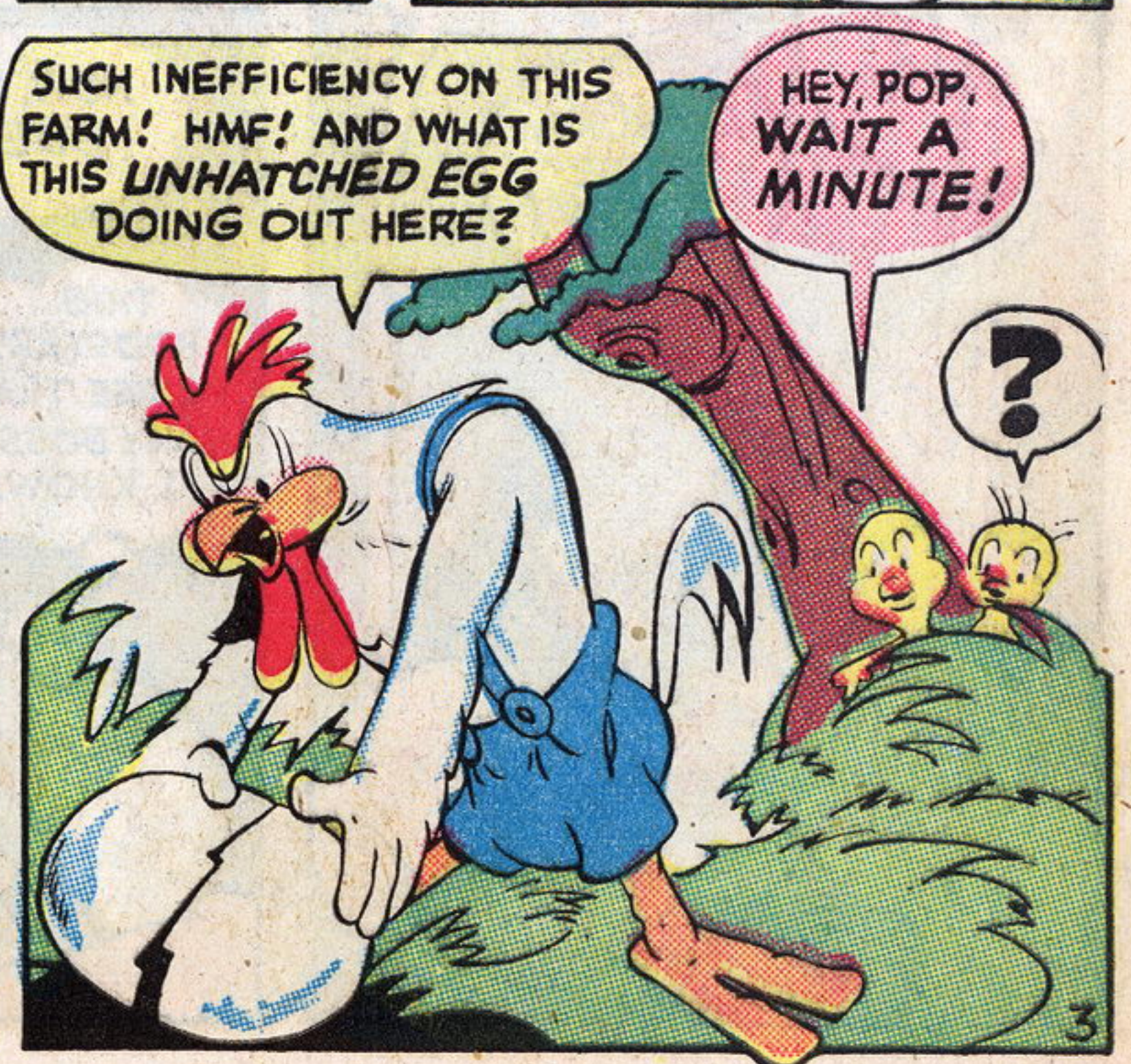
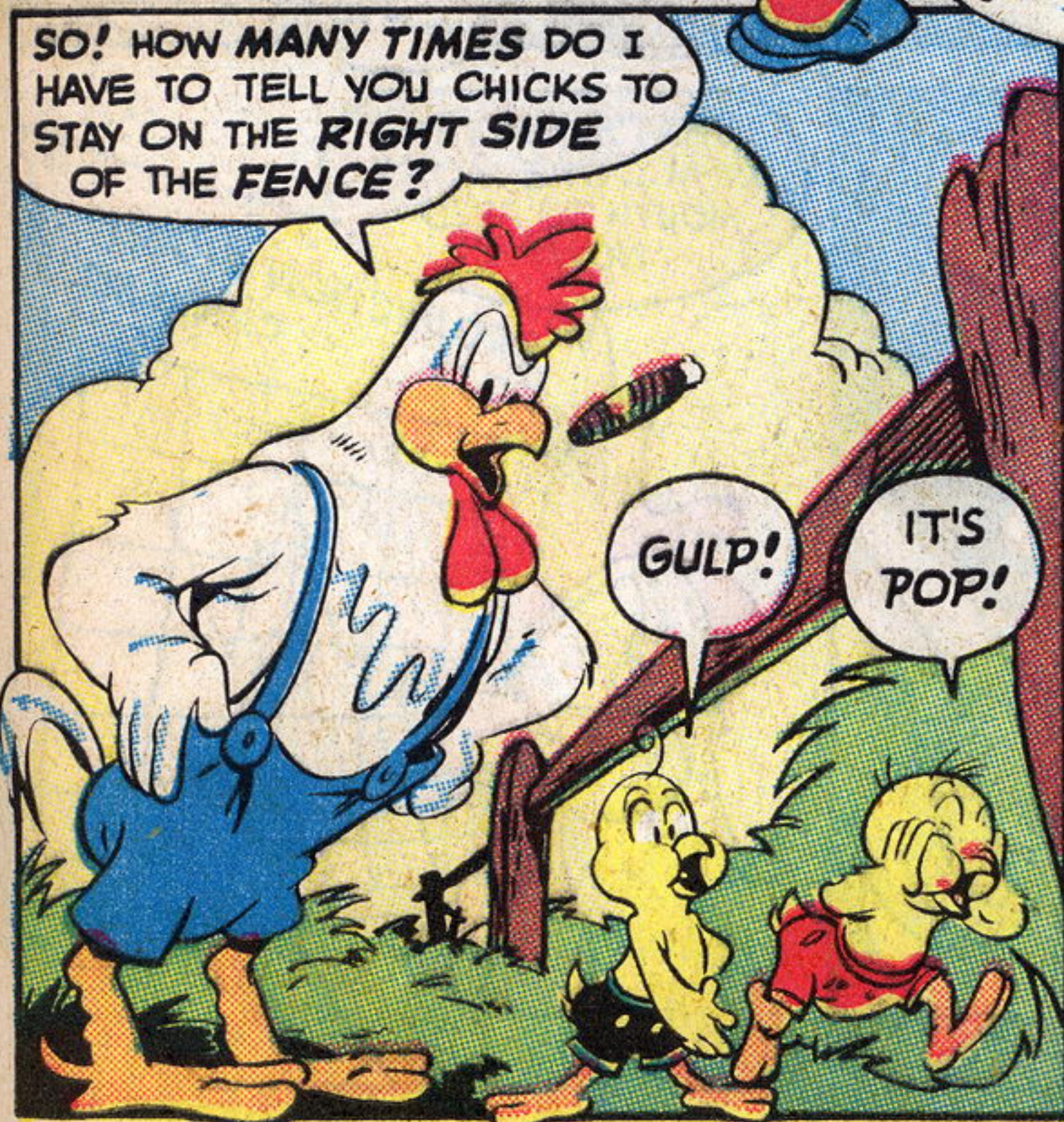
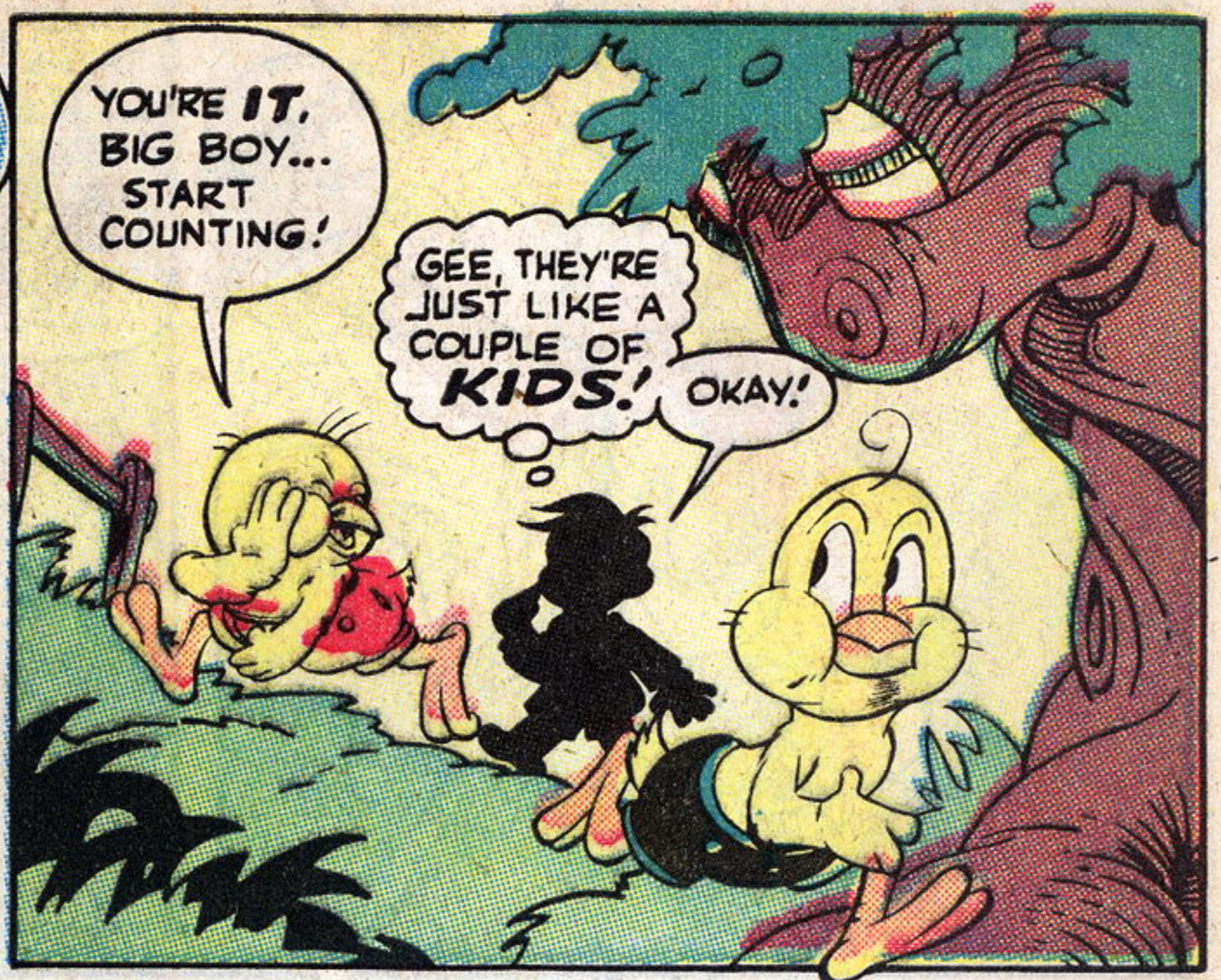
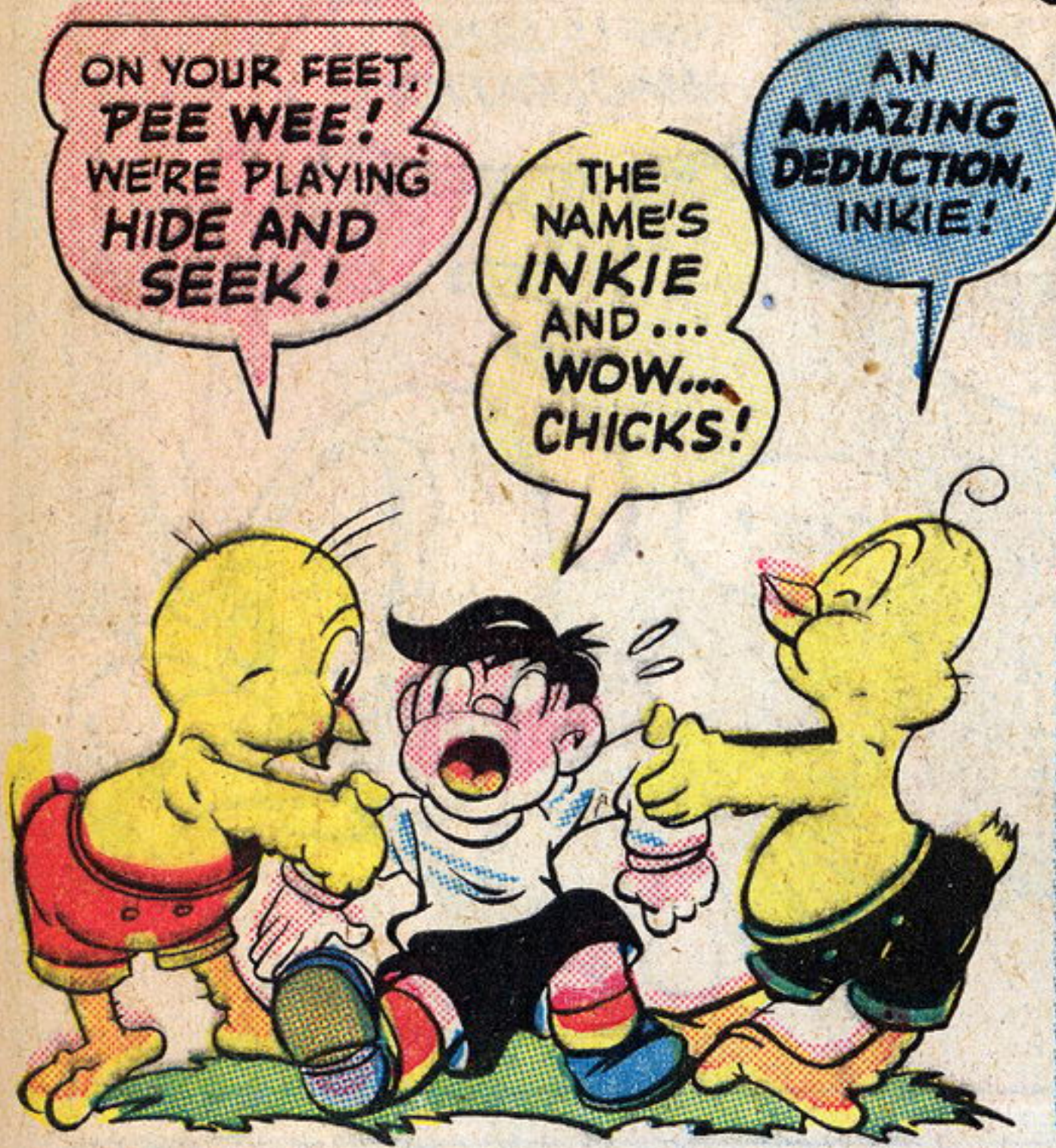


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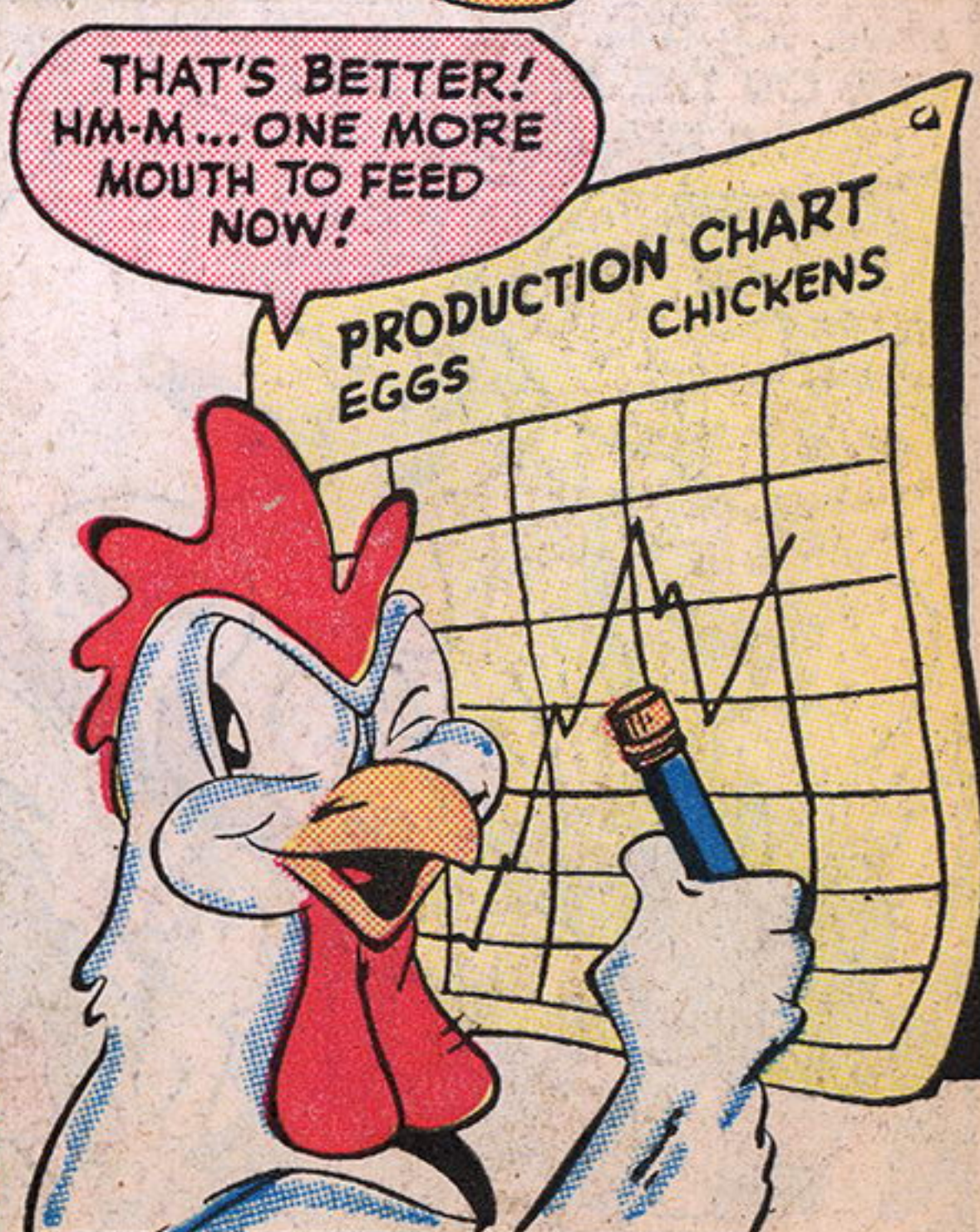
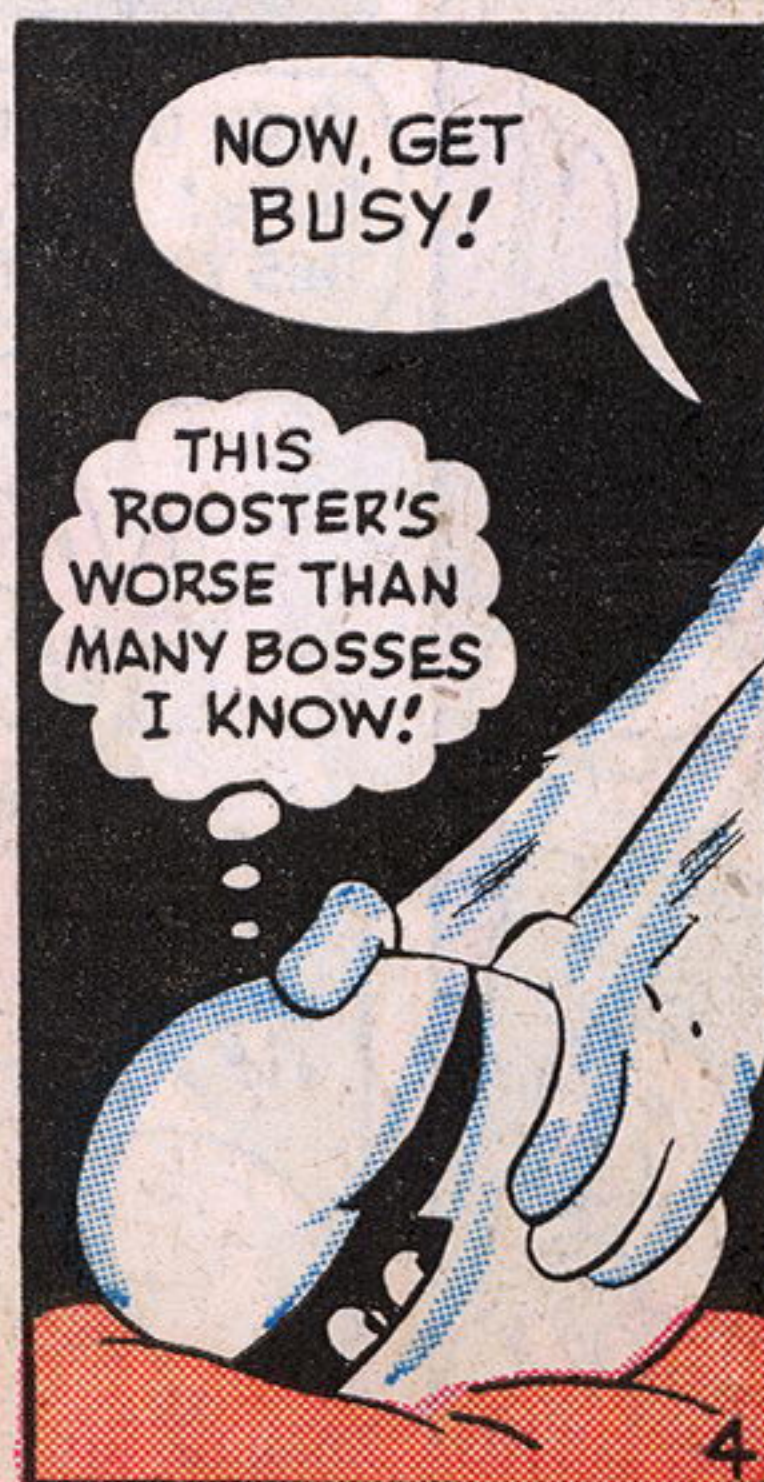
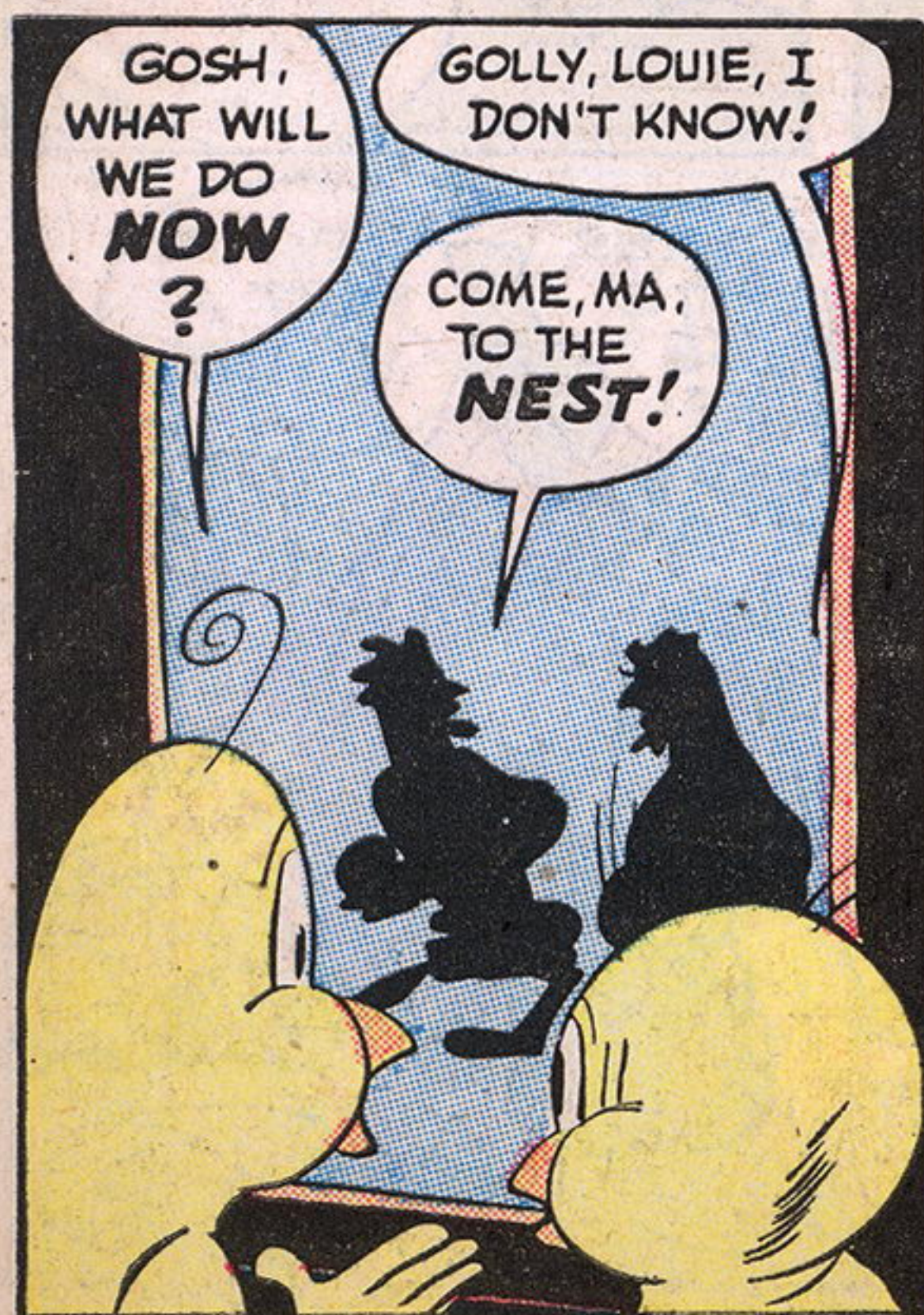
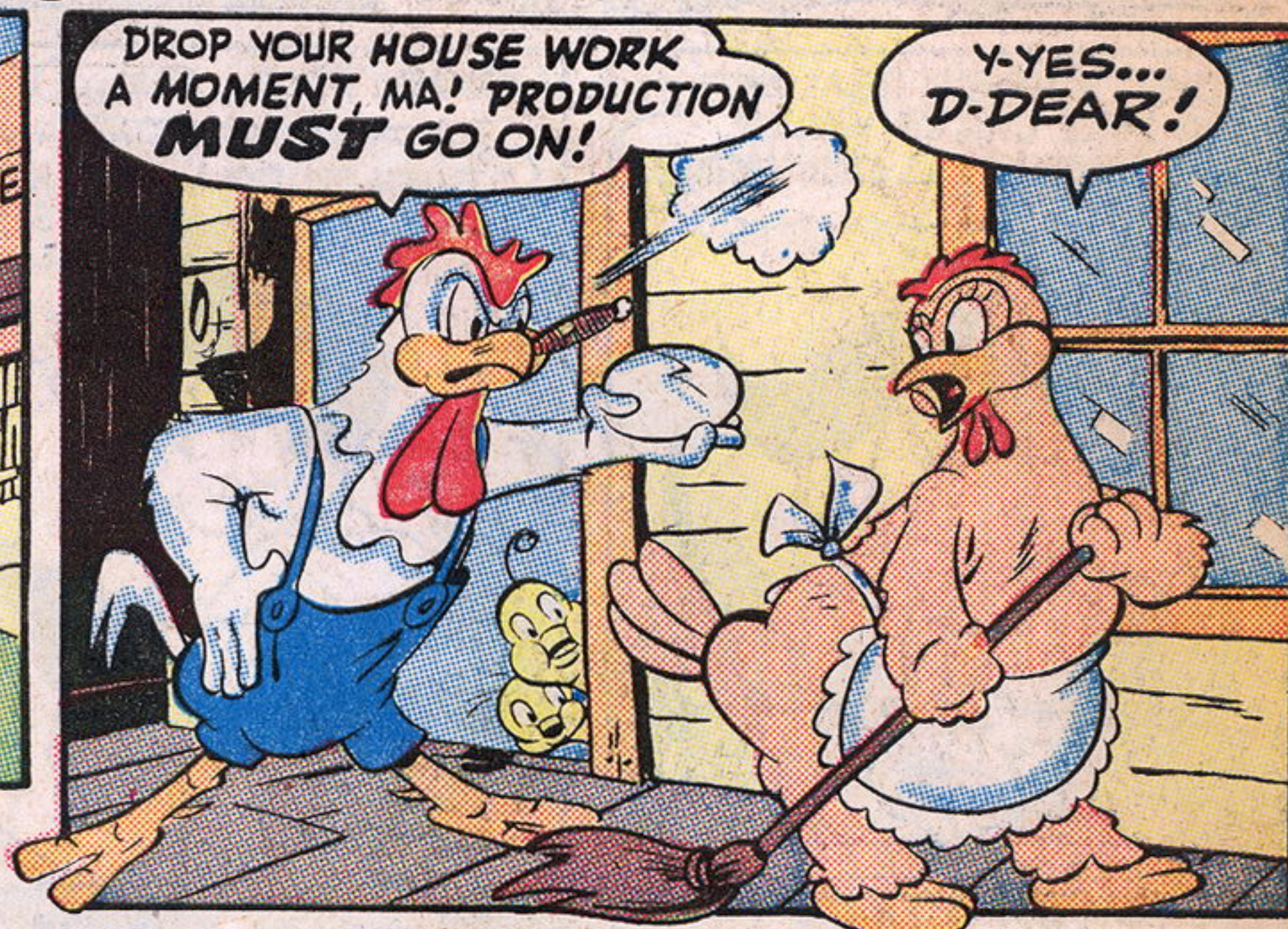
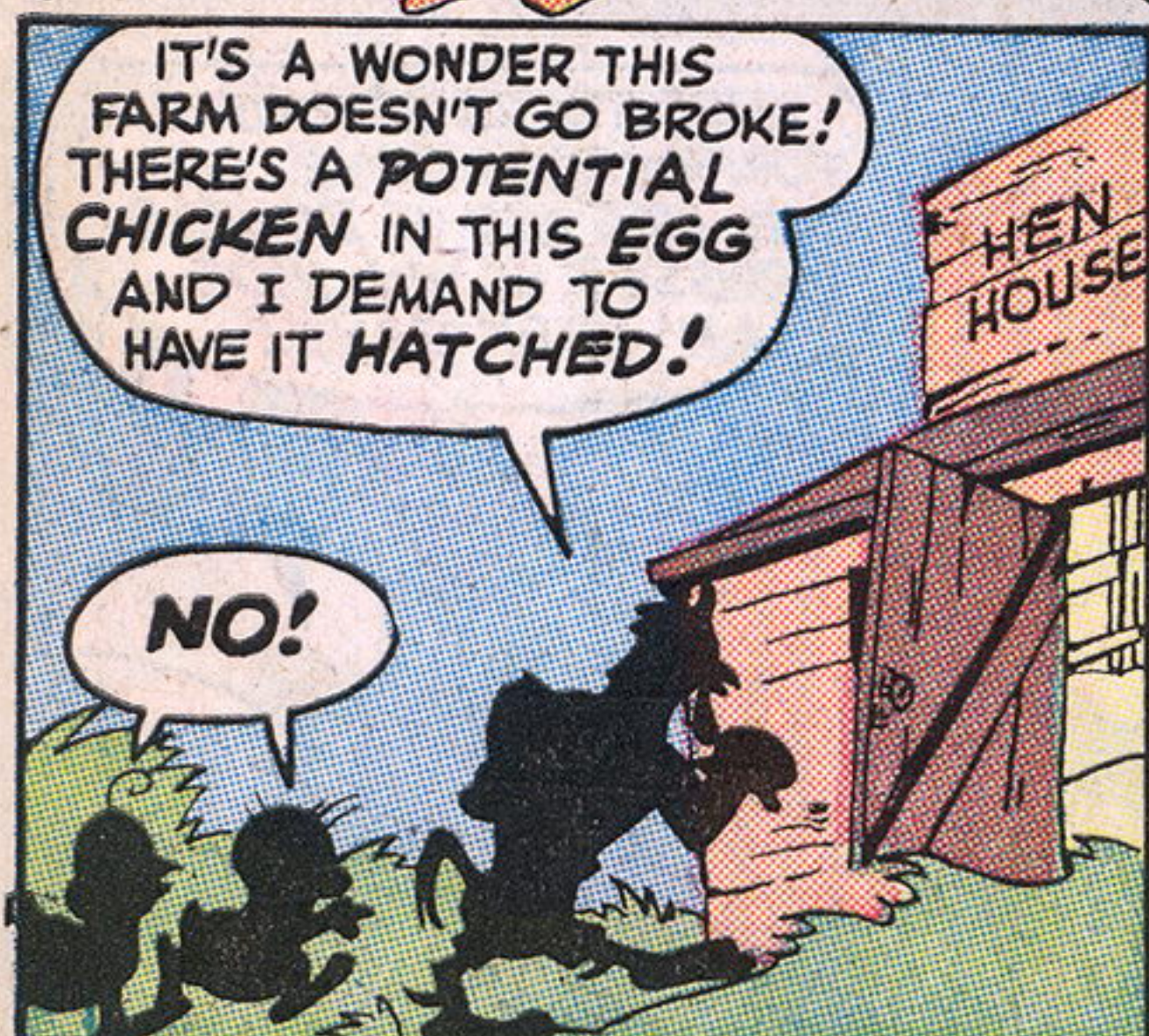
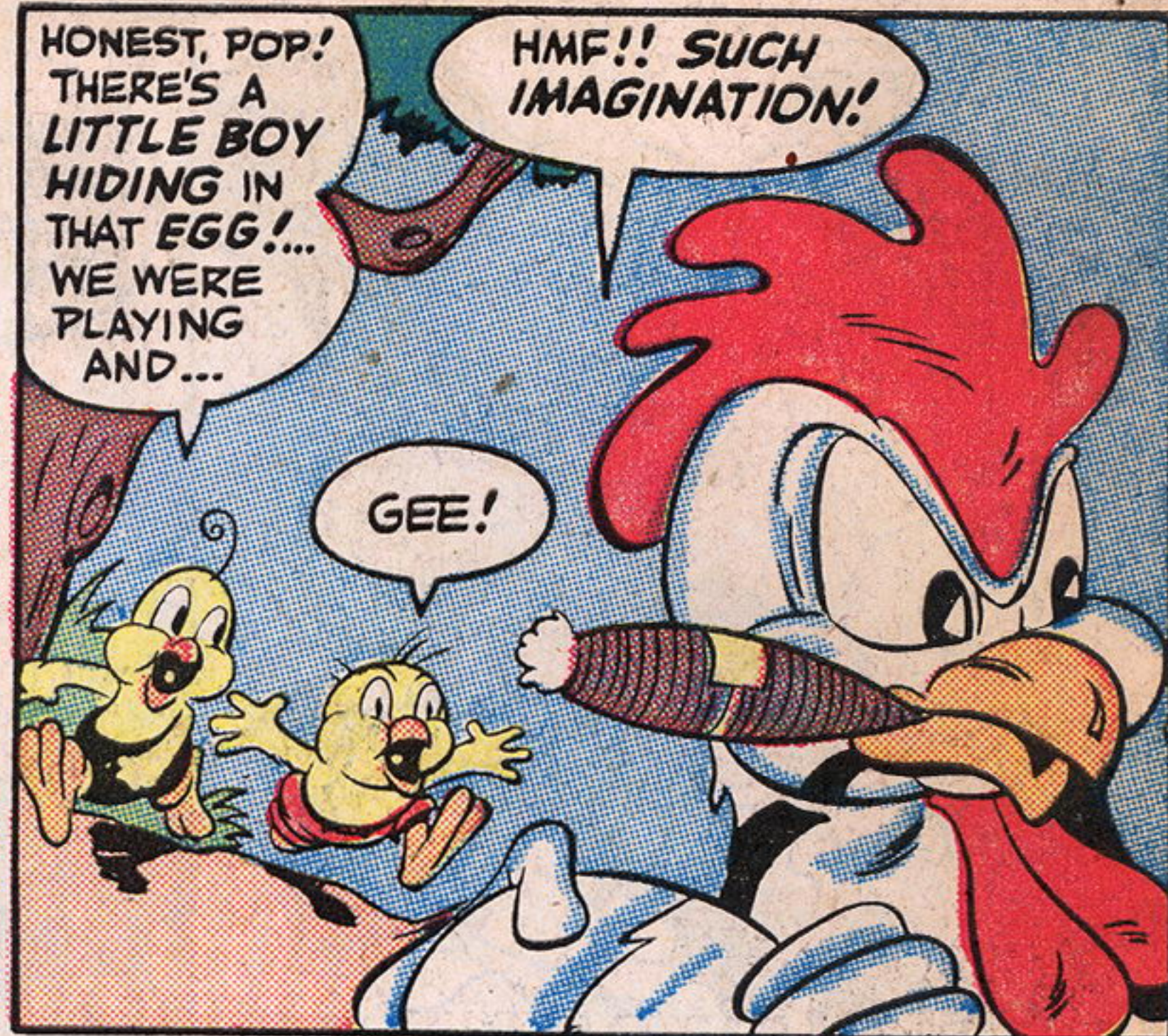
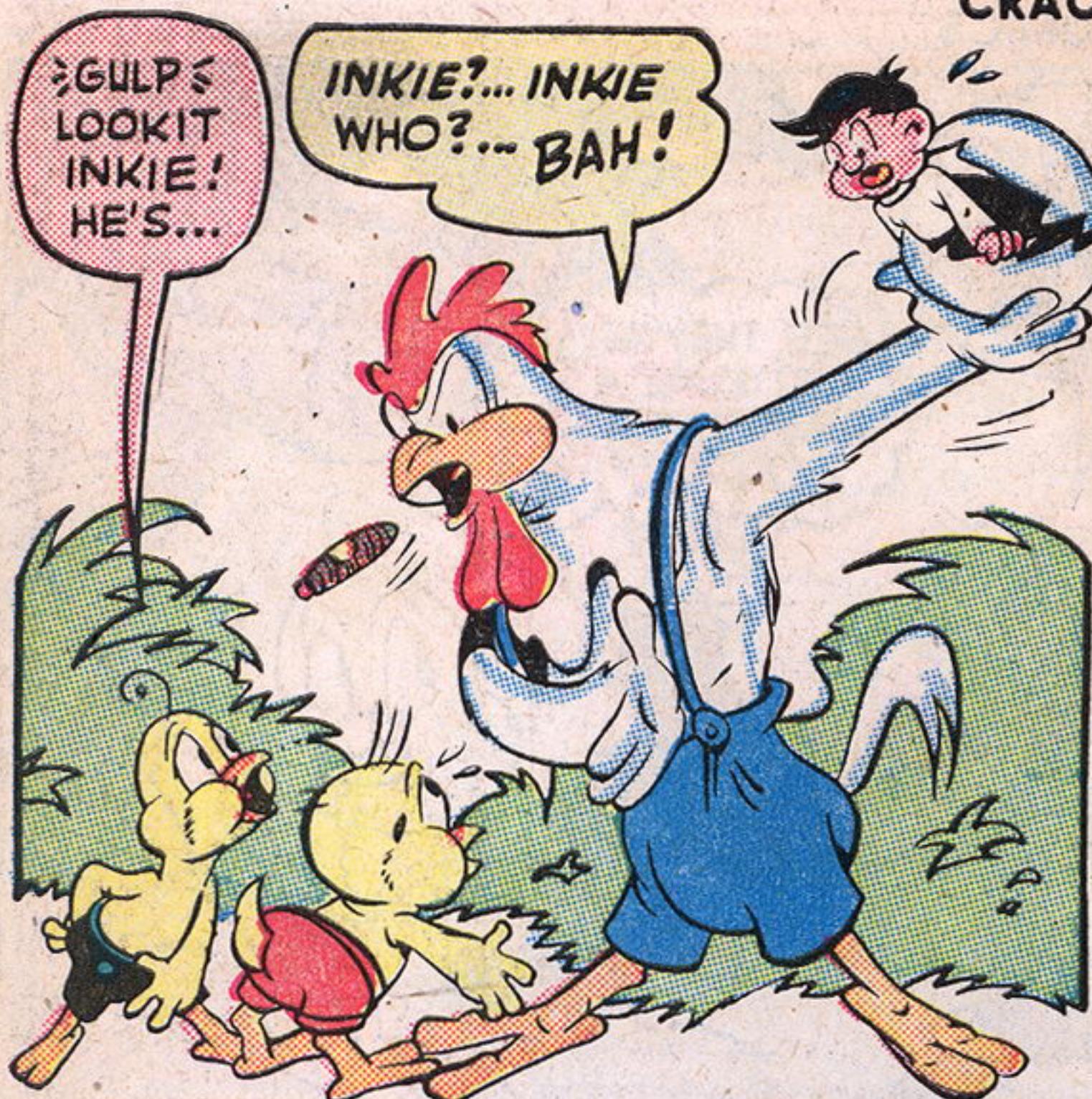
by
AL. STAHL

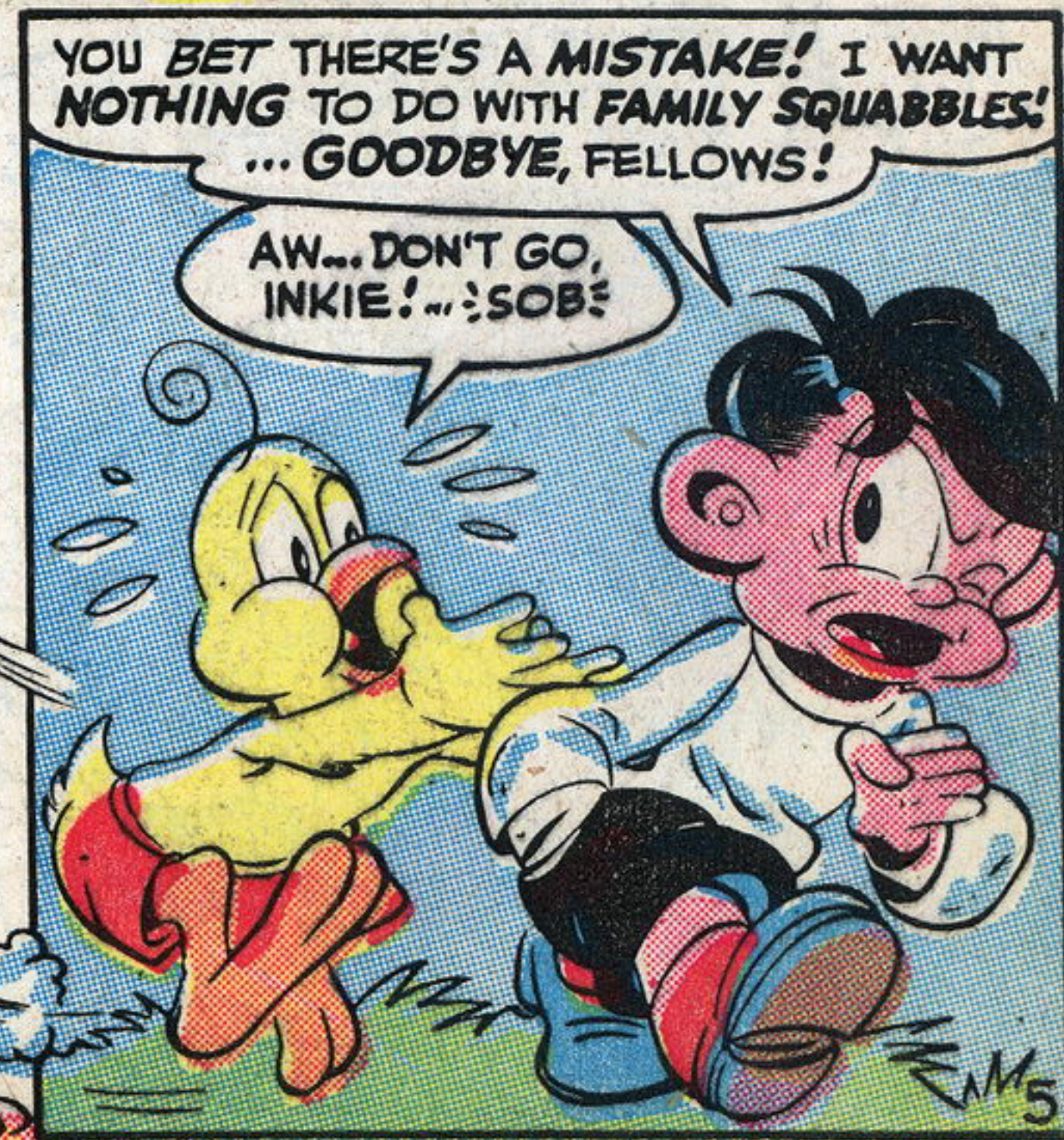
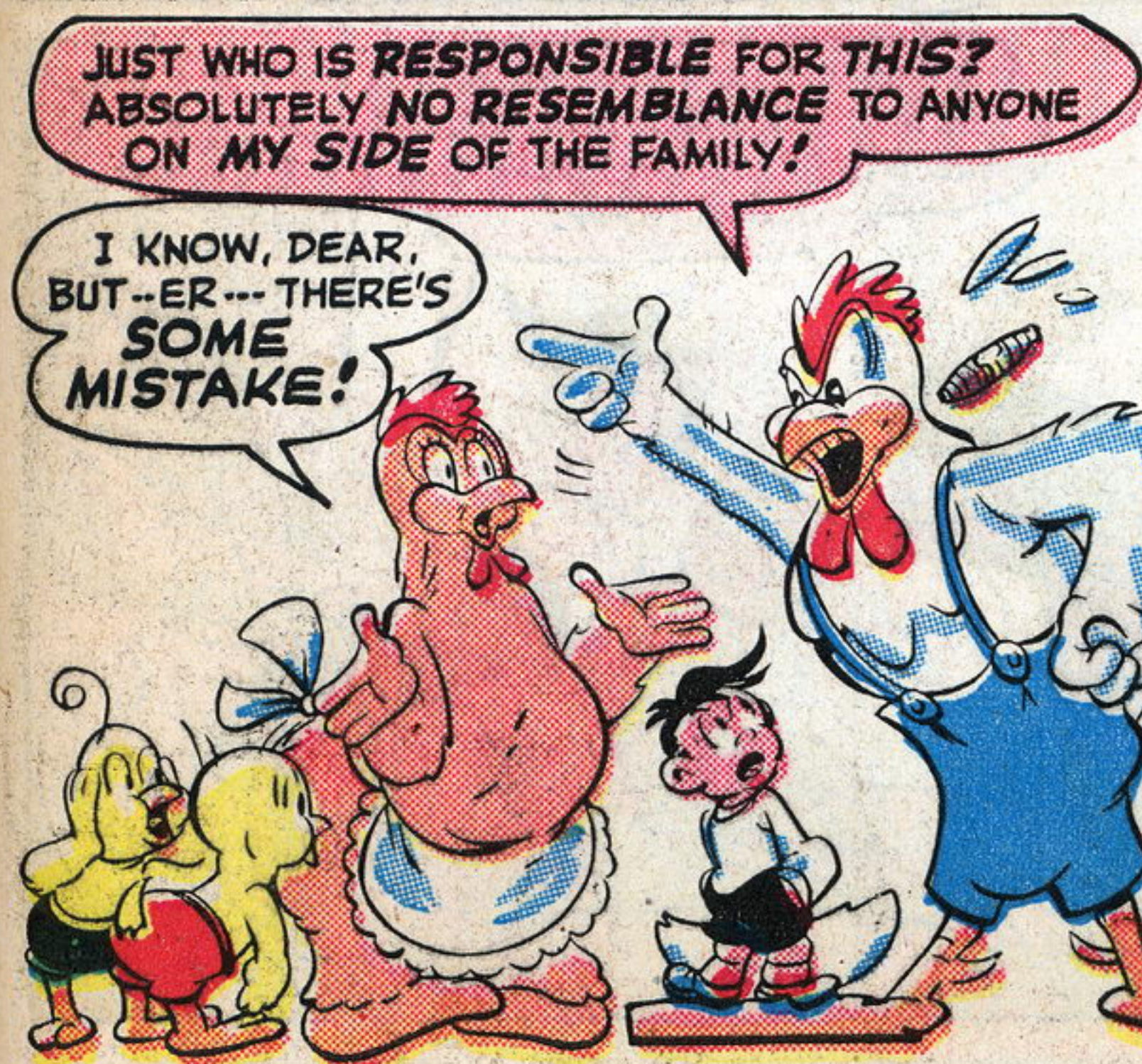
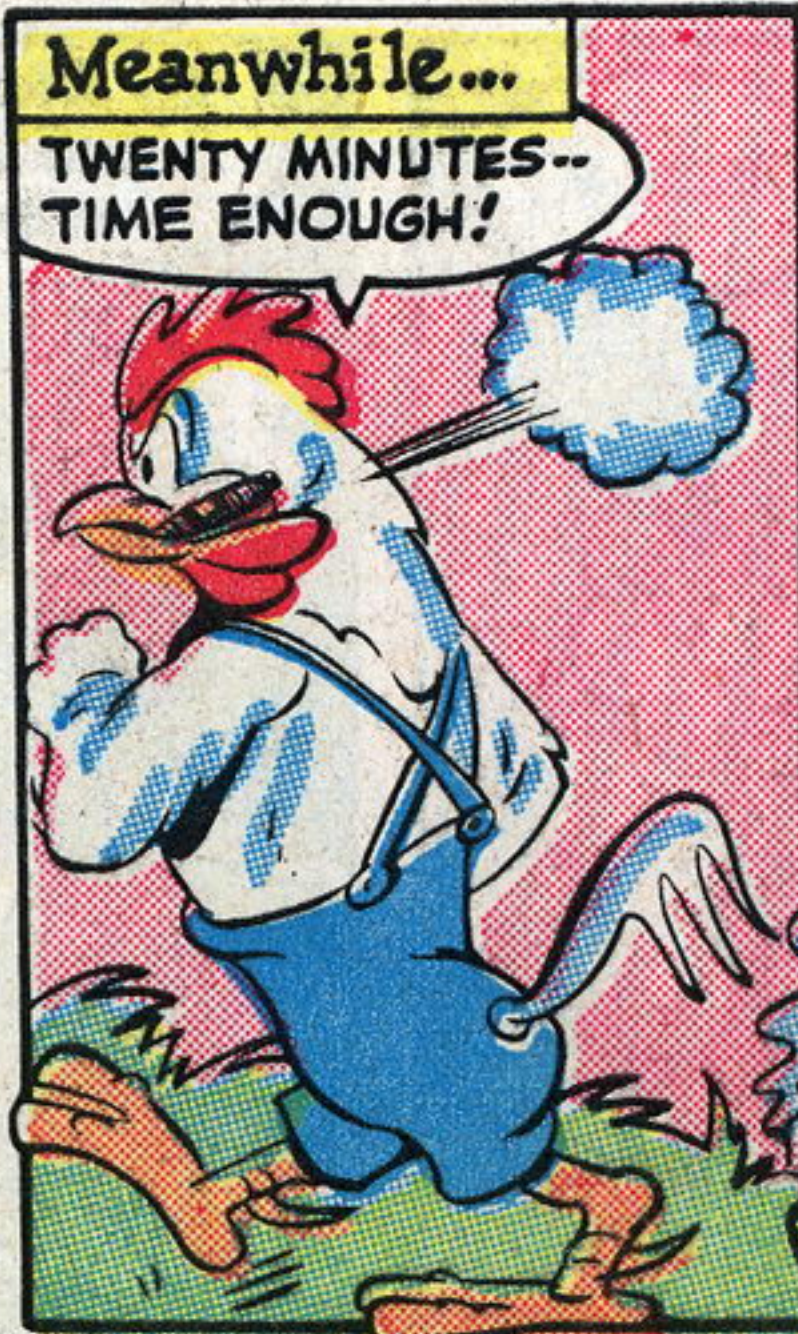
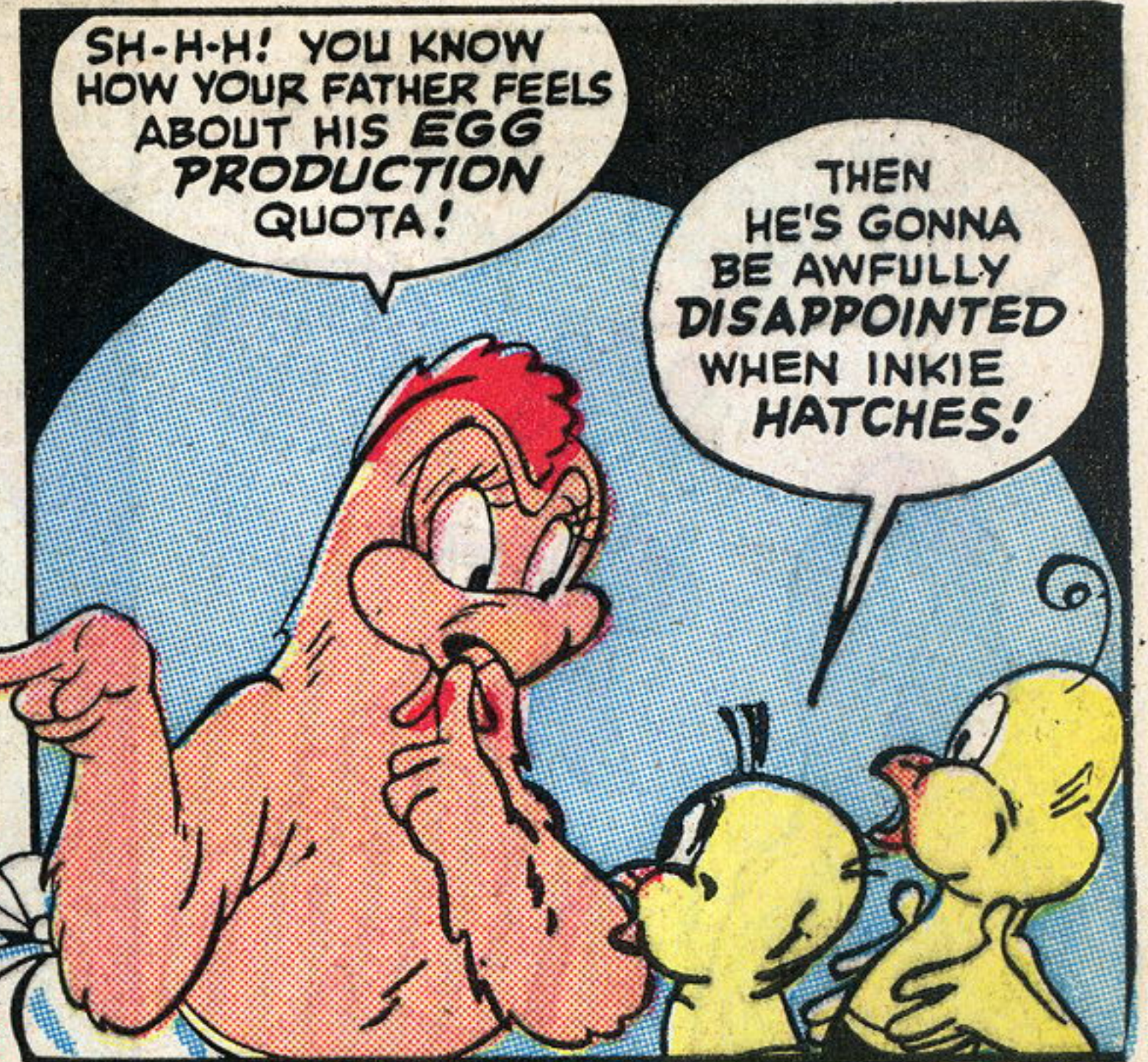
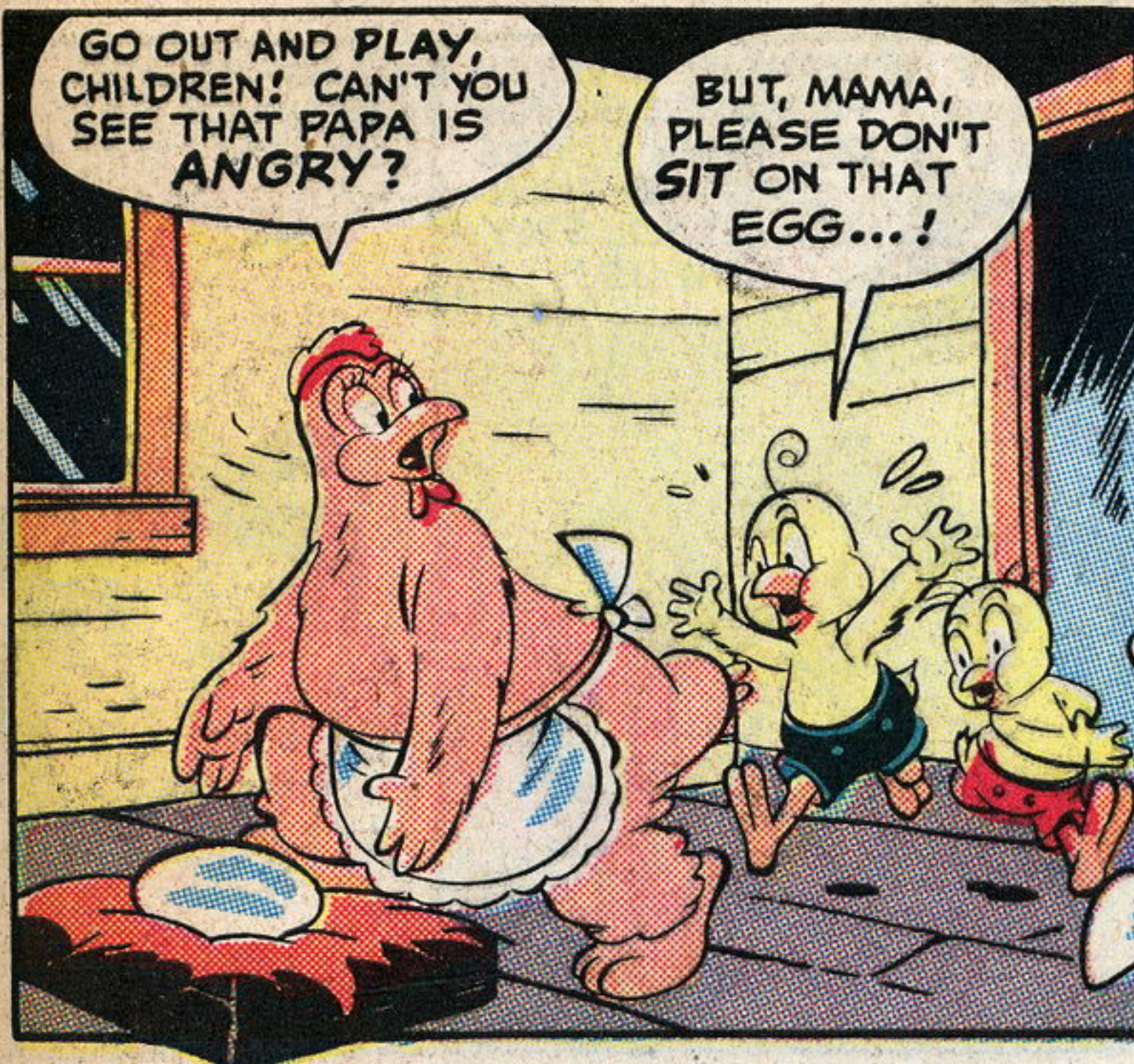




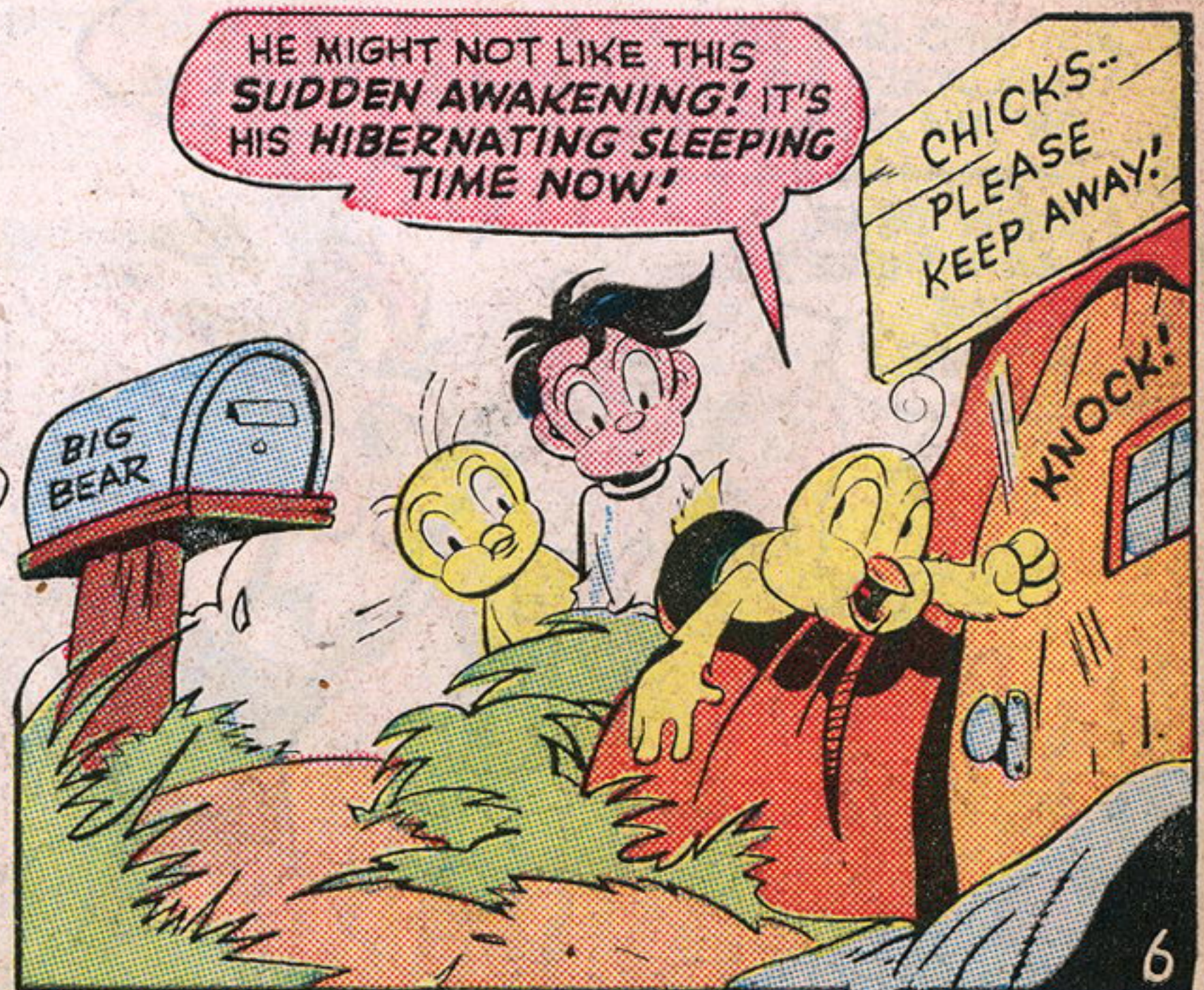
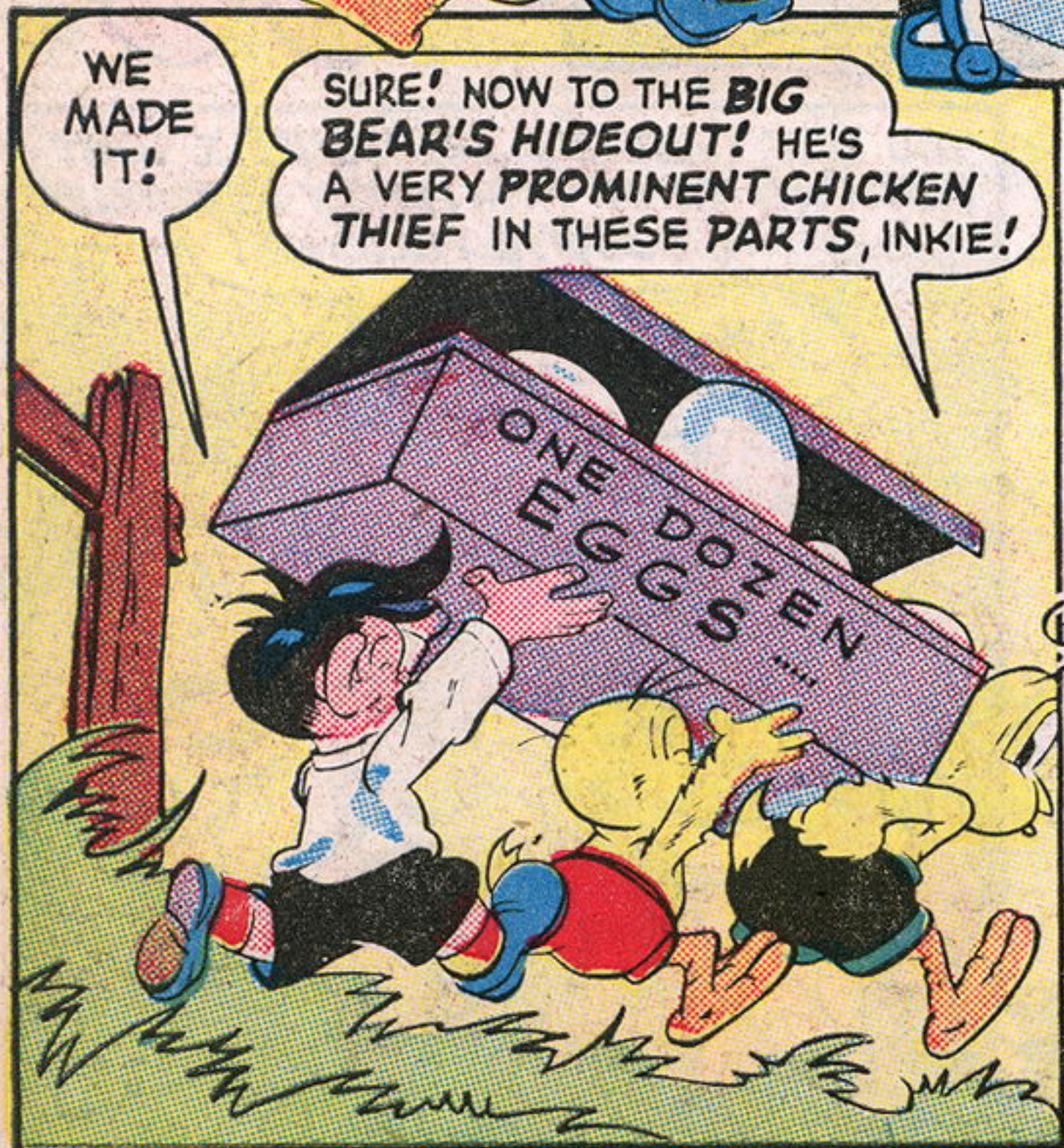
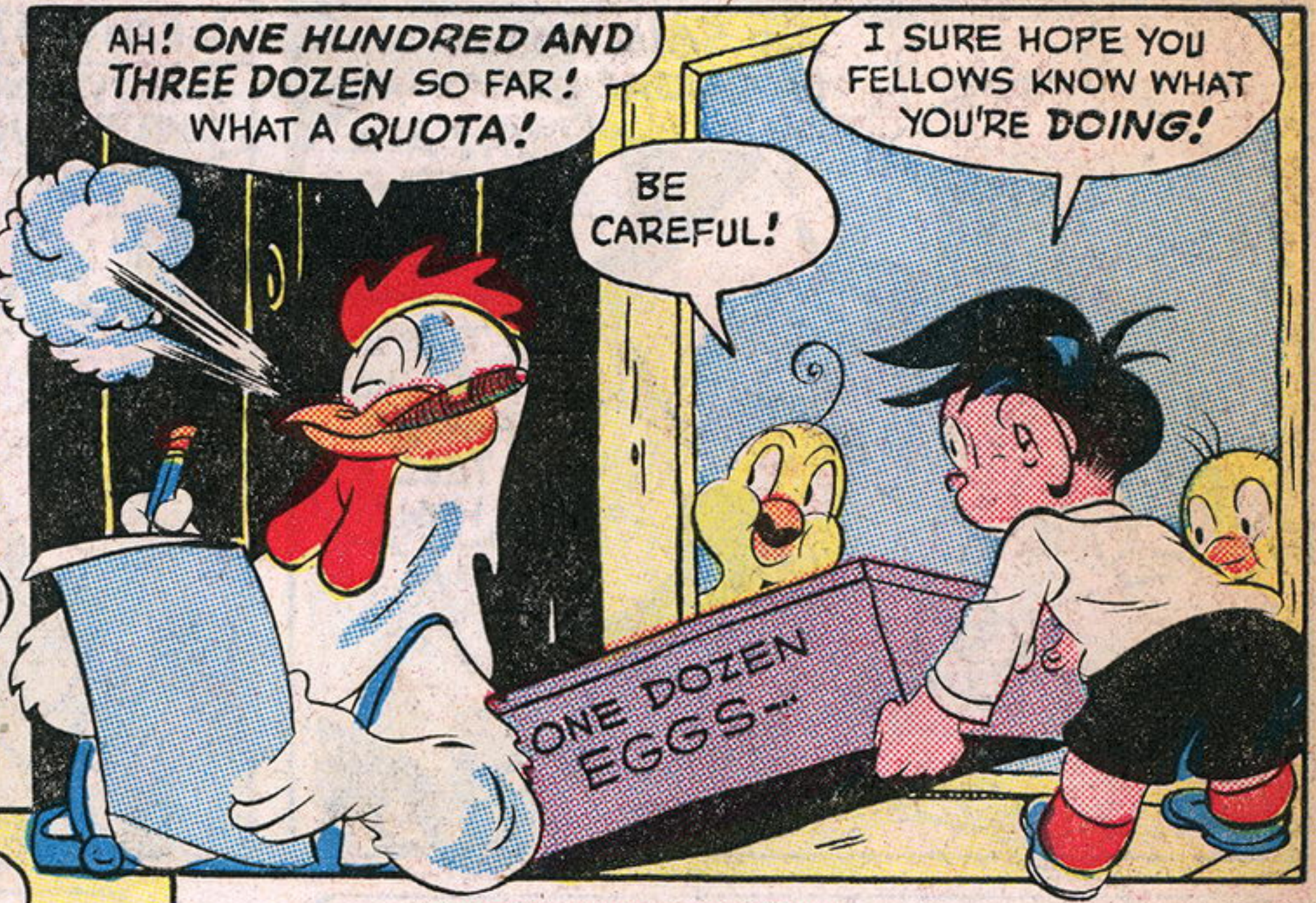
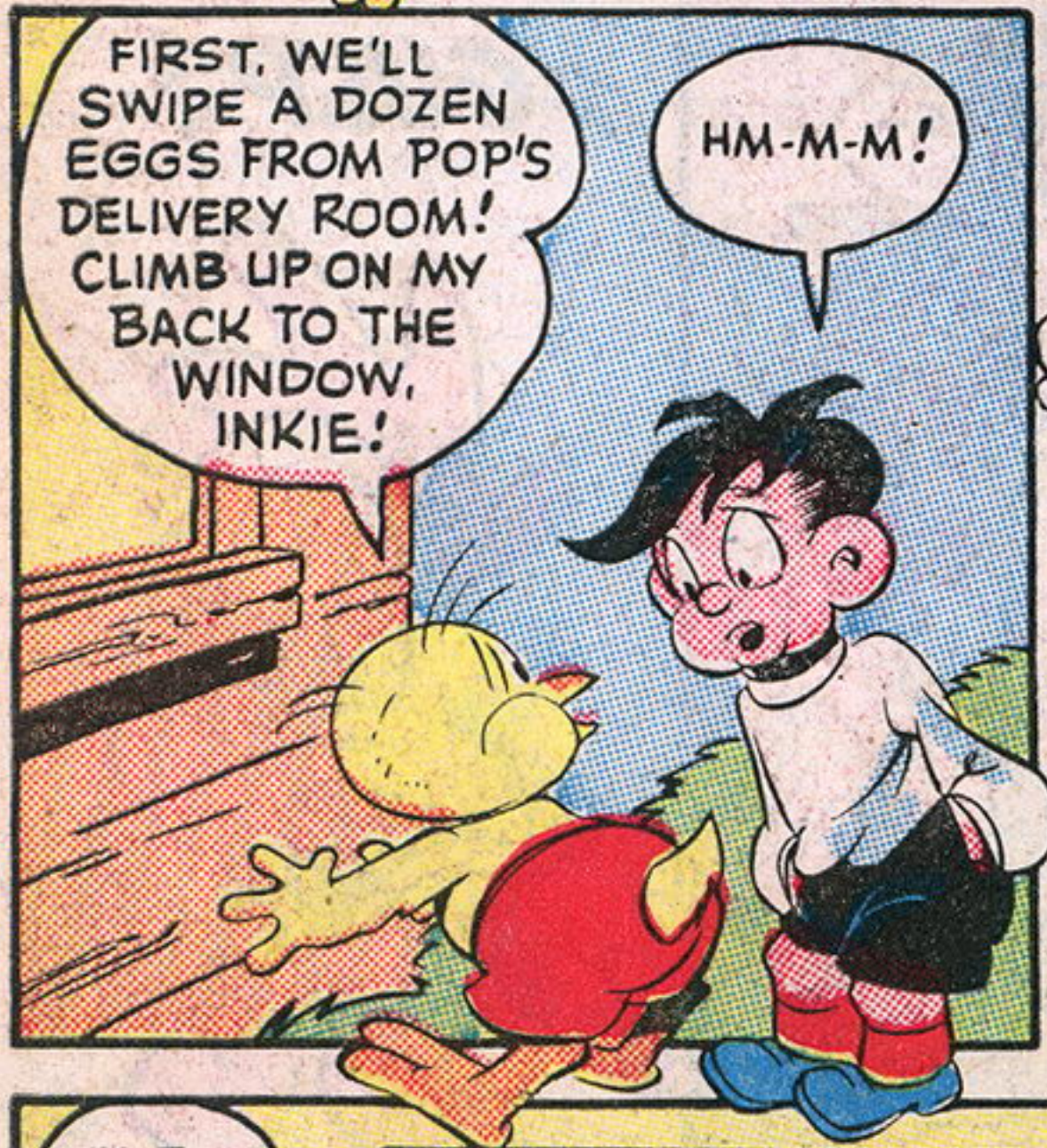
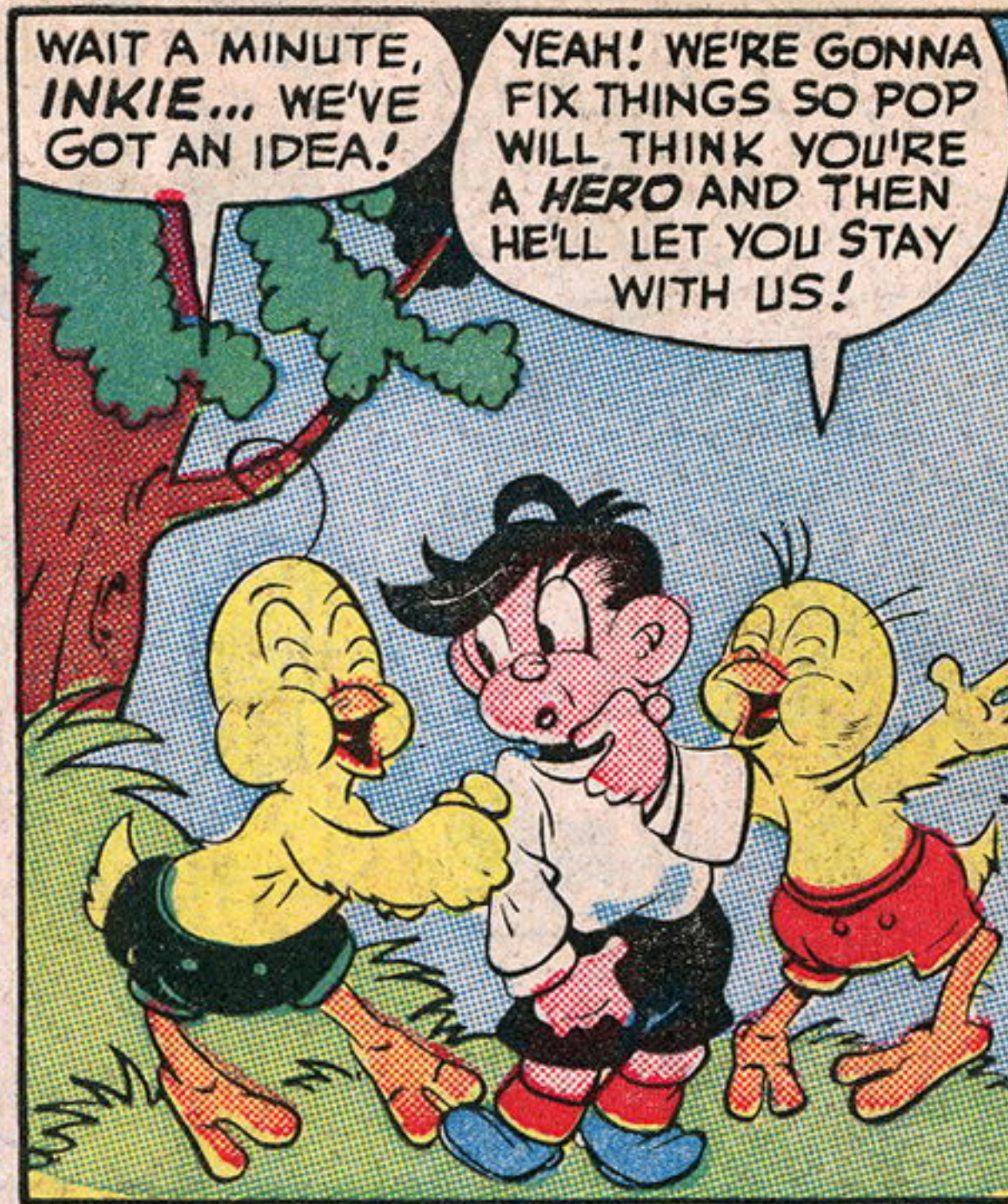
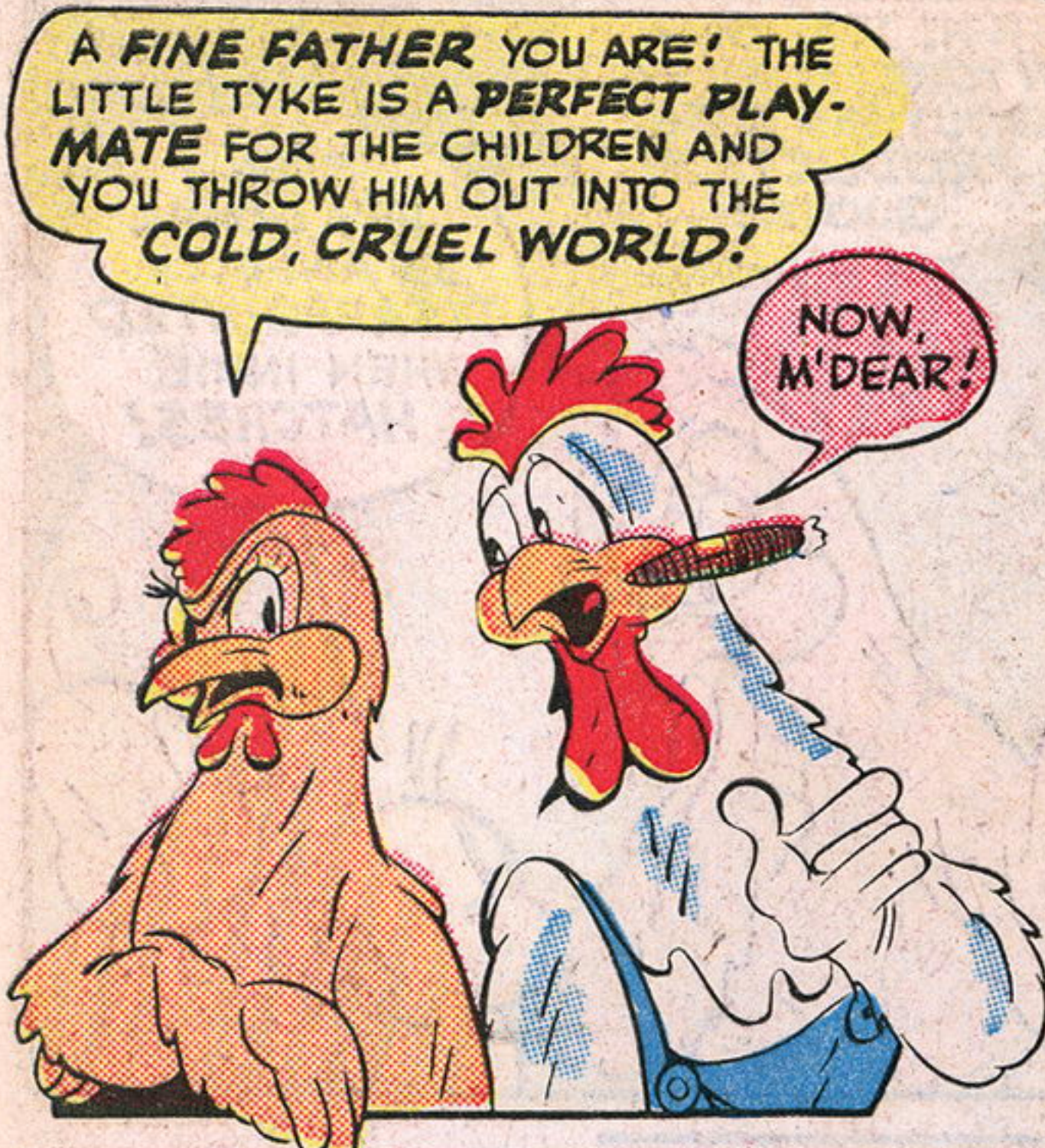


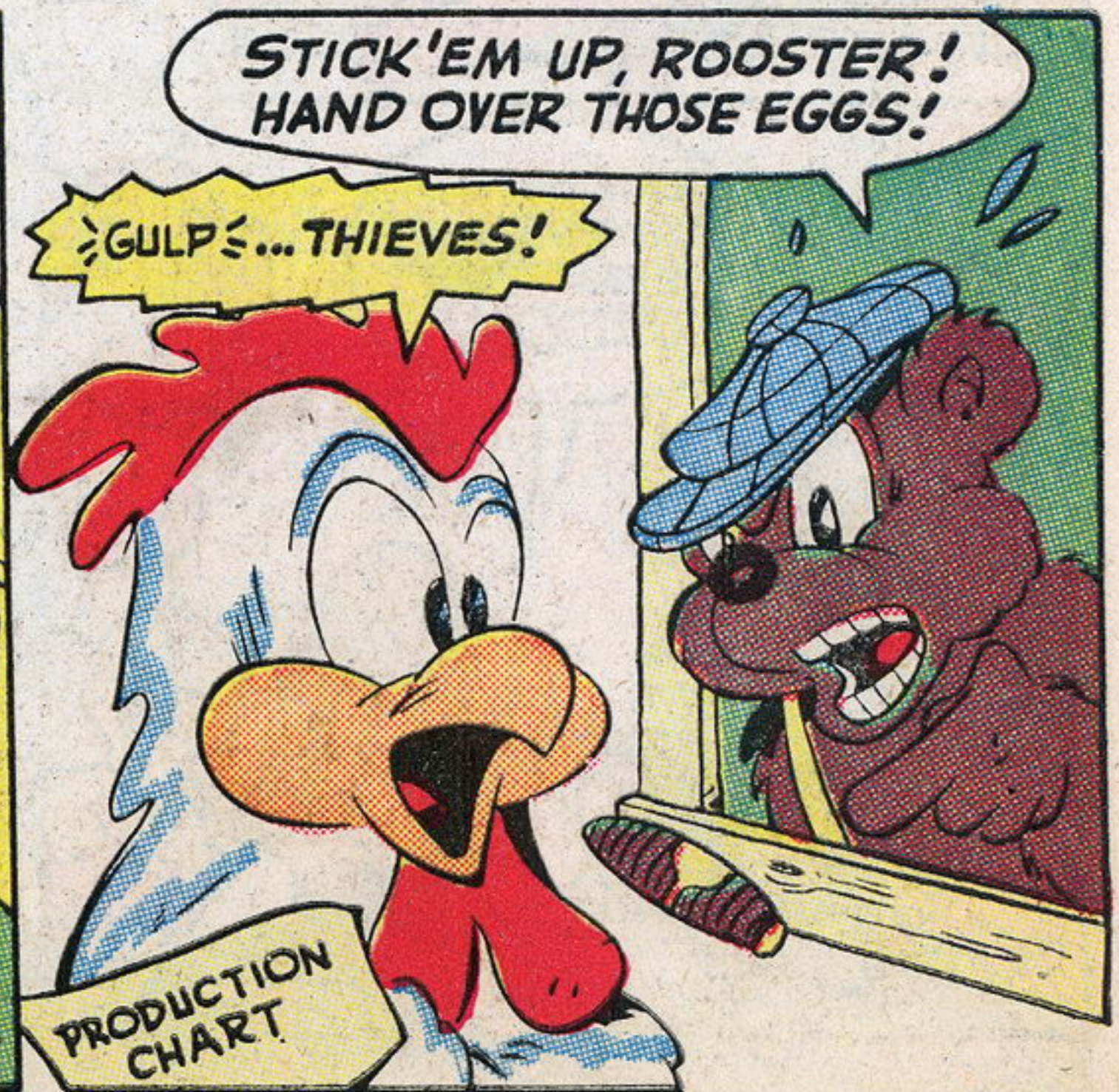
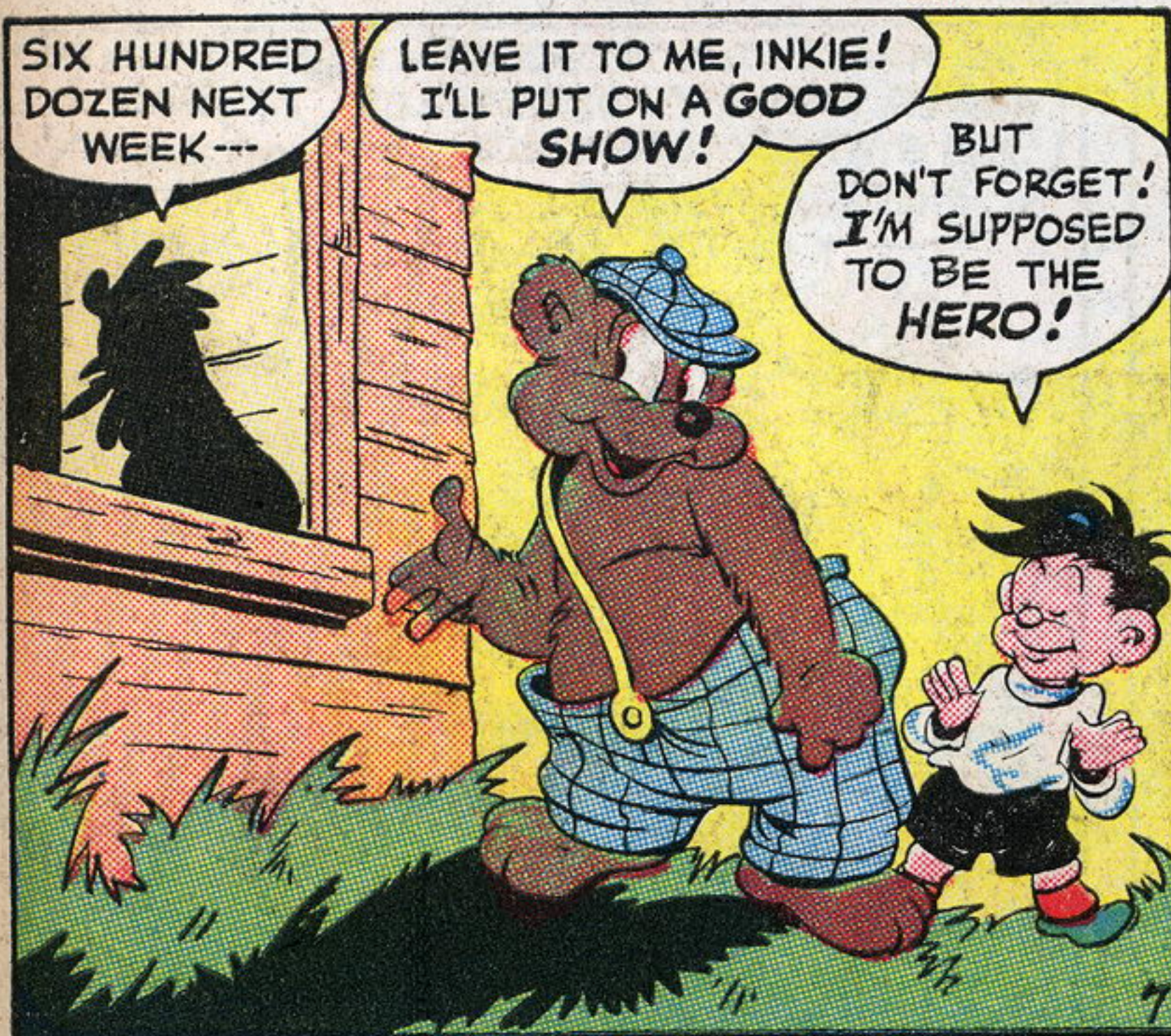
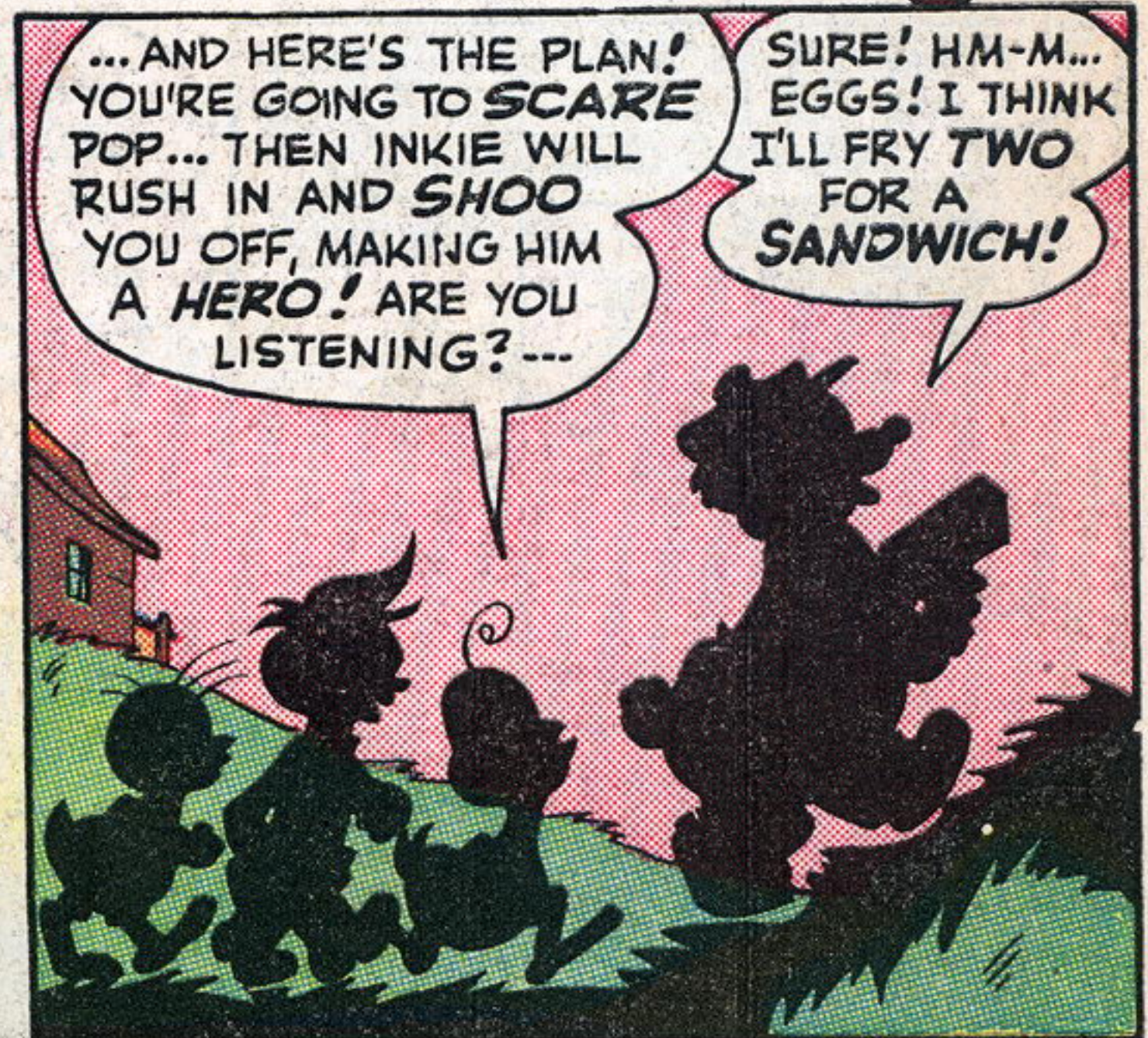
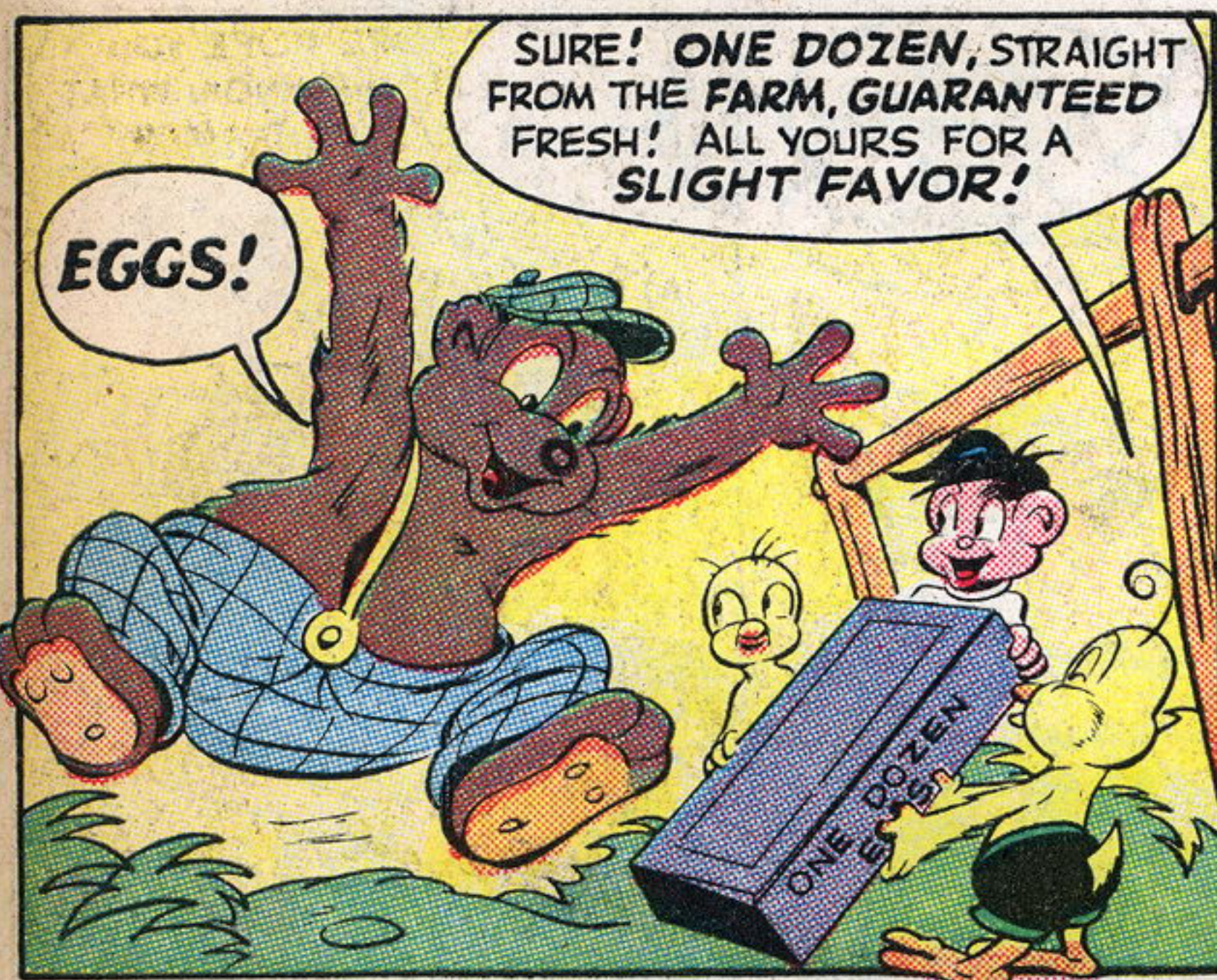
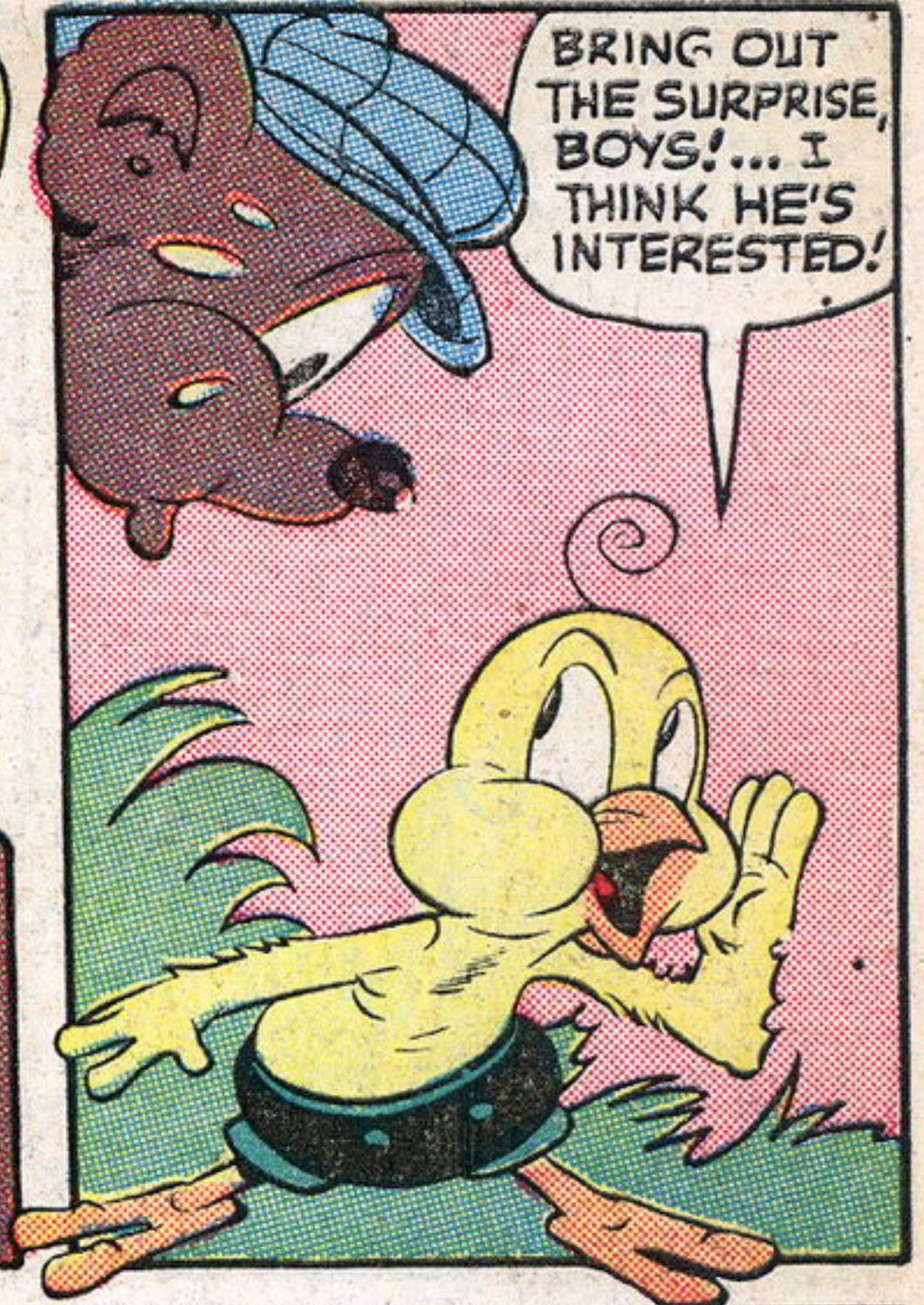
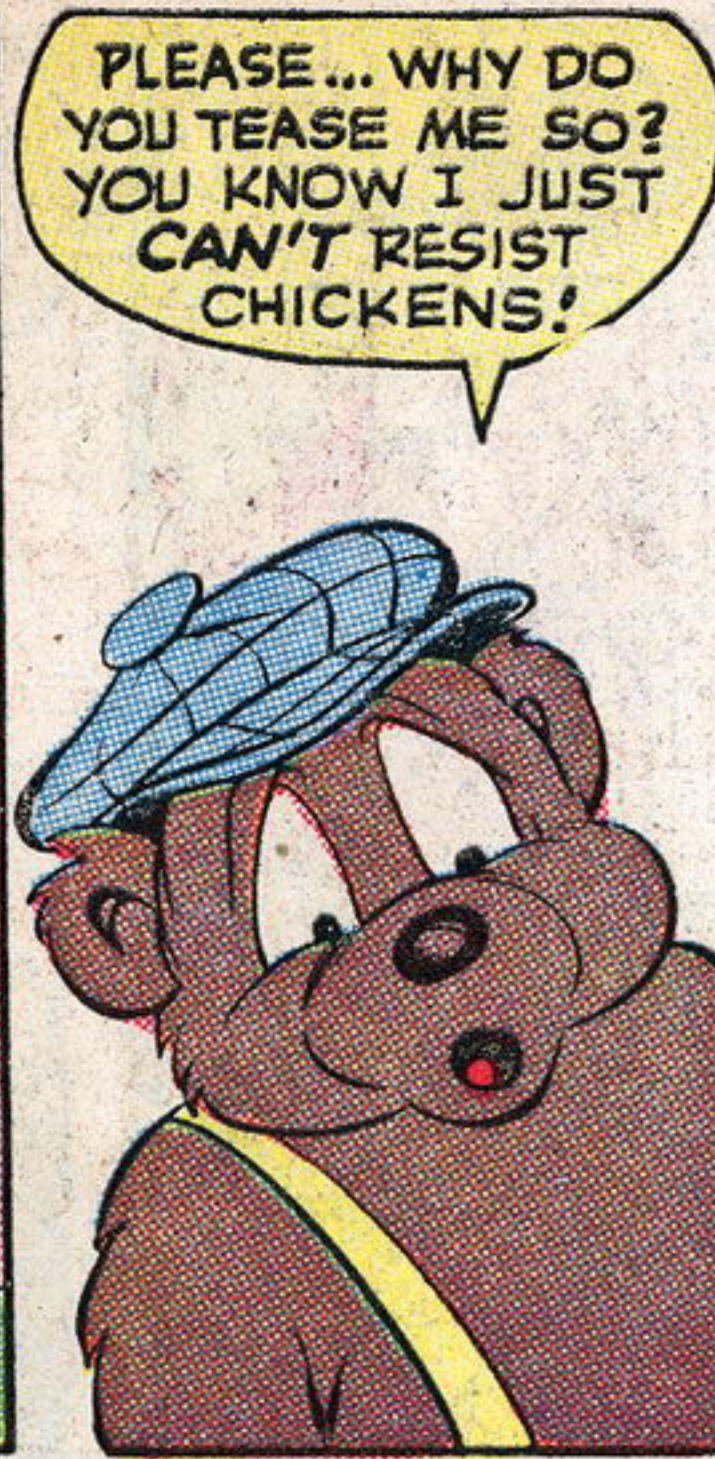
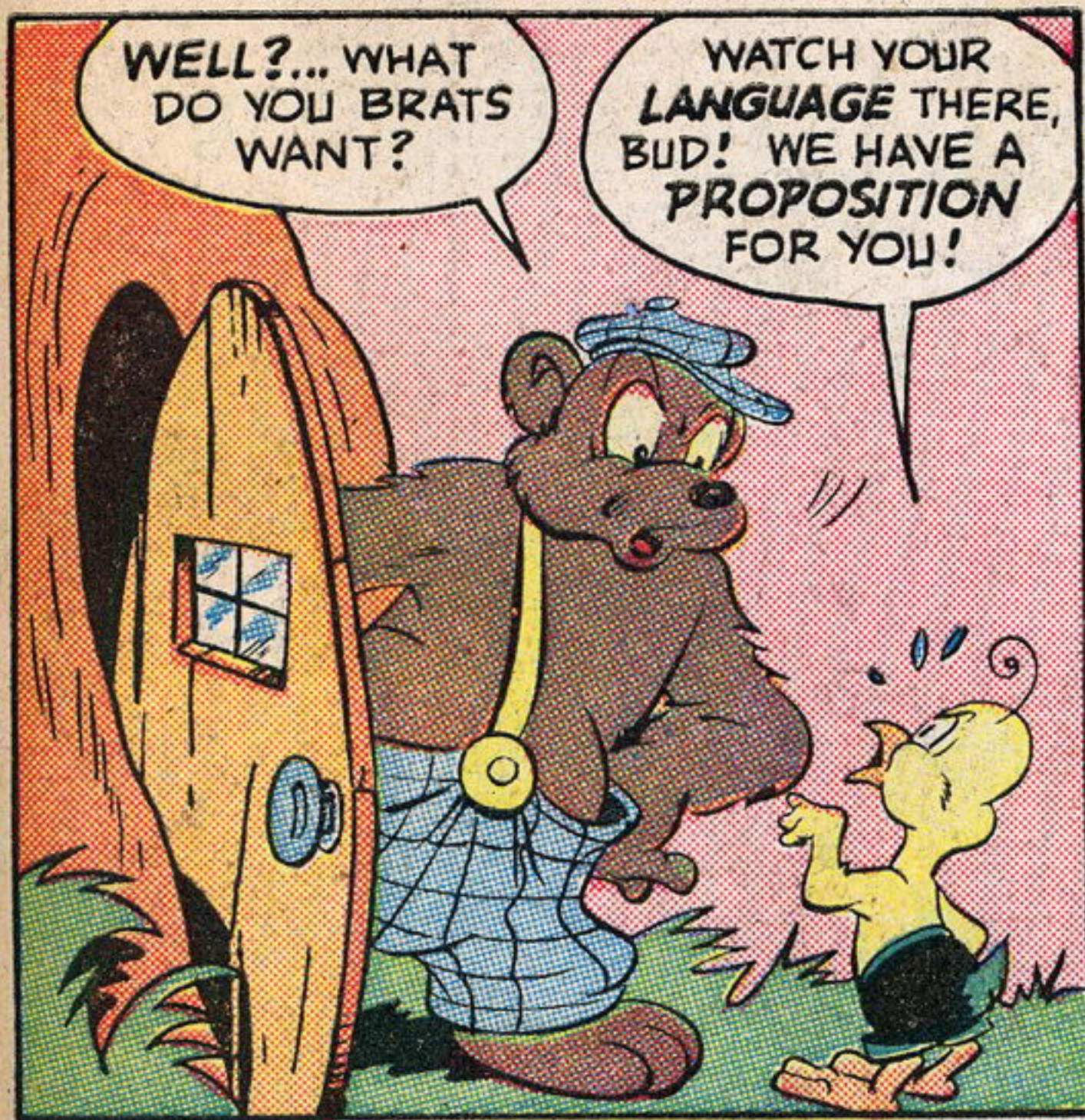
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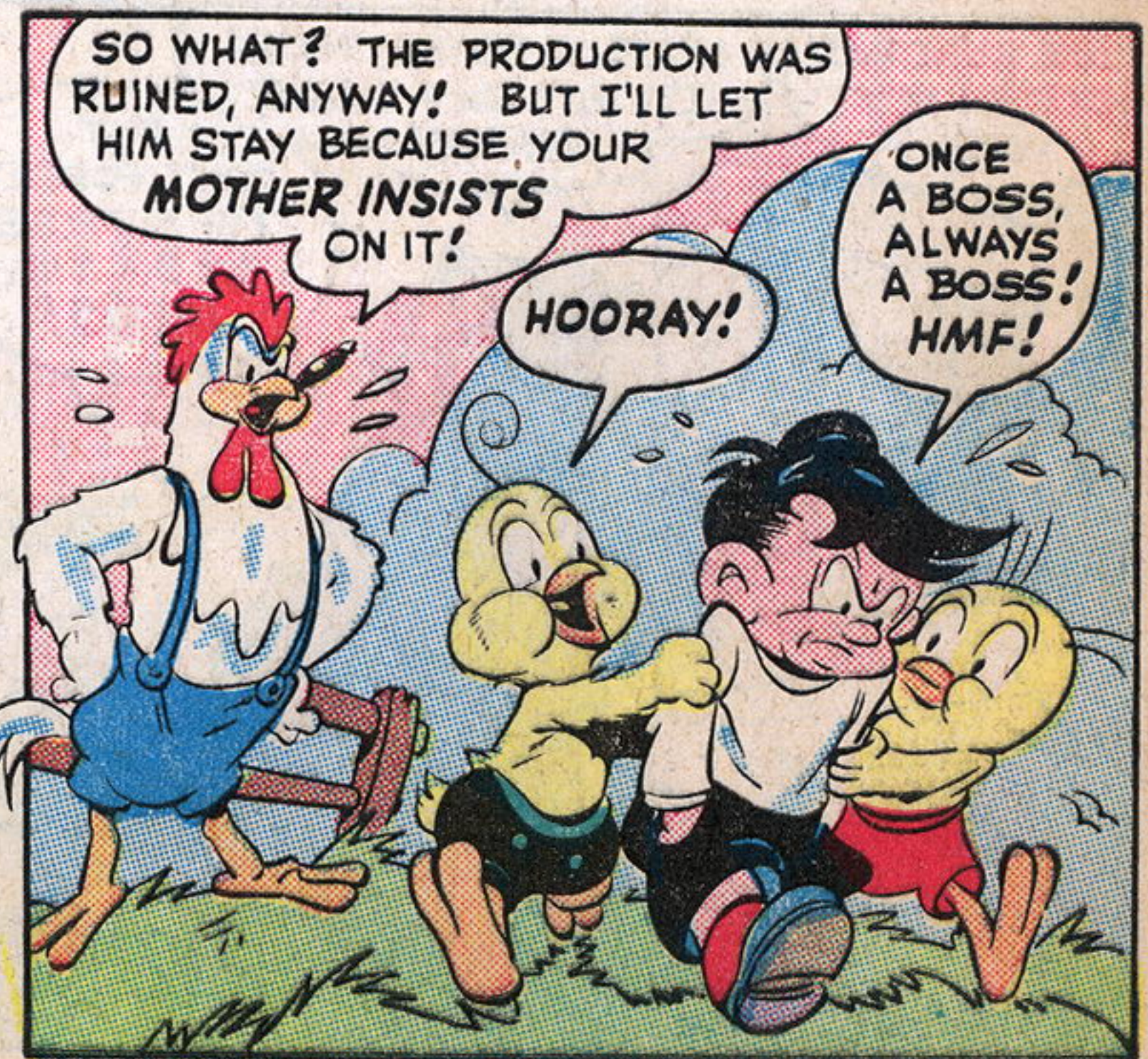
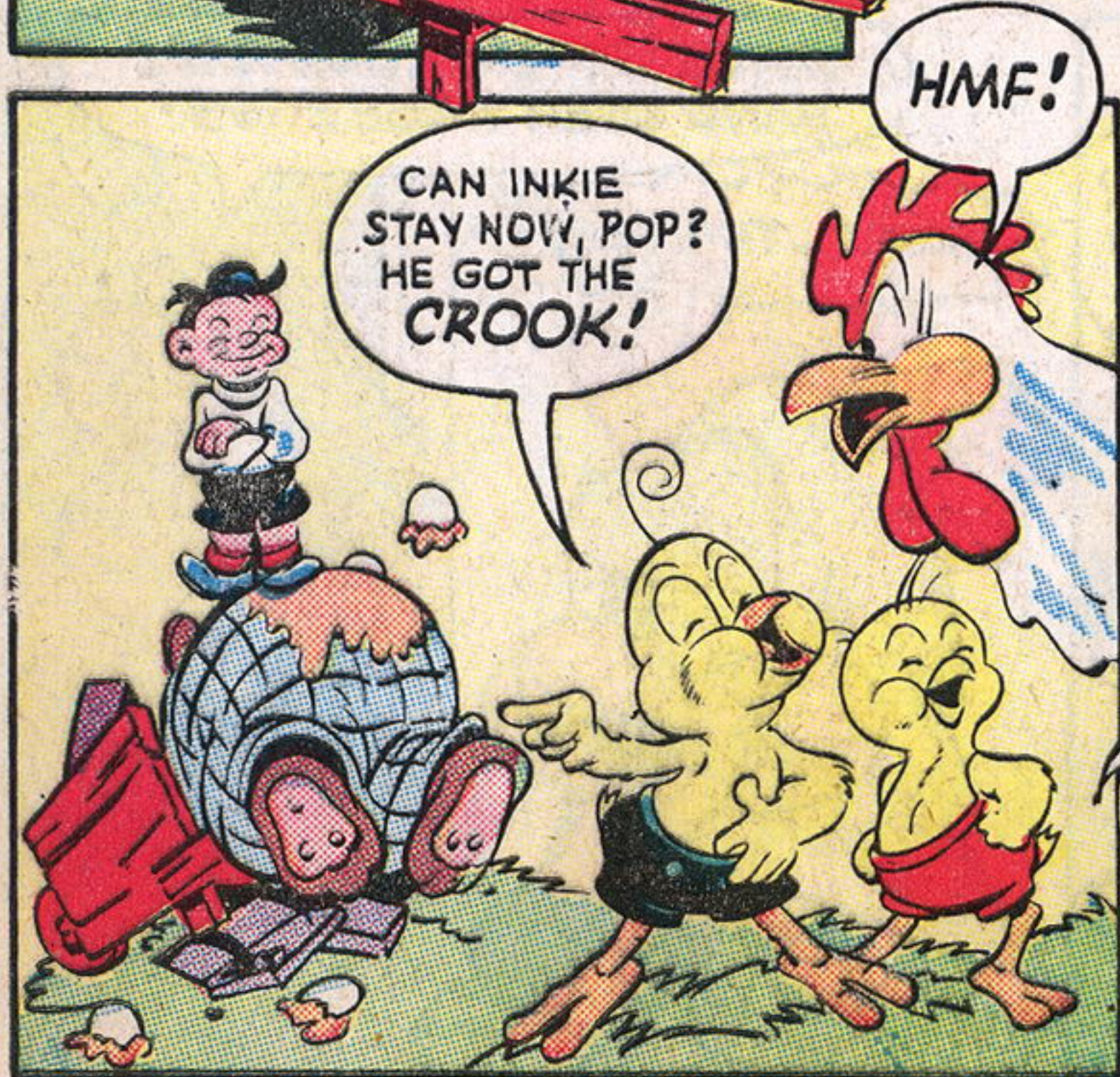
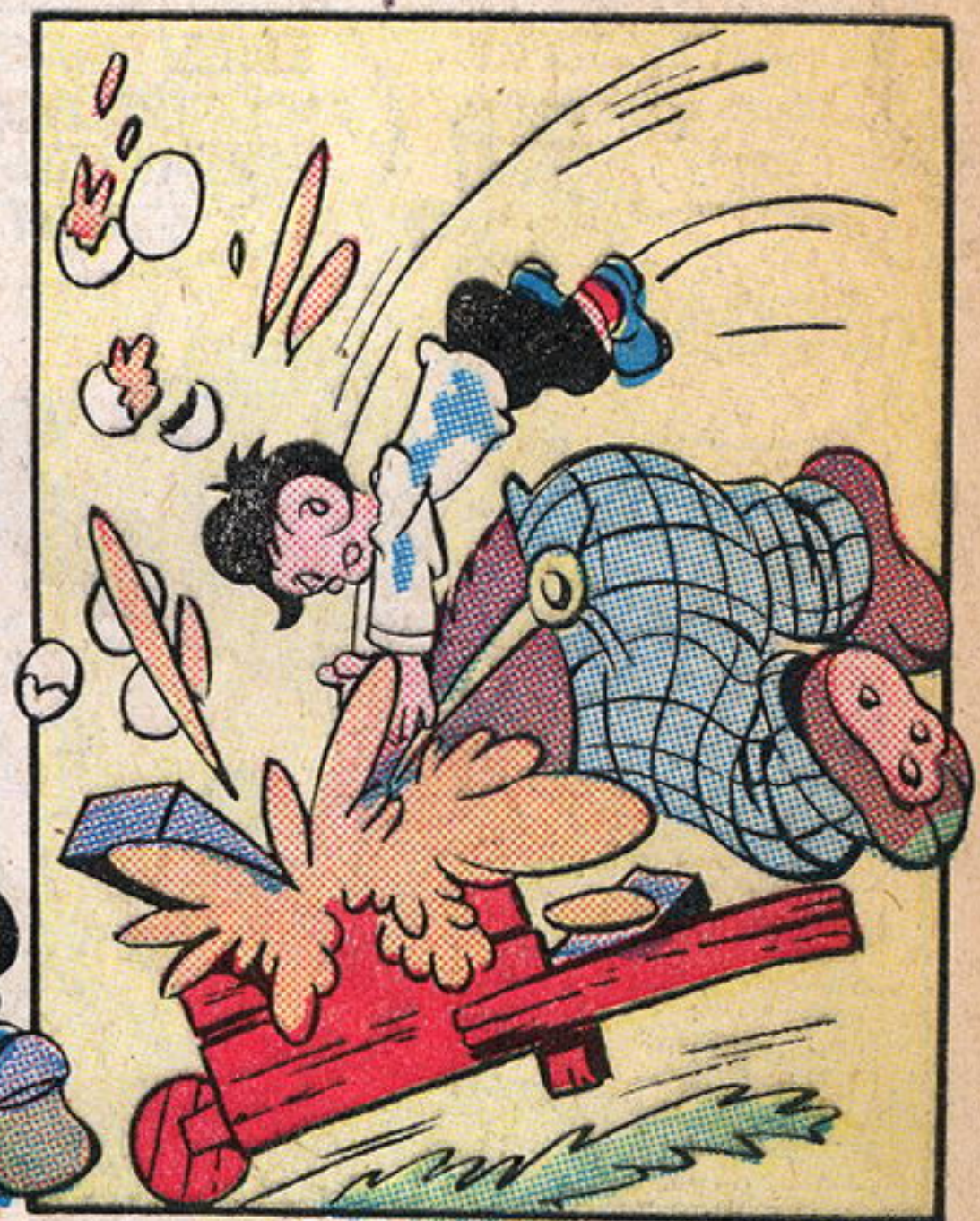
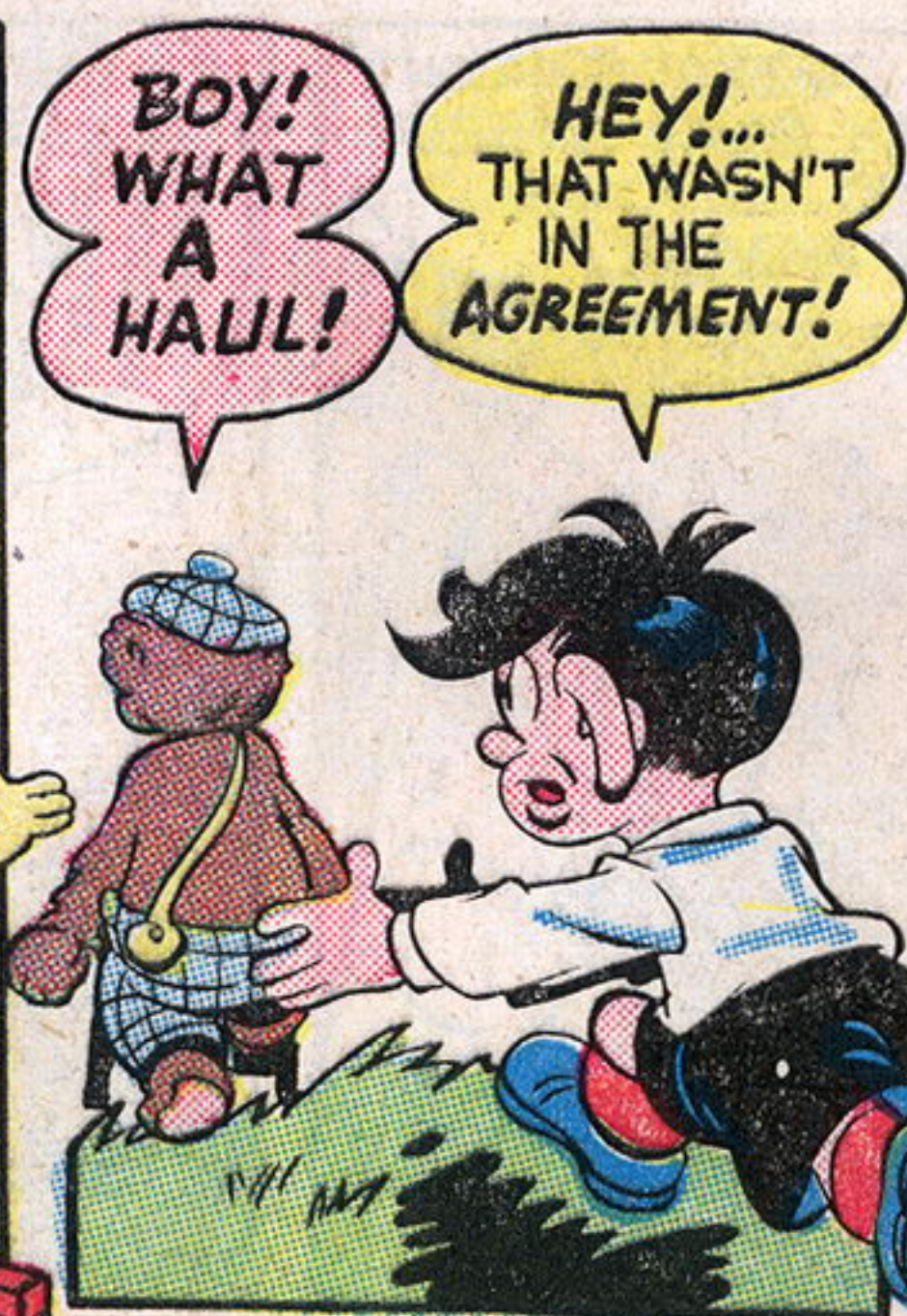
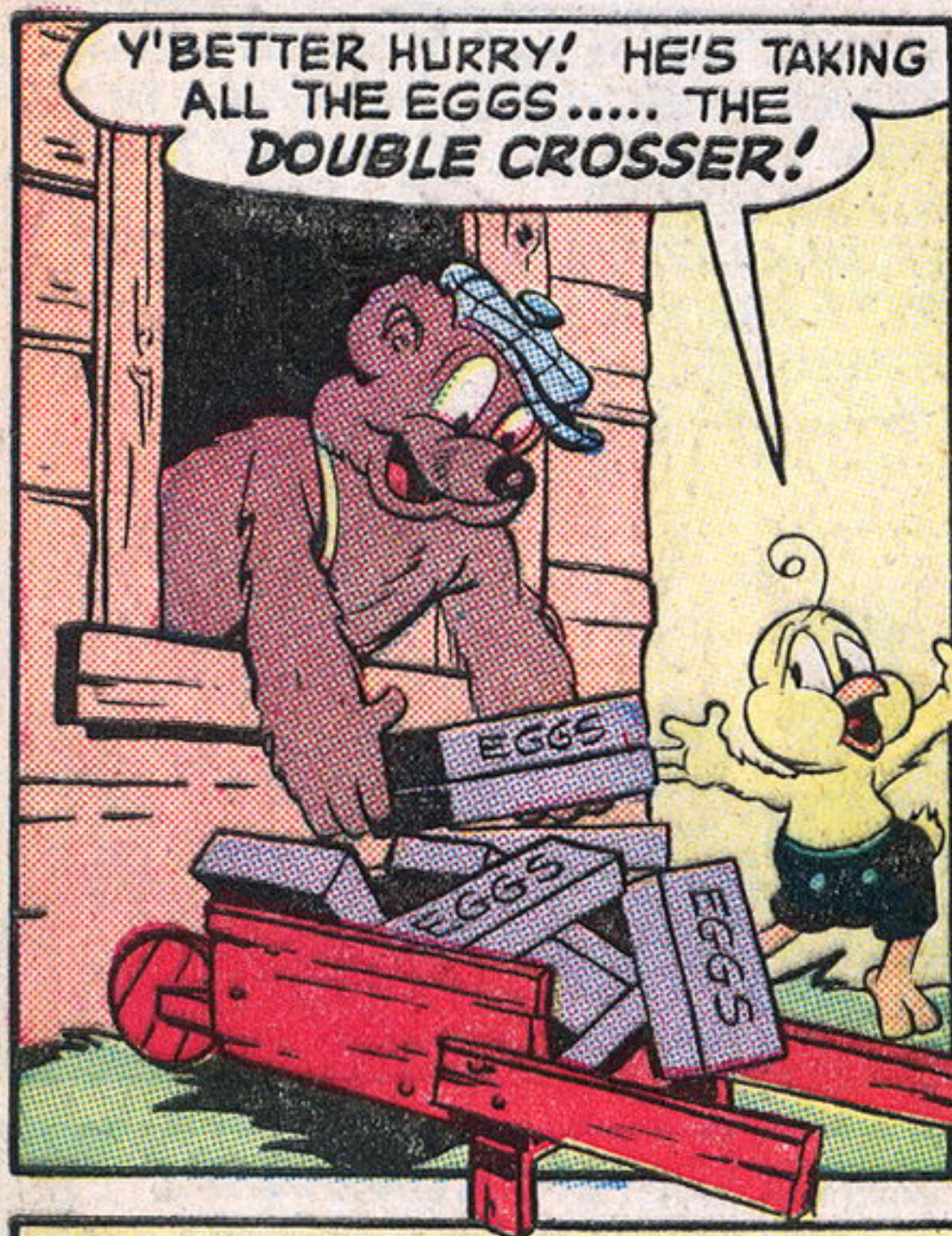
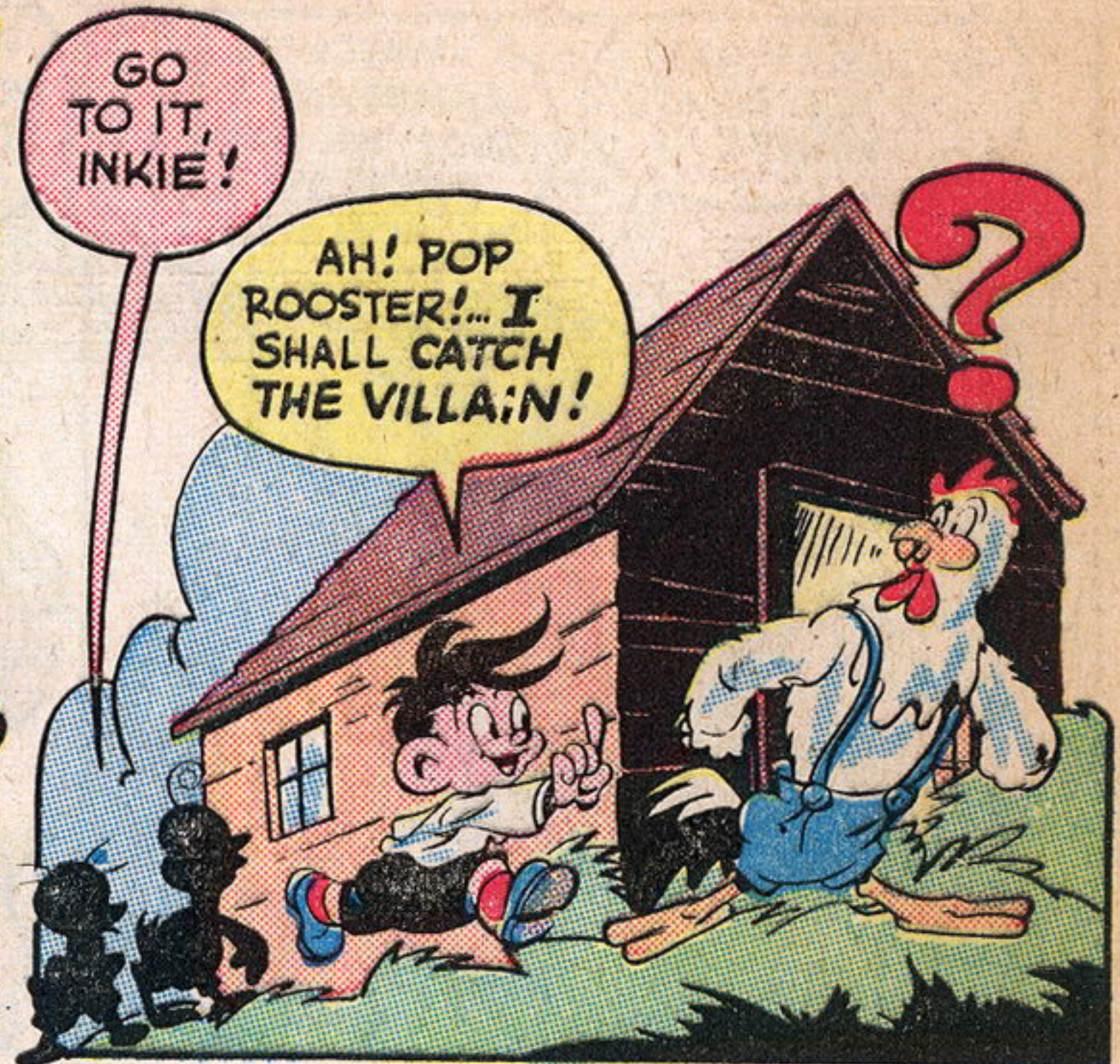
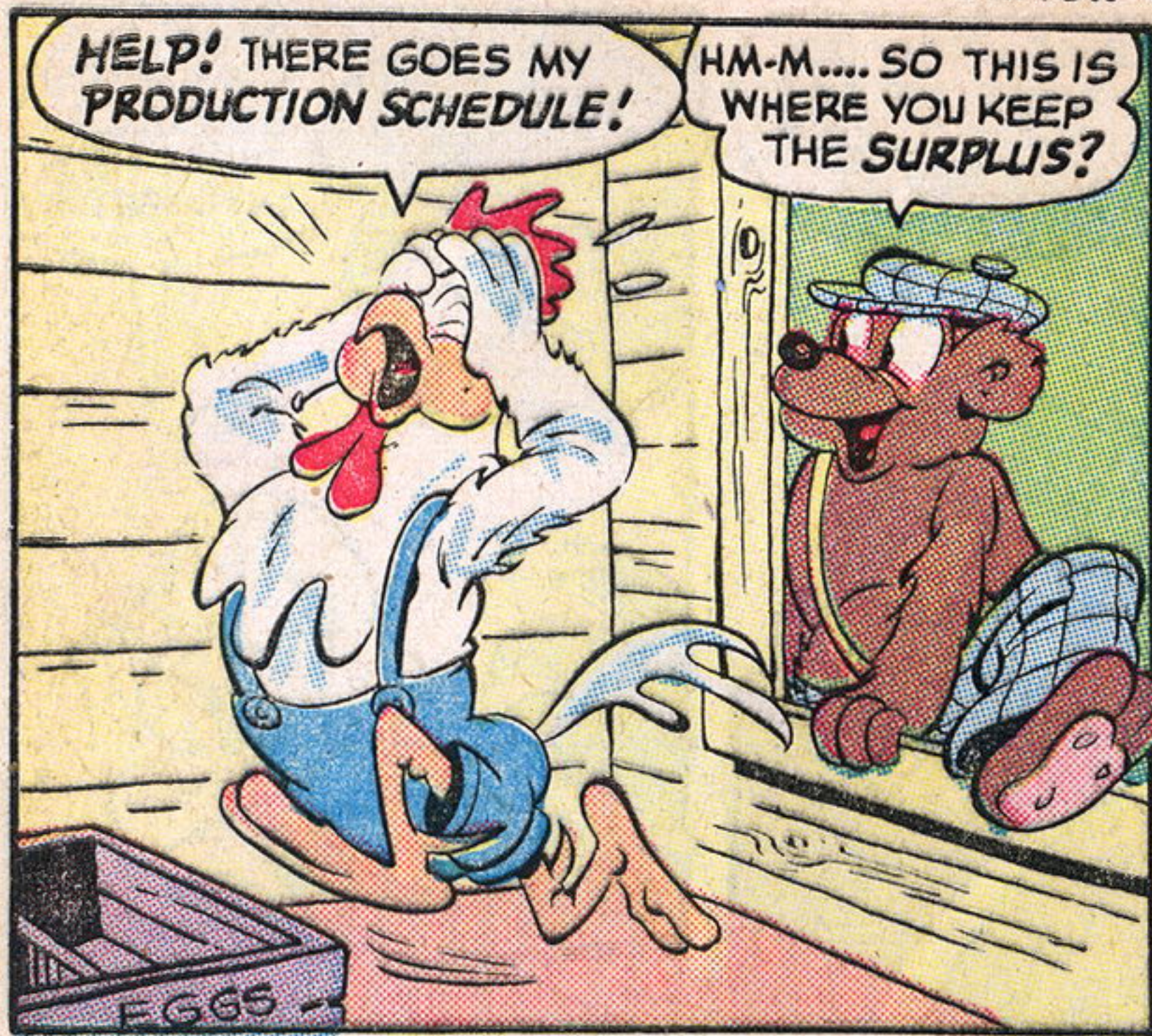


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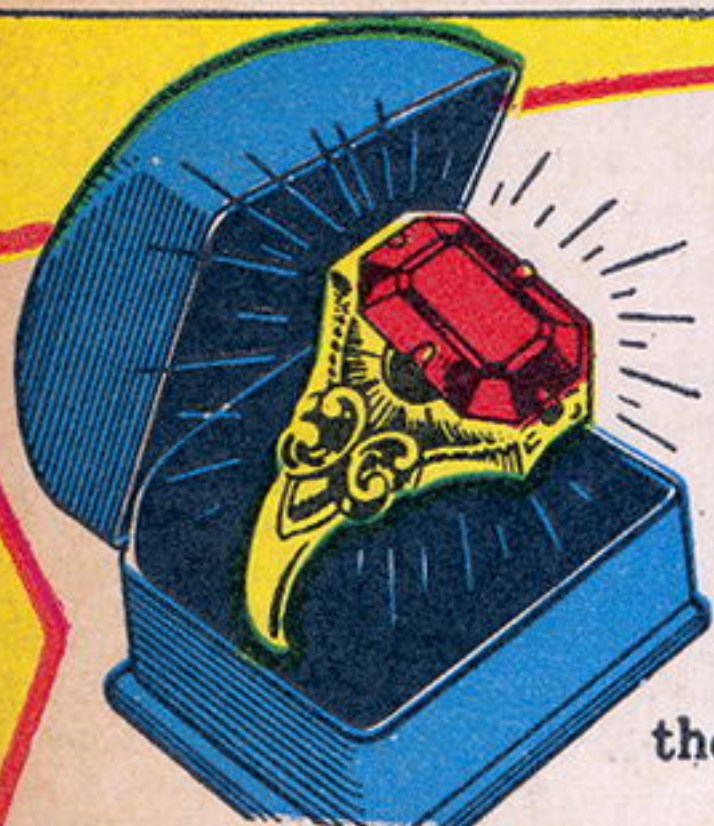
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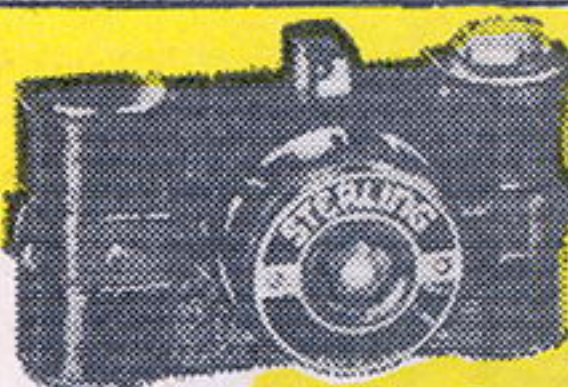
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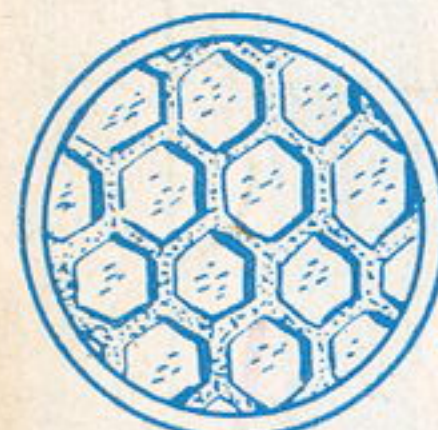
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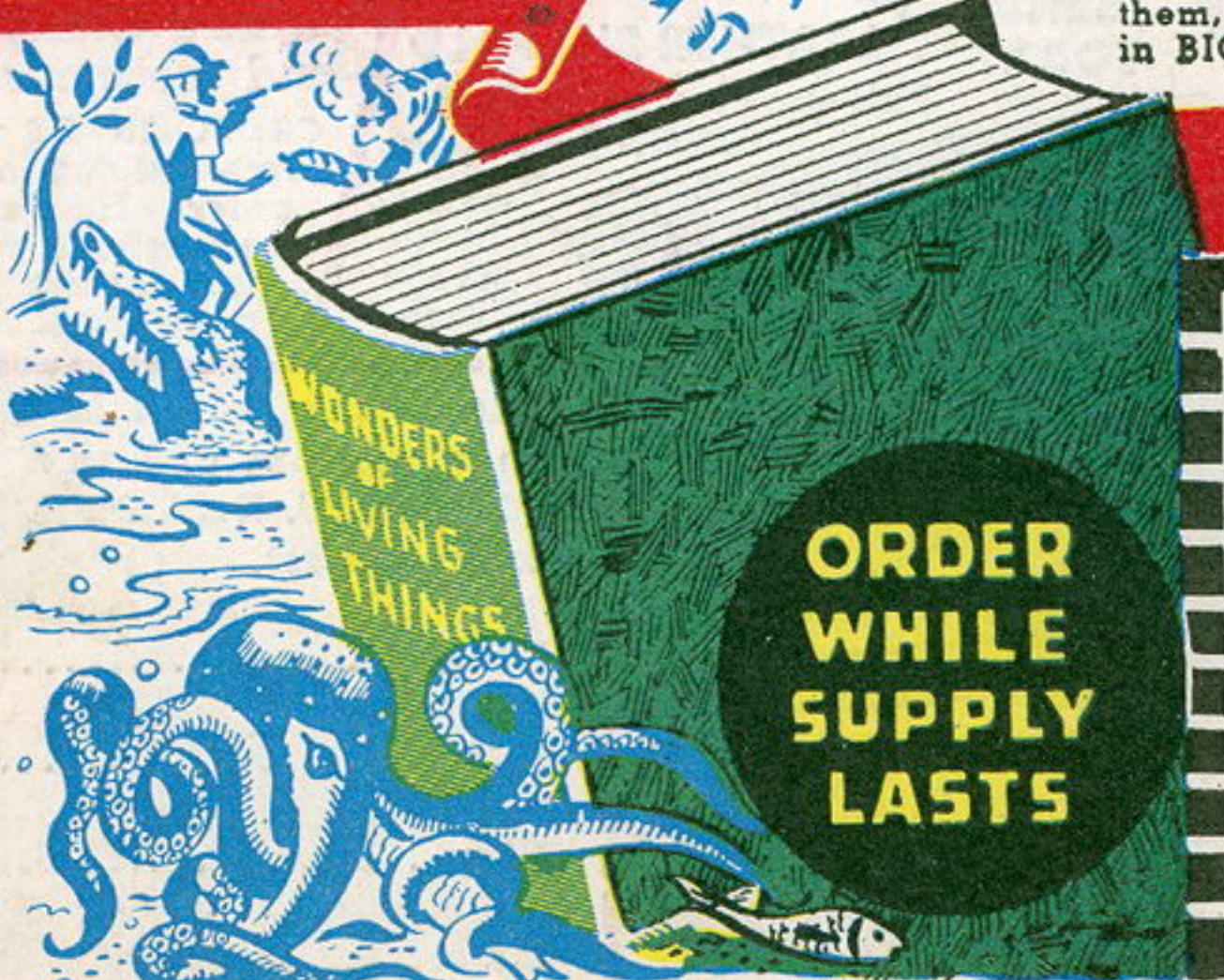
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